NOVEMBER 1986

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The Atlantic

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INTIMATE PARTNERS

Patterns in Love and Marriage

BY MAGGIE SCARF

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If you smoke...

Here's the latest comparative information for smokers who want lower tar & nicotine.

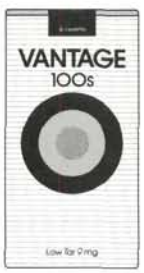
Because times and tastes change, and because of claims and counter-claims, we, the makers of CARLTON, present these few facts to you:

In 1964, CARLTON first recognized the desire of some smokers to know the tar and nicotine content of the cigarettes they were smoking. CARLTON became the first brand to put these figures right on the pack. During the next 20 years CARLTON introduced a whole range of products, including the lowest in tar of all brands, the lowest menthol, and the lowest 120's.

In the last 21 reports issued by the U.S. Government, no cigarette has tested lower than CARLTON. In the latest such report, CARLTON Box King was reported as less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine.

As you read through this statement, from CARLTON, you will see how CARLTON compares to other low tar products. For example:

Carlton 100's Box
1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.



Vantage 100's
9 mg. tar
0.7 mg. nic.

And if you're a Merit smoker, it might interest you to know that Merit 100's have 10 mg. tar, 0.7 mg. nic vs CARLTON Box 100's at 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic. And the comparisons continue.

Carlton 100's Box
1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.

Merit 100's
10 mg. tar
0.7 mg. nic.

BRANDS	TAR	NIC.
CARLTON 100's Box	1 mg.	0.1 mg.
Carlton King	1 mg.	0.1 mg.
Now 100's	3 mg.	0.3 mg.
Kent III 100's	4 mg.	0.4 mg.
Benson & Hedges Ultra Lights	5 mg.	0.4 mg.
True King Size	5 mg.	0.4 mg.
Merit King Size	8 mg.	0.5 mg.
Camel Lights	8 mg.	0.7 mg.
Kent Golden Lights	9 mg.	0.8 mg.
Vantage Kings	10 mg.	0.7 mg.
Marlboro Lights	10 mg.	0.7 mg.
Marlboro Lights 100's	10 mg.	0.7 mg.
Benson & Hedges 100's	16 mg.	1.0 mg.
Winston Kings	16 mg.	1.1 mg.

Our point is simply this. If you are interested in the tar content of your cigarette, you should compare the tar content of your cigarette vs CARLTON. If you are interested in the lowest...

LATEST U.S. GOV'T REPORT CONFIRMS:

no brand lower than Carlton Box King—less than 0.5 mg. tar 0.05 mg. nic.

CARLTON IS LOWEST

Box King—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

...There's a Carlton for you. Carlton Box King (less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic); Carlton 100's Box, 100's menthol Box and menthol King (less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic); Carlton King Soft Pack (1 mg. tar, 0.2 mg. nic); Carlton 100's Soft Pack and 100's menthol Soft Pack (5 mg. tar, 0.5 mg. nic); Carlton Slims and Slims menthol (6 mg. tar, 0.6 mg. nic); Carlton 120's and 120's menthol (7 mg. tar, 0.7 mg. nic).

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Box and 100's Box Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85. Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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VOLUME 258 NO. 5

The Atlantic

NOVEMBER 1986

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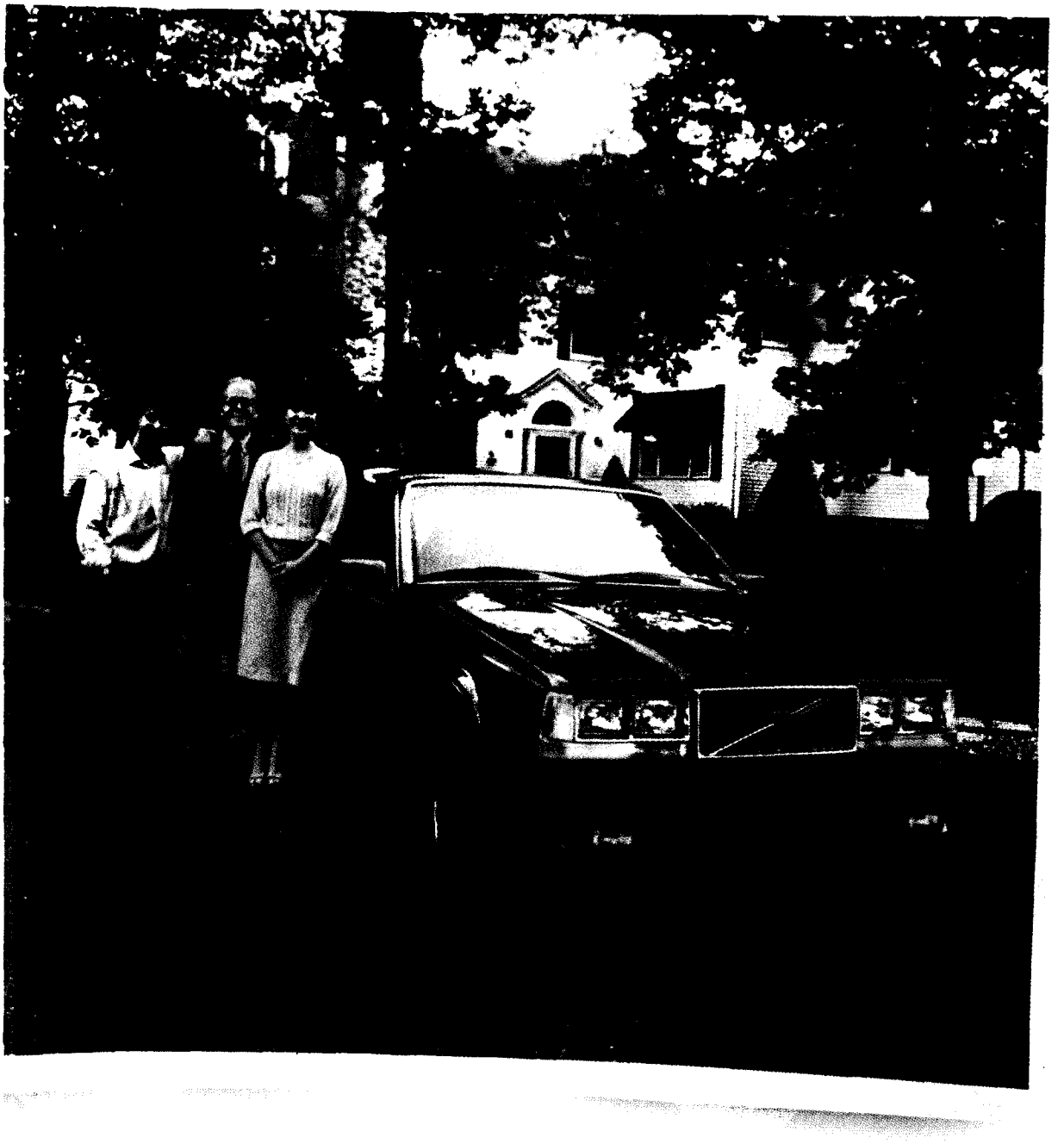

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CONTRIBUTORS

MAGGIE SCARF ("Intimate Partners") is an associate fellow of Jonathan Edwards College, at Yale University, and a contributing editor of *The New Republic*. Scarf was a fellow last year at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, in Stanford, California. She is the author of *Body, Mind, Behavior* (1976), for which she received a National Media Award, presented by the American Psychological Association, and of *Unfinished Business: Pressure Points in the Lives of Women* (1980). Scarf's article in this issue is drawn from her new book, *Intimate Partners: Patterns in Love and Marriage*, to be published in February by Random House.

ETIENNE DELESSERT (cover artist) is a painter, writer, graphic designer, and director of animated films. He was born in Switzerland, where he began his career, and he has also worked in France and in the United States (where he lives now). Delessert has illustrated many books, including more than twenty books for children. His work has been widely exhibited, and it has won numerous awards in the United States and Europe, including four gold medals from the Society of Illustrators. Delessert did the cover illustration for the November, 1985, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

JUSTINE DE LACY ("Someone From Cracow") is a free-lance writer based in Paris. Born in New York City, she received a B.A. in political science from the University of Florida and M.A. degrees in French literature from both Middlebury College (1968) and the Sorbonne (1969). She has been an editor and reporter for the *International Herald Tribune*, in Paris, and a radio reporter for NBC News, and she has contributed to *The New York Times* from Paris and London. De Lacy is working on a book about Paris since De Gaulle.

JACK BEATTY ("Along the Western Front"), the son of a First World War veteran, has been a senior editor of *The Atlantic* since 1983. He was previously, for five years, the literary editor of *The New Republic*. Beatty has written frequently for the Books and Reports & Comment departments of *The Atlantic*.

DAVID OWEN ("History") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

JAMES FALLOWS ("The Far East: No-Fat City") is *The Atlantic*'s Washington editor. Fallows will be reporting for the magazine from Asia during the next eighteen months.

NICHOLAS LEMANN ("Politics: England, Whose England?") is the national correspondent for *The Atlantic*.

ROY BLOUNT, JR., ("No Longer Out of Place, Not Even You") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. His most recent book is *Not Exactly What I Had in Mind* (1985).

SUE MILLER ("The Quality of Life") is the author of a novel, *The Good Mother* (1986). Miller's story in this issue will appear in a collection, *Inventing the Abbots*, which will be published next spring.

RAYMOND CARVER ("Sinew") is the author of *Where Water Comes Together With Other Water* (1985), a book of poems, and several collections of fiction, including *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (1981) and *Cathedral* (1985). Carver's second volume of poetry, *Ultramarine*, will be published this month.

DONALD JUSTICE ("In Memory of Mrs. Snow, My First Piano Teacher") is a professor of English at the University of Florida. He is the author of several books, including *Selected Poems*, for which he received a Pulitzer Prize in 1980, and *Platonic Scripts* (1984), a collection of essays and interviews. A new collection of poems, *The Sunset Maker*, will be published in March.

LLOYD ROSE ("From Beyond the Bars of Time") writes about movies, theater, and popular culture. Her articles appear often in *The Atlantic*.

KATIE LEISHMAN ("Reading, Writing, and Religion") is a writer and editor who lives in New York. She has reported for *The Atlantic* on child abuse and on the AIDS epidemic.

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS (Brief Reviews) is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

EDWARD SOREL and NANCY CALDWELL SOREL ("First Encounters") live in New York City. Edward Sorel is a free-lance illustrator. He received the George Polk Award in 1981 for his satiric drawings and was awarded a Society of Illustrators gold medal in 1985. Sorel is the author and illustrator of the book *Making the World Safe for Hypocrisy* (1972) and the illustrator of many other books, including *Word People* (1970), which was written by his wife. Nancy Caldwell Sorel's second book, *Ever Since Eve*, was published in 1984.

FRANCIS DAVIS ("Avant-Garde Comrades") is the jazz critic for *The Philadelphia Inquirer* and a contributing editor of *Musician*. He writes frequently about music for *The Atlantic* and for *Rolling Stone*, *Jazz Times*, and other publications as well. Davis is the author of *In the Moment: Jazz in the 1980s*, which was published in October by Oxford University Press.

TERRENCE RAFFERTY ("A Star Is Generated") reviews books and movies for *The Nation*. He is currently at work on a book about the French filmmaker Chris Marker.

DOROTHY OSBORNE (Acrostic No. 16) crafts puzzles at her home in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

EMILY COX and HENRY RATHVON (The Puzzler) create crossword puzzles for several publications. They are the authors of *The Atlantic Monthly Puzzler Book*, to be published this month by David R. Godine.

The November Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Thomas Exter, a senior editor of *American Demographics*; Anne Soukhanov, an executive editor of the trade and reference division of Houghton Mifflin; Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory; the U.S. Department of Defense; the U.S. Department of the Interior; the National Rifle Association; the National Safety Council; Janet Yang, the director of Far East operations at Universal Studios; the Initiative Resource Center; and the Institute for Government and Politics.

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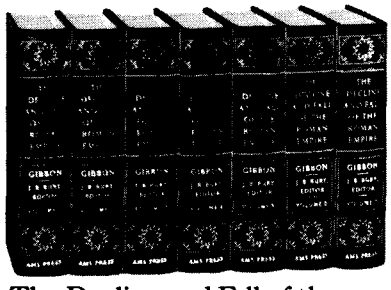

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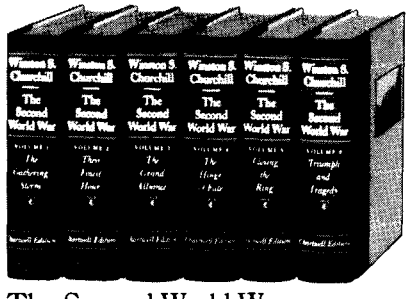

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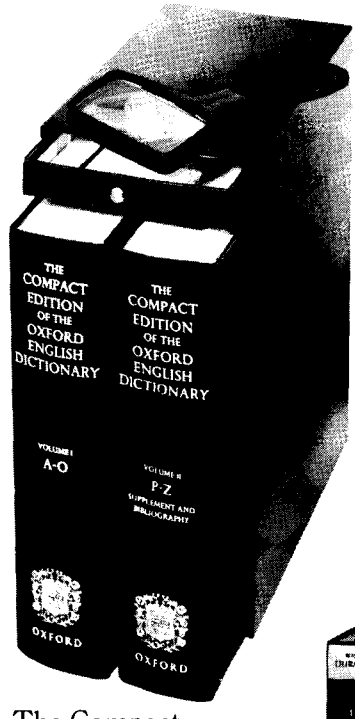

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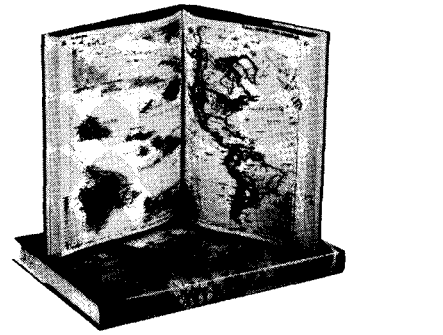

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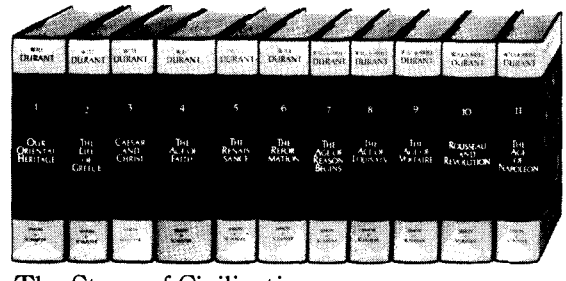

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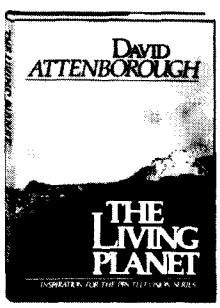

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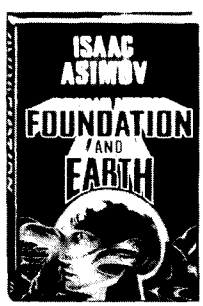

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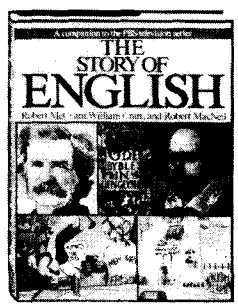

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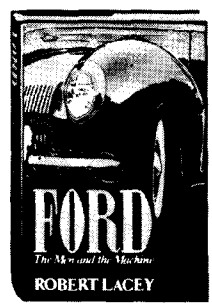

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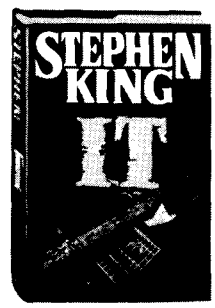

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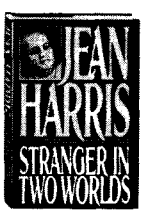

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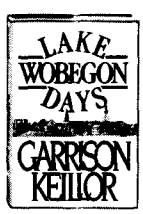

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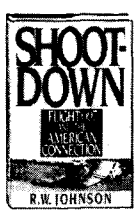

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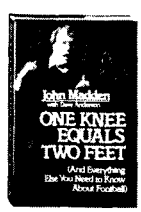

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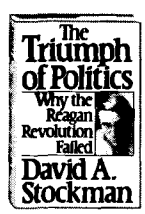

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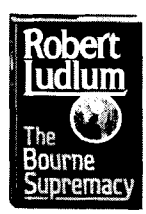

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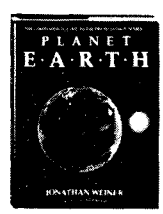

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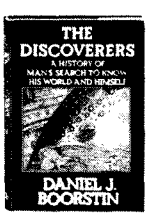

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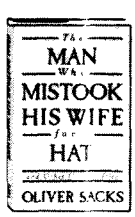

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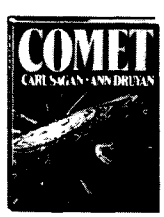

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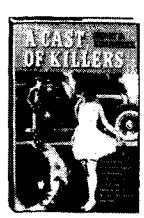

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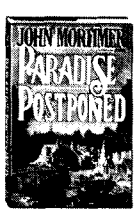

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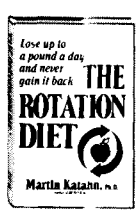

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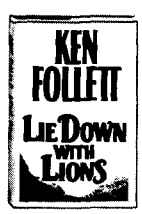

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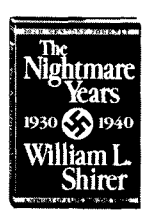

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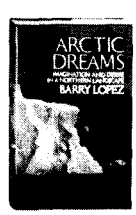

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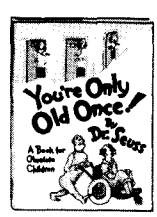

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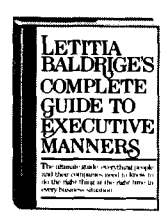

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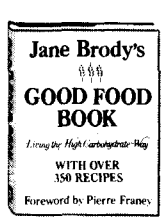

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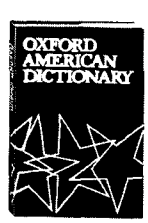

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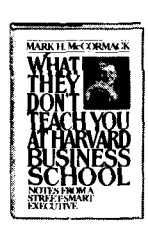

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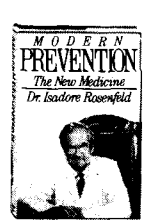

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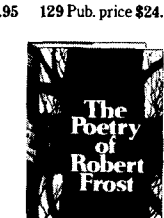

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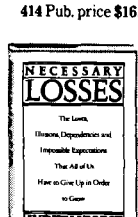

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONFLICT IN NICARAGUA

Conor Cruise O'Brien ("God and Man in Nicaragua," August *Atlantic*) asserts that the mass given by Cardinal Obando y Bravo in Miami on June 13, 1985, was "attended by the contra leadership and by the photographers. The Cardinal was duly photographed with the contra leaders Adolfo Calero and Edén Pastora. . . . 'I do not object to being identified with the people who have taken up arms,' the Cardinal commented after the ceremony."

More than 3,000 people attended the mass, two of whom were Calero and Pastora. I am not sure this constitutes "the contra leadership," but I am sure that the Cardinal was not photographed with Calero and Pastora, nor did he make the statement that Mr. O'Brien attributes to him. The mass was covered by, among others, Sandra Dibble, of *The Miami Herald*. In a telephone conversation Ms. Dibble confirmed that the Cardinal was whisked away immediately following the mass; he was not photographed with Pastora and Calero before or after, nor did he make any statements or give interviews. How is it that none of what Mr. O'Brien asserts appeared in the mainstream media?

Since the mass received major media attention, and since such a provocative photo and statement would suggest all the bad things the Sandinistas have been saying, perhaps Mr. O'Brien could indicate precisely where the photo and statement can be found.

DAVID COOPER
Highland Beach, Fla.

Conor Cruise O'Brien states, "To the American public, 'religious persecution' conjures up visions of churches being closed down by force and of systematic physical ill treatment of priests and nuns. Nothing of the kind has been going on in Nicaragua." This is simply not true.

Since 1979 twenty priests and nuns have been expelled from Nicaragua, and several priests and bishops have been subjected to campaigns of harassment and intimidation. These include vilification campaigns and mob attacks (three bishops have been physically attacked, two of them three times each). Other priests have been "set up" by the Ministry of Interior, as in the case of Monsignor Bismarck Carballo, the director of Catholic Radio.

Tricked into visiting a female parishioner, Father Carballo was forced at gunpoint to undress and then was dragged by Sandinista police into the street, where a jeering crowd and reporters from the Sandinista newspapers and a crew from Sandinista TV just happened to be.

Church buildings and parishioners have also been attacked on several occasions. In November of 1983 twenty-six such attacks were reported, often involving the beating of priests and parishioners as well as the physical destruction of church property (*The Miami Herald*, November 4, 1983).

In addition, according to Edgard Macias, the former Sandinista Vice Minister of Labor (now in exile), fifty-five Moravian churches were destroyed or taken over by the Sandinistas in the Atlantic Coast region during the first two years of the revolution. The Moravian social-relief service agency, CASIM, was also dismantled in 1982, following the expulsion of some of its leaders. In a report to the Inter-American Commission for Human Rights, on May 12, 1984, the Nicaraguan Permanent Commission on Human Rights stated, "In 1981 dozens of Protestant and Moravian churches, situated in the Atlantic Coast, were closed. Some priests were arrested and others were expelled from this zone."

In 1982 Sandinista mobs, using the pretext that some religious denominations were producing counterrevolutionary propaganda, confiscated more than thirty churches and religious installations belonging to Evangelicals, Seventh-Day Adventists, Mormons, Moravians, and Jehovah's Witnesses. Later the churches were conditionally returned.

In July of 1984, ten Catholic priests were expelled for participating in a march in support of another priest, even though five of the priests had not participated in the march and one of them, Father Benito Laplante, was not even in Managua when the march occurred.

In September of 1985 the government drafted eleven seminarians into the military, breaking an understanding with the

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church that clergymen would not be drafted.

On October 12 government agents confiscated 10,000 copies of a new Catholic Church magazine, *Iglesia*, and then occupied the offices of the Church's Social Welfare Agency (COPROSA). The government agents refused to let the clergymen enter. On January 1, 1986, the Sandinistas shut down Catholic Radio. On June 20, 1986, the Sandinistas returned the offices to COPROSA, but the offices were stripped and Church property was confiscated, including Church archives and a printing press.

On June 28 they refused to allow Father Carballo, a spokesman for Cardinal Obando who had attended a conference on Nicaragua in Paris, back into the country. On July 4 the Sandinistas expelled Bishop Pablo Antonio Vega, the vice president of the Nicaraguan Bishops Conference, from the country. Both men were, predictably, accused of treason, and with regard to Bishop Vega, the Sandinistas twice changed their account of why he was being expelled.

Mr. O'Brien needs to re-examine what he was told in Managua.

STEVEN BLAKEMORE
Boca Raton, Fla.

Conor Cruise O'Brien replies:

The letters from David Cooper and Steven Blakemore demand a reply.

As regards the question of Cardinal Obando's being photographed with the *contra* leaders, I accept Sandra Dibble's account that the Cardinal was in fact "whisked away" after mass, without being photographed. From several newspaper references to the photographing of *contras* at the Cardinal's mass, I had incautiously inferred that he had been photographed with them. I regret this error.

I stand by the statement I attributed to the Cardinal. It was, however, made at a slightly earlier date than I had assumed—though still in the context of the new Red Hat—and in a different place. It was made in an interview with Spanish television, one of the first televised interviews with the new Cardinal. It was reported in the issue of *Envio* (Managua) for May, 1985, and was placed in context retrospectively in the article "Visions of the Kingdom: The Latin American Church in Conflict,"in *Report on the Americas* (published by the North American Congress on Latin America for September-October, 1985).

The relevant passage, on page 44 of the *Report*, reads, "Four of the ten [Nicaraguan] bishops are openly hostile to the Sandinista regime and tacitly supportive of *contra* objective. A fifth, Obando himself, has moved to a more overtly aligned position. 'I do not object to being identified with the people who have taken up arms' he commented in May 1985 after the ceremony marking his elevation to cardinal."

The new Cardinal's decision to say mass at Miami before returning to Nicaragua was generally interpreted, by the contras' friends as well as by their foes, as a gesture of solidarity with the contras, in consonance with the statement quoted.

Whether Eden Pastora and Adolfo Calero can properly be classified as belonging to the contra leadership or not—or whether indeed there is such a thing as an indigenous contra leadership—may be open to doubt, but they were certainly generally regarded as contra leaders at the material time (Pastora subsequently defected), and they were seated in the front row for the new Cardinal's mass.

In response to Mr. Blakemore's letter, I stand by my original position, that the unpleasantnesses that have befallen some clergymen in Nicaragua are not synonymous with "religious persecution" as that term is generally understood. Indeed, Mr. Blakemore's letter contains some implicit and unintended confirmation of this. When real religious persecution has been raging, one doesn't have to rake up episodes like the confiscation of a church magazine. What has occurred is, in the main, the exile or harassment of a limited number of clergymen suspected of aiding and abetting the contras. These actions are regrettable but not tantamount to religious persecution.

Nor is it just a matter of what I "was told in Managua." A delegation of the National Council of Churches of Canada investigated the charges of religious persecution in August of 1984 (most of the incidents referred to by Mr. Blakemore antedate the report). The NCCC delegation concluded that, although it recognizes the serious problems in present Church-State relations in Nicaragua due to the confrontation and tension between the government and the Catholic Church hierarchy, it finds no basis for the charge of systematic religious persecution. Rather, it considers the issue a device being used to justify aggressive opposition to the present Nicaraguan government.

In his apologia for the Sandinista regime Conor Cruise O'Brien speaks glowingly of the strange amalgam of religion and politics that has grown out of the 1979 Nicaraguan Revolution.

It is, indeed, a "new kind of faith" that the Fathers Cardenal and d'Escoto have hewn from their Catholicism to meld with the policies of the Marxist-led government they now serve. These clerical Sandinistas, flouting any direction from Rome or even from their own bishop, have simply invented a theology to fit their politics. All sense of the transcendent, of listening to divine revelation, and of conforming man's will to God's has been lost or—even worse—turned upside down. Suddenly Scripture is interpreted in the light of political goals.

Mr. O'Brien has assessed the Nicaraguan scene in purely sociological and economic terms, and has made common cause with the Sandinistas. But the Church sees all men—including the Miskito Indians, who have fallen outside Sandinista concern—as children of God, with the rights and responsibilities conferred by that divine filiation. This truth should be the cornerstone of any government professing to be Christian. Instead, free expression (*La Prensa*) is suppressed and dissenters (*campesinos* of the Confederation of United Unions) are jailed.

We are seeing in Nicaragua not the authentic, liberating faith that Mr. O'Brien perceives but the typical Communist tactic of bending religious practices (with the help of disloyal clerics) to fit, procrustean fashion, the Marxist mold.

JOHN JOSEPH O'DONNELL
Bethesda, Md.

Conor Cruise O'Brien points out that the Pope's popularity is not to be confused with his authority. However, O'Brien does not explore *why* the magisterium, the teaching authority of the Church, has not been restored as the Pope so much wishes.

I think the answer lies in the concept of the magisterium itself. Teaching and authority are not compatible; they are a mix of apples and oranges. The goal of teaching is learning. The goal of authority is obedience. Teaching uses reason, guided experience, and sometimes persuasion to accomplish its ends. Authority uses power. Catholics who use birth control can feel that they are good Cath-

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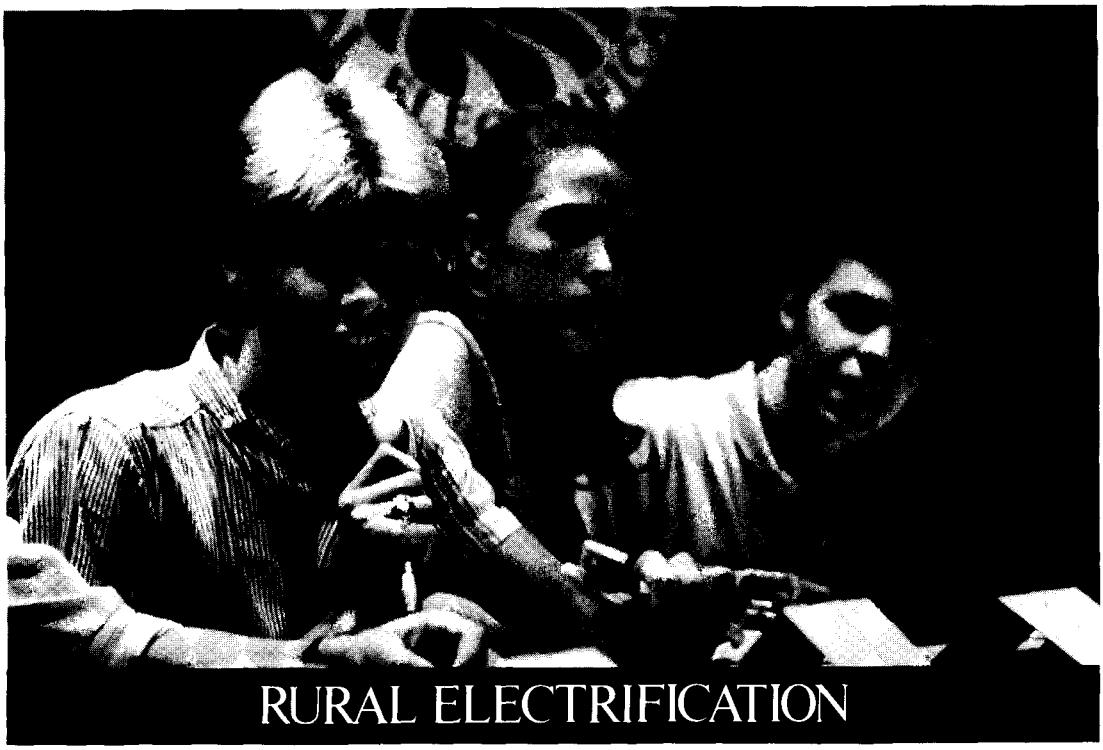

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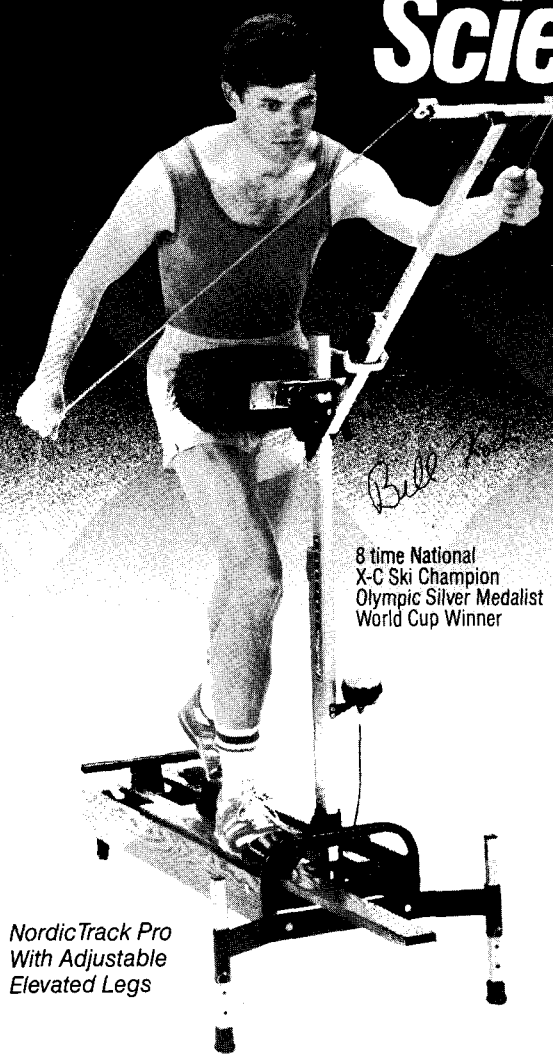

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olics because their use of contraceptives is a matter of reason, not faith. On matters determined to be spiritual, the same Catholics accept the Pope's authority completely.

SETH BERNSTEIN
San Francisco, Calif.

I challenge the statement that the current Pope is "far more popular than any Pope has been before." His travels do make him more widely known, but the outpouring of affection for John XXIII, from even unbelievers like myself, was phenomenal.

TERTIUS CHANDLER
Berkeley, Calif.

I don't believe I have ever read a more illuminating article on Central America than "God and Man in Nicaragua." It is a thoughtful, fair, and objective analysis of the situation and its history.

MARGARET STURGIS
Show Low, Ariz.

The article "God and Man in Nicaragua" is as fine a piece of writing as one can see these days.

FRANK ANTHONY
Windsor, Vt.

NO FIRST STRIKE

I read with interest the article in the August *Atlantic* titled "Back From the Brink," by McGeorge Bundy, Morton Halperin, William Kaufmann, George Kennan, Robert McNamara, Madalene O'Donnell, Leon Sigal, Gerard Smith, Richard Ullman, and Paul Warnke.

I believe that the proposal presented in this article becomes much more meaningful if viewed in the broader context of a suggestion I first made to General Secretary Chernenko in December of 1984: that the Soviet Union and the United States agree that neither will be the first to attack the other with *either* nuclear *or* conventional forces. In Stockholm, at the thirty-five-nation European Security Conference in January, 1985, the Soviet delegate proposed just such a treaty, which would "impose on all Soviet-led Warsaw Pact and U.S.-led NATO Forces, an obligation not to be the first to use either nuclear or conventional arms against each other, and hence not to use military force against each other at all."

In my view, the unilateral proposal presented in "Back from the Brink" becomes a much stronger and more viable proposal if considered in the context of such an agreement.

ARMAND HAMMER
Occidental Petroleum Corporation
Los Angeles, Calif.

I am not among the 81 percent of the American people who are ignorant of American first-use policy, but I am a member of a much smaller group who will confess ignorance of something that seems generally assumed as axiomatic.

Suppose that the Soviet Union could "take" Western Europe without a fight and that absolutely no physical damage were inflicted on Western Europe or its peoples. Europeans would no doubt suffer a decrease in morale, owing to the repressiveness of Soviet control, and productivity would decrease so that Europe would no longer be competitive in the world market; it would become a net importer, regardless of the relative values of European and other world currencies. (This would certainly be an advantage to us—though hardly a reason for not defending our friends.)

A decrease in morale following a nonviolent Soviet takeover of Europe would cause a low level of sustained civil unrest; Europe would have to be occupied by at least—*at least*—a million Soviet soldiers, probably ethnic Russian ones, in order to minimize the possibility of widespread military disaffection. Could the Soviets afford the indefinite maintenance of an enormous Russian occupation force?

If the Soviets were to take Europe by violence, could they afford the rebuilding of the Western European physical plant as well as a huge military occupation? Would the Soviets, with their centralized management style, ever be able to restore European productivity to a world-competitive level?

If the Soviets took Western Europe by nuclear storm, would they *want* to occupy radioactive land *and* pay for the restoration of their prize?

The Soviets can't even take control of Afghanistan, a tiny and backward nation right on their own border, even with more than 100,000 soldiers. Wouldn't any takeover of Europe overextend the financial and military resources of the Soviet Union?

Please, someone, explain the reason or reasons why the Soviets would want to invade Western Europe.

ROB PAGE
Bethesda, Md.

I wholeheartedly agree with the authors of "Back From the Brink" that our present military nuclear policy is dangerous and increases the probability of nuclear war. I endorse all their proposals and hope that some of them will be realized soon. But I believe that in addressing themselves to purely military matters they are attacking only the symptoms of a disease that afflicts both the East and the West.

This disease is the conviction on the part of each superpower that the other is out to destroy it, in order to achieve world dominance. Each side believes it is acting defensively against the aggressive tendencies of the other.

What is needed is a thorough change of attitude based on a fact that should be obvious to both powers: one superpower cannot safeguard its security at the expense of the other. Our common enemy is nuclear war itself.

Some recent events may provide hope. Proposals by the Soviets seem to point to the goal of a modus vivendi with the West and the accidents at Chernobyl and to the *Challenger* demonstrate the necessity of our working together to make the planet a safer place for us all. This may therefore be a propitious time to begin to bring about a change in public opinion and even national policy.

VICTOR WEISSKOPF
Cambridge, Mass.

If Bundy and McNamara believe "no first use" to be a wise policy, why did they not institute it when they were in positions of authority at a time when the Soviet conventional lead was far less daunting?

MICHAEL S. LOFGREN
Military Legislative Assistant
to Representative John R. Kasich
Washington, D.C.

ORIGINS OF THE UNDERCLASS

I read with interest and concern Nicholas Lemann's "The Origins of the Underclass" (June and July *Atlantic*). Lemann's summary of the plight of the black underclass is excellent, but his suggestion that the WPA be rejuvenated to provide employment for young black males appears to me to be both more of the same and too little too late. Ever since the controversy provoked by the Moynihan Report, policy-makers have gingerly sidestepped the important task of seeking to strengthen black families

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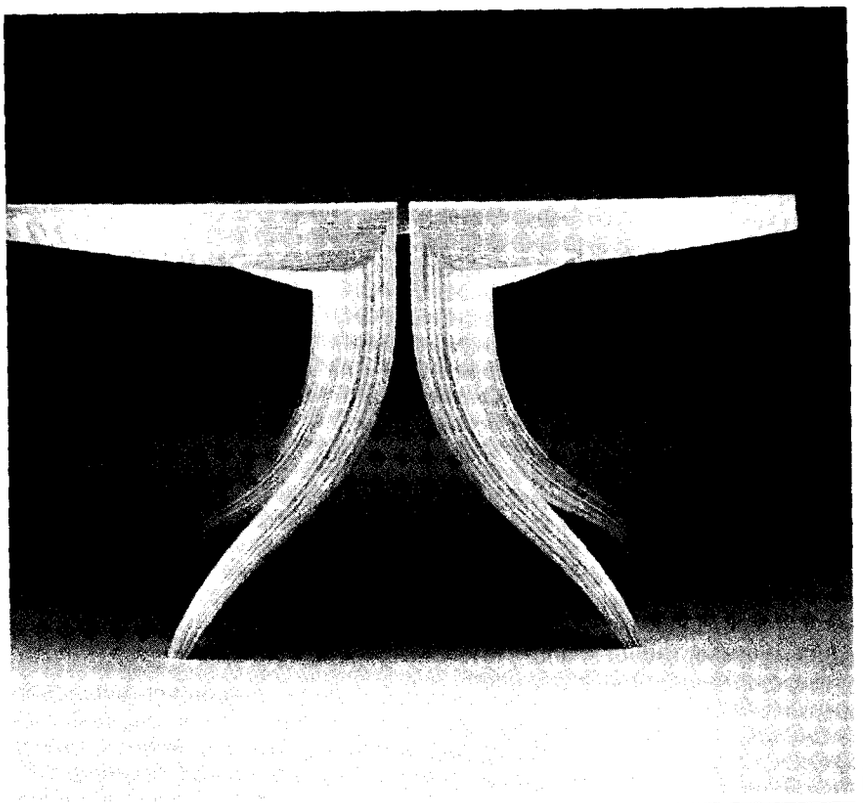

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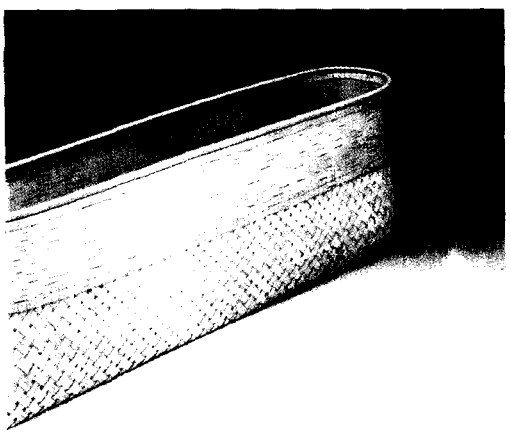

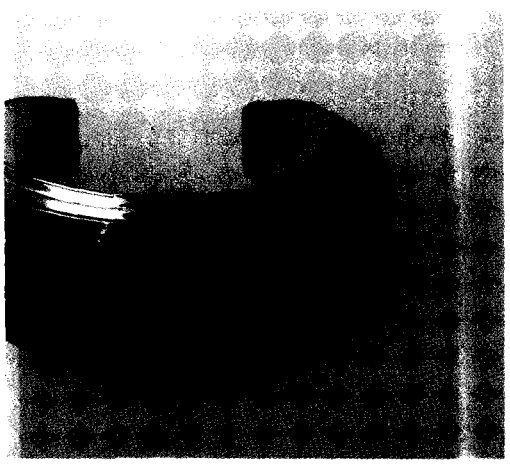

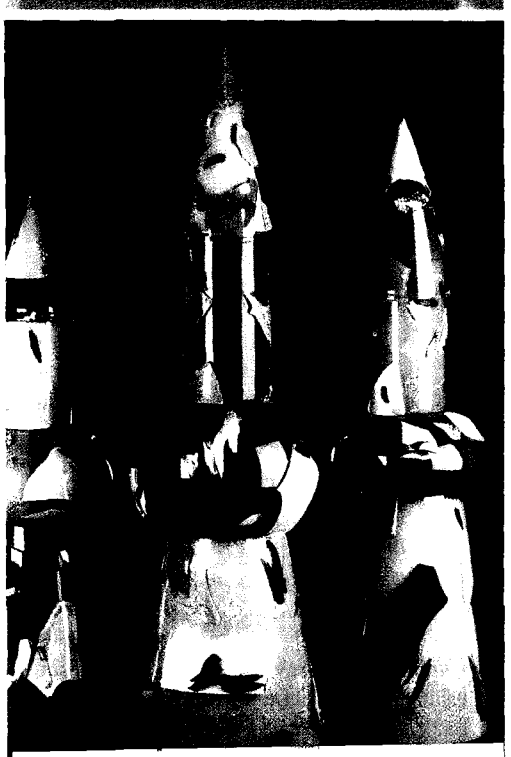

If you've been lamenting the death, or at least the dearth, of American craftsmanship, these objects bring some reassuring good news. They are from an inspiring inaugural exhibition titled "CRAFT TODAY: Poetry of the Physical" at the handsome new American Craft Museum at 40 West 53rd Street.

In a world of the "look-alike" and the "throw-away," these are the unique and the irreplaceable. So are the people who make them: not merely the 286 outstanding artists selected for the show but the increasing numbers of professionals like them. In finding ever-fresh expressions of the human spirit in the most traditional of materials and the most ancient of skills, they give us new evidence of our one inexhaustible national resource, our native creativity and craftsmanship.

That's one reason we sponsored this show and why we urge you to see it. In our business, as in yours, we are in tough competition with the rest of the world—and our essential edge is the individual creativity, individual imagination, individual innovativeness of the American spirit. The more we foster it, the more it will flourish.

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National Tour: American Craft Museum, New York, NY, October 26, 1986-March 22, 1987; The Denver Art Museum, Denver, CO, May 16-July 5, 1987; Laguna Art Museum, Laguna Beach, CA, August 7-October 4 1987; Milwaukee Art Museum, Milwaukee, WI, February 12-April 10, 1988; J.B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, KY, May 16-July 10, 1988; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, VA, August 9-October 2, 1988.

Recent works appearing in the exhibition and tour: (top left) DESK, bubinga and ash, 59″ long, by Jere Osgood. (top center) RITUAL VESSEL, glass, 18″ high, by Mark Abildgaard. (top right) BASKET, birch bark, 19½″ long, by Dona Look. (center right) HOPI KACHINA, gold, lapis, coral, turquoise bracelet by Charles Loloma. (bottom right) SHARD ROCKETS, glass sculpture, 55″ high, by Richard Marquis. (bottom center) WEATHERVANE, copper with wood base by Jonathan Bonner. (bottom left) RHYTHM/COLOR: THE CONCORD COTILLION, cotton and silk quilt by Michael James. Photographs: DESK by Andrew Dean Powell, others by George Erml

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in America and, as Lemann proposes, have offered employment and training programs for black teenagers as the way into mainstream society.

In American society, programs that seek to provide skills and support to families, to strengthen them as socializing units for child development, have been disproportionately offered to white Americans. As the proportion of blacks served by programs increases, the likelihood that the programs will offer any services that seek to strengthen families decreases. In contrast, as the proportion of blacks served by programs increases, the likelihood of offering employment services also increases. In short, we have, by design or default, avoided the critical task of providing a foundation for positive child development. Until we offer to black parents the same family-management-skills training and support services that we offer to white parents in this society, we will perpetuate the disadvantage of young blacks. Waiting until these children are of age to enter the labor force is waiting too long.

J. DAVID HAWKINS
Center for Social Welfare Research
University of Washington
Seattle, Wash.

Nicholas Lemann's perceptive article on the black underclass suffers only from a lack of historical perspective which leads him to locate its origins in the post–Second World War migration from the South. The urban establishment has a long history of "scapegoating" southern migrants for problems originating in its own cities. In fact many studies show that both in the nineteenth century and in the 1950s such migrants were better educated, had stronger families, and were less likely to be jailed than blacks born in northern cities.

The problem dates back to the previous century, when overt racism barred blacks from the employment opportunities opened by the urban industrial revolution. As white immigrants got the jobs, a variety of political and economic pressures encouraged a black subculture of crime and violence. The characteristic patterns of black criminality in the 1980s, in fact, look much like those established by the 1890s. The era of the 1940s and 1950s, which Lemann uses as a base line, was in retrospect a unique period of war and postwar employment opportunity—and of black stability as measured, for example, by record low unemployment and declining homicide rates. But then the jobs dried up, and hope went with them.

Leaving some forms of racism behind, southern migrants fell victim to others. Generations of promising people were simply pushed toward a hustling subculture created by urban blacks as a reaction to conditions created by urban whites.

ROGER LANE
Department of History
Haverford College
Haverford, Penn.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

The story by David Michael Kaplan titled "Comfort" (August *Atlantic*) was one of the worst pieces I've read in the four years that I have subscribed to your publication.

MARK W. MILLER
Mountainside, N.J.

Congratulations for the delightful short story "Comfort."

MARSHALL KULBERG
Hampton, N.H.

NO. 1 SONG

The following points in "Notes: America's No. 1 Song," by Daniel Mark Epstein (July *Atlantic*), are wrong: that everyone in 1916 knew that "The Star-Spangled Banner" was the national anthem; that Francis Scott Key was tone-deaf; that Dr. Beanes was court-martialed by the British. Key, moreover, on the truce boat out in the harbor, was never in any danger. The flag flying over Fort McHenry on September 14, 1814, had not been rushed there just in time for the battle. It had been delivered to the fort a year earlier. And, finally, the United States would not have lost its independence had the British offensive not foundered at Baltimore.

SAM MEYER
Chicago, Ill.

Daniel Mark Epstein replies:

Mr. Meyer is correct in emphasizing that even in 1916 there was controversy over "The Star-Spangled Banner." He is also correct about the delivery of the flag, and I appreciate his scholarship. The Flag House in Baltimore has the bill of sale and delivery, dated August, 1813, a year before the defense of Fort McHenry. Standard biographies of Key set the date of delivery a year later.

Whether the United States would have lost its independence is a matter of opinion. The course of a war can be changed by a seemingly insignificant battle; in 1814 the defense of Baltimore was far from insignificant. As for Key's safety there in the harbor while the battle raged, Mr. Meyer might wish to stand in Key's place, but I would rather stay home.

Key and John Skinner both bore witness to Roger Brook Taney that Dr. Beanes was under summary court-martial by Rear Admiral Cockburn and General Robert Ross. The court-martial was informal. The British had regarded Beanes as a collaborator and when he broke faith in Upper Marlboro they detained the doctor with the intention of hanging him.

Finally, whereas some say that Key could carry a tune, others say that he could not. It is a pity that we cannot hear him try to sing his greatest creation.

ADVICE & CONSENT

James Fallows's "Letter From Tokyo" (August *Atlantic*) was very interesting, but I was puzzled by the author's choice of the word *drones*. Writing about the argument among the Japanese as to whether their work ethic is a long-standing cultural element or a recent development, Fallows tells of a literary critic who points out that pre-Meiji culture celebrated the pleasure-seeking, gadabout, wastrel life. And so, argues the literary critic, "how could Japan be culturally a nation of drones?"

His rhetorical question can be answered very easily, since *drones* are gadabouts and wastrels who "have no sting and do no work: after one fertilizes the eggs of the queen bee, it is killed and the rest are driven from the hive" (*Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary*). Thus *drone* has come to mean "idler," though Fallows seems to be confusing the drones with the industrious female worker bees.

CHRISTINE PAPA
Glendale, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The review of *The Harvard Guide to Influential Books* in the October issue omitted the price ($7.95) of the paperback imprint. Frank Stella's *Working Space,* reviewed in the October issue, will also be available in paperback, at a price of $14.95.

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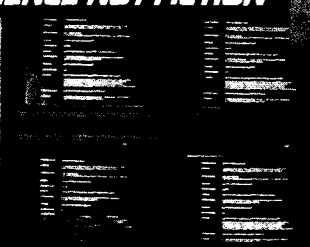

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THE NOVEMBER ALMANAC

THE SKIES

November **1-2**, New Moon. **5**, Taurid meteor showers. **13**, Mercury can be seen crossing the disk of the sun by observers in southwestern Alaska, Australia, Asia, and parts of Antarctica, Africa, and Europe. This is a relatively rare phenomenon, occurring only 13 times each century. **16**, Full Moon, also known, this month, as the Frosty Moon. **17**, the Leonid meteor showers should reach their peak. Mars and Jupiter are the bright objects in the south in early evenings.

ARTS & LETTERS

Feature films produced by major Hollywood studios will be distributed in the People's Republic of China this month for the first time since 1949. The films selected include *Spartacus*, *Roman Holiday*, and *Love Story*. They were chosen by the China Film Corporation, according to two criteria—what the Chinese audience likes (among other things, according to the CFC: "strong story, not abstract; characters that tend toward definite good and evil modes") and what the Chinese authorities approve ("strong moral strain").

HEALTH & SAFETY

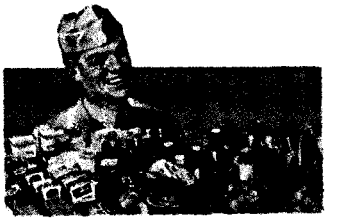
Because of the hunting season, November is one of the two most dangerous months with respect to firearms: about a quarter of the 1,800 fatal accidents with firearms which occur annually take place between November 1 and year's end. However, fewer than one in five fatal accidents occur while the victim is actually hunting (the most commonly named cause for fatal hunting accidents being "victim mistaken for game"); half occur at home. Nearly 16 million hunting licenses are issued in a year. For every 100,000 licenses there are roughly 1.2 human fatalities and 18,750 fatalities of white-tailed deer. Nonetheless, the white-tailed-deer population of the U.S. has increased more than 25-fold since 1900, while the human population has merely tripled.

GOVERNMENT

November **4**, Election Day. Referenda are before the voters in at least 40 states. A California initiative asks voters to classify AIDS as a communicable disease, which could result in mandatory blood tests and quarantines; another initiative proposes to declare English the official state language. Massachusetts voters will have a chance to repeal the state's mandatory seatbelt law, while voters in Oregon will decide whether to legalize the growing of marijuana for personal use. Citizens in Arkansas, Oregon, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island will vote on whether to prohibit state funding for abortions. Vermont residents will vote on a state ERA. November **11**, Veterans Day.

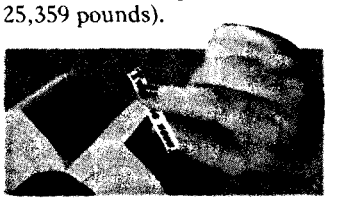
DEMOGRAPHICS

November **2**, All Souls Day, which commemorates those who have passed on to their eternal reward. It is estimated that in the past two and a half million years some 113 billion human beings have lived and died. The names of roughly 7 billion of the departed—or about 6 percent—have survived in books and manuscripts, on monuments, or in public records. The proportion will reach 10 percent in a hundred years.



FOOD

For each of the 1.1 million members of the Armed Forces stationed overseas, about 6 pounds of turkey, 3 pounds of cranberry sauce, and 2 pounds of ham, among other foods, have already been shipped to overseas military bases in readiness for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. These quantities include both "troop-issue" food, to be served in mess halls, and food for resale in military commissaries (which serve dependents as well as military personnel). For anomalous reasons—reasons potentially related to those for the remarkable 2:1 turkey-to-cranberry-sauce ratio—servicemen's menus will differ in Europe and the Pacific. Troops in Europe are being issued far more mincemeat and pumpkin pie than their comrades in the Pacific (103,750 pounds versus 62,420 pounds) but far less fruitcake (15,000 pounds versus 25,359 pounds).



WORDS RECEIVED

Recent citations collected and defined by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary *(Houghton Mifflin), for possible inclusion in a revised edition*:

Affluenza *noun*, an array of psychological maladies, such as isolation, suspicion, boredom, guilt, and lack of motivation, engendered by possession of great wealth: "We are bored, to say the least, with the Brie-and-BMW jokes. Wealth has been perceived to be a potential malady to the extent that psychiatrists have been forced to coin a word for it: *affluenza*" (*Christian Science Monitor*).

Ghost band *noun*, a band, especially a band that specializes in swing, that still bears the name of its deceased former leader and continues to perform with a new leader and chiefly new members: "Now the Nelson Riddle Orchestra is on the road again, the latest posthumous entry on a growing *ghost-band* circuit" (*The Wall Street Journal*).

Twinkie *noun*, a television news anchorperson whose chief asset is a pleasing physical appearance, as opposed to journalistic talent and experience: "In the world of television news, *Twinkies* are the model-like anchormen and -women who read the news" (US).

50 YEARS AGO

Walter Lippmann, writing in the November, 1936, issue of *The Atlantic*: "Governments are composed of persons who meet occasionally in a hall to make speeches and to write resolutions; of men studying papers at desks, receiving and answering letters and memoranda, listening to advice and giving it, hearing complaints and claims and replying to them; of clerks manipulating more papers; of inspectors, tax collectors, policemen, and soldiers. These officials have to be fed, and often they overeat. They would often rather go fishing, or make love, or do anything than shuffle their papers. They have to sleep. They suffer from indigestion and asthma, bile and palpitation, become bored, tired, careless, and have nervous headaches. They know what they have happened to learn, they are aware of what they happen to observe, they can imagine what they happen to be interested in, they can accomplish only what they can command or persuade an unseen multitude to do."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTY BLAKE

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

HISTORY

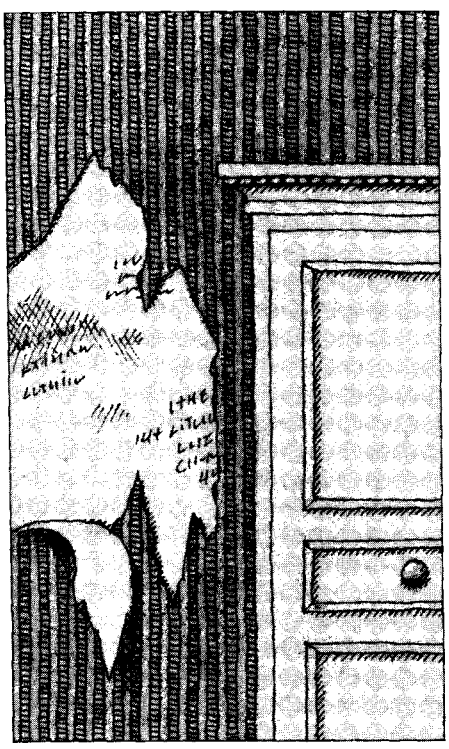
My wife, daughter, and I recently moved from an icky modern apartment building on Second Avenue in New York City to a nice old house on a dirt road in the country. The house was built in 1740 or so and added on to in the 1800s. For a while it was a club, where, among other things, ladies played cards. In 1945 it became a boys' boarding school. (The founder of the school was an educational innovator, who, in the late 1800s, had disciplined unruly boys by making them sit for extended periods on each other's laps.) In 1970 it was sold for a dollar to a history teacher, who sawed it in two and had the parts moved down a hill, on the back of a big truck. Power lines along the route had to be taken down so that the truck could pass.

For the past couple of months my wife and I have spent most of our spare time scraping off wallpaper that the history teacher apparently spent most of his spare time pasting up. Wallpaper was the history teacher's answer to every aesthetic question. He pasted it in closets; he spread it out in cabinets; he even stretched it over the bare studs alongside the stairway to the basement.

Stripping wallpaper is a very tedious business. There is nothing intellectual about it, so you are free to use virtually all of your brain for other purposes, such as freewheeling speculation about the significance of this and that. History (it occurs to me as I move thoughtfully from room to room with my sponge and scraper) is like a crumbling old plaster wall covered with layer upon layer of faded wallpaper; just when you think you've gotten to the bottom of it, you find another layer more horrid than the one above. So far we have peeled down to 1969.

In 1969 our house was occupied by adolescent boys named Addicks, Allen, Bowen, Brown, Bucciarelli, Buckley, Farley, Forster, Labas, Newhouse, and St. Clair. I know their names because someone inscribed them in black ink on the walls of what is now my daughter's bedroom. If one were allowed to choose one's ghosts, in all likelihood one would not choose adolescent boys from 1969, and certainly not in the bedroom of one's daughter. But one is not allowed to choose.

The names of the boys are spaced out around the room in eleven numbered areas marked off on the walls. My wife and I initially hypothesized that these areas had something to do with the arrangement of beds, but the room is too small to have housed eleven teenagers. Could it have been a study hall? No, Addicks's and St. Clair's areas meet at a corner; their desks would have had to sit one on top of the other. The same fact rules out the room's having been used for storage.



Our current theory is that the walls were parceled out simply so that the boys could cover them with graffiti. The house, before the history teacher put up his dollar, was going to be torn down to make way for a new dorm; why not divvy it up and make a mess before the wreckers arrived? Because most of the decoration is in Forster's area, I assume that this was his idea.

Forster in 1969 was a young man with a great deal on his mind. "Why was I not made of stone like you?" he wrote beneath a window—perhaps looking meaningfully over his shoulder at Bucciarelli, whose assigned area is undefiled. Up near the ceiling Forster painted a pink and red television set and filled its screen with pictures clipped from newspapers and magazines. On the wall above and beside it he wrote, "You love to watch it: the show." Since the clippings came off with the wallpaper, we can only guess what Forster's housemates saw when they looked at the screen. Soldiers in Vietnam, a peace sign, and a naked girl at Woodstock? Richard Nixon, a mushroom cloud, and a policeman frisking a hippie? (In the adjoining area Labas wrote, "I've got you in the sights of my gun" and "Love and death—are they man made and fake too?")

Below the television set and headed "Something to Live For" is a long, unpunctuated outburst. "Strike for the eight demands," Forster wrote angrily in dripping black and red paint,

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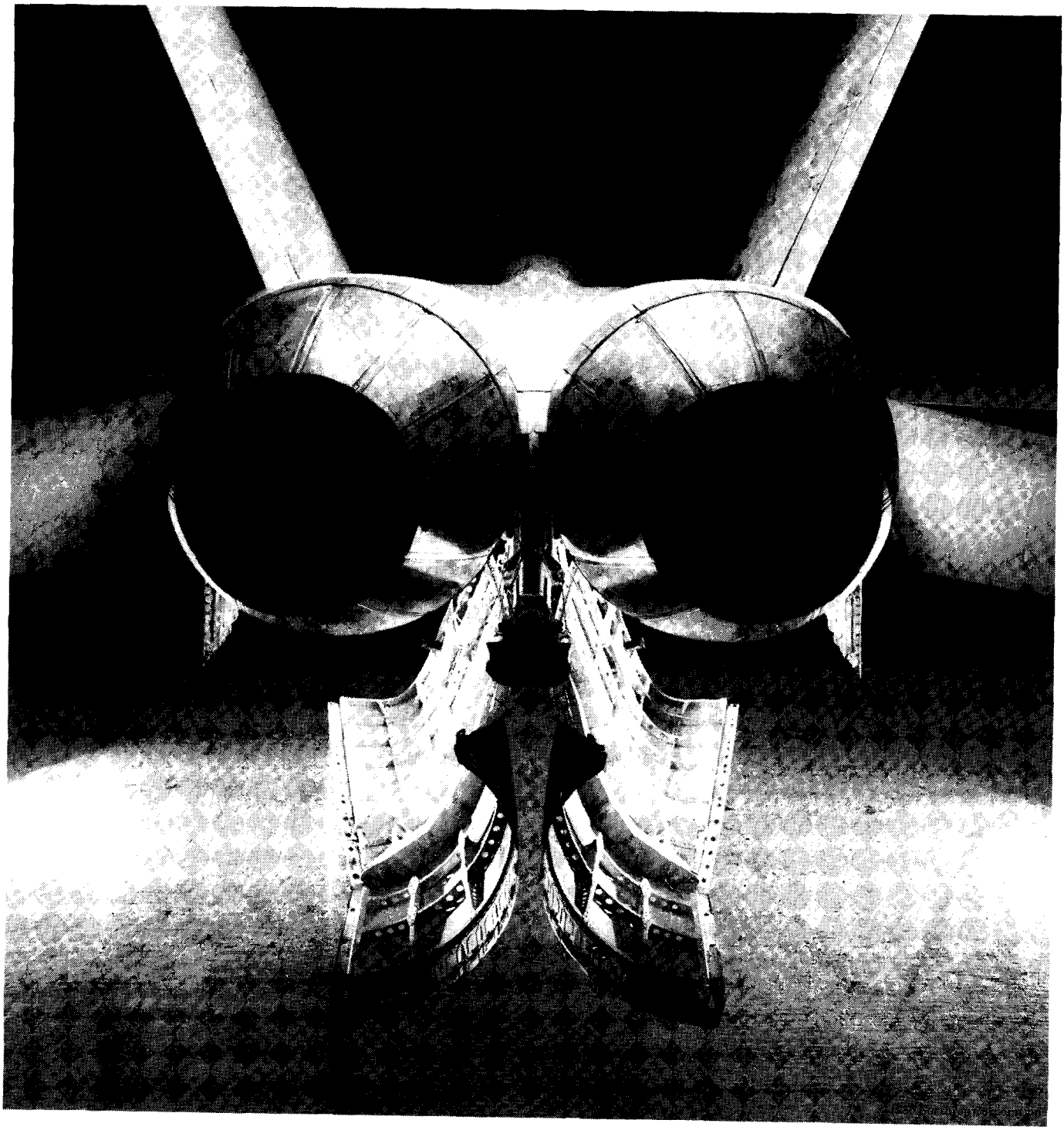

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strike be
cause you hate cops
strike because your
roommate was clubbed
strike to stop expansion
strike to seize control
of your life strike to
become more human
strike to return Paine Hall
scholarships strike be
cause there's no poetry
in your lectures
strike because classes
are a bore strike for
power strike to smash the
corporation strike to make
yourself free strike to
abolish ROTC strike because
they are trying to squeeze
the life out of you

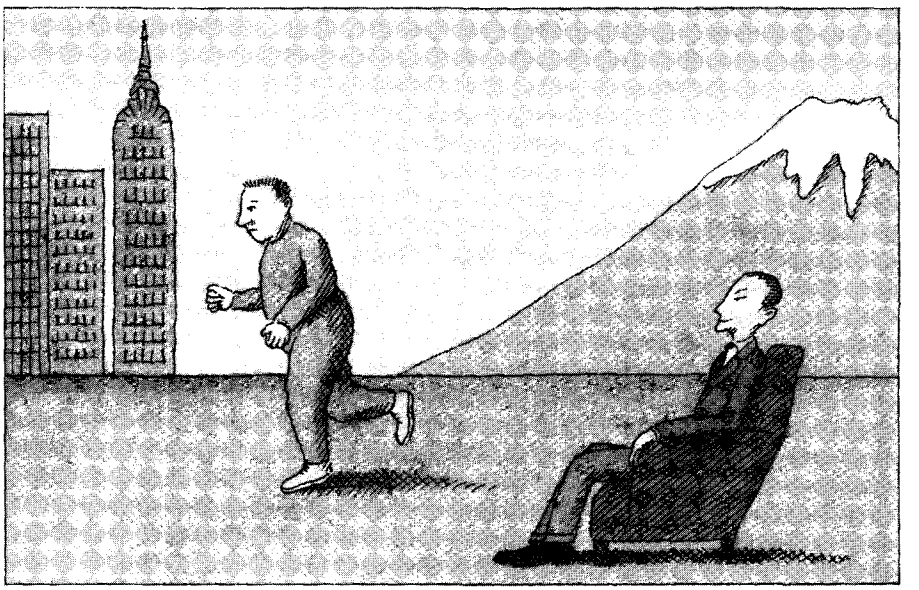
Forster's proclamation is clearly not indigenous; it was borrowed, my wife and I believe, from another civilization—probably Harvard. There is only one full-time cop in this town, and no one, so far as we know, hates him. The thought of him trudging up the hill from his desk in the basement of the town hall to clobber a ninth grader is intriguing but improbable. Nor is there an entity nearby that could in seriousness be called a corporation, much less "the" corporation. The local economy, as near as we can tell, is based exclusively on groceries and hardware.

But Forster doubtless did not intend for his demands to be interpreted literally or dissected coldly by historians. Thumbing through the newspaper one morning, perhaps, he stumbled upon a statement that seemed to echo his very own thoughts, but ne'er so well express'd, and wrote it on the wall. "To become more human," he repeated, thinking, let's say, of his history teacher. Nor is his statement less authentic for having been pinched. Very likely he did feel that his classes were boring and that his lectures lacked poetry and that the life was being squeezed out of him. A lot of people Forster's age feel that way.

My wife and I were roughly Forster's age in 1969, and we looked at the world in just about the same way that he did. Neither of us ever wrote a list of demands on a bedroom wall, but either of us might have. I'm just as glad I never did. One of history's cruelest tricks is to take words that sounded good at the time and make them sound pretty stupid. This also happens to the contents of student literary magazines.

My wife and I are now getting ready to paint our daughter's room. After some deliberation we have decided to preserve Forster's area, which, conveniently, lies behind the door. There it will serve as a reminder that although time changes almost everything, including the meaning of words painted on a wall, there are a few things, including being fifteen, that stay the same. I hope that someday, in the year 2000 or so, when our daughter is roughly the same age that we were then, Forster's painting will remind us to insert a bit more poetry into our lectures. I also hope that it will prove to her that she isn't the first person who ever felt the way she does, and perhaps even inspire her to empathize with the old bores who have seized control of her life and in whose faces she has just slammed her door.

—David Owen



THE FAR EAST

NO-FAT CITY

Walking Tokyo streets leads an American to wonder, Why are the Japanese so much thinner than we are? And why do they live longer?

THIS MAY SEEM a small thing, but it sums up many of the differences between us and the Japanese: they can live practically forever in circumstances that Americans have come to regard as fatal.

I'm not talking about the threat of beriberi or industrial wastes or anything so exotic—only about exercise. Most Japanese, judging by the ones I have seen during a four-and-a-half-month stay in Tokyo, live in happy ignorance of aerobics, health clubs, and Nautilus machines—and they live, and live, and live. Last summer the government released the latest set of statistics showing that Japanese people are living even longer than they used to, and easily longer than we are. The average life expectancy for Japanese women is now more than eighty years, and for men it's in the mid-seventies. Yet during those long years the average Japanese person will rarely work up a sweat.

I should perhaps explain why this mystery is so intriguing to me. I have reached a stage of life (I've just turned thirty-seven) at which practical steps toward longevity are more interesting than they used to be. For twenty or so years before arriving in Japan I'd placed my hopes for health and heartiness where many other Americans have: on exercise and sports. Long ago I played on school tennis teams and ran cross-country. He-man activities these may not be, but I enjoyed them, and kept on enjoying them until a few months ago. I also thought it must do at least some good to be out there, breathing hard, several times a week. Wasn't that, in fact, precisely what all the health experts recommended?

The only thing I'm now sure of is that exercise used to make me feel better. These days I don't get any, and I feel like hell. In Japan I walk a lot—to and from train stations, up and down the endless subway stairs—but almost never run, swim, play tennis or basketball, or engage in any other forms of exercise that tax lungs and sweat glands. Last month, on a trip to Hiroshima, I rowed my family around in a little boat. Three

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months ago I sneaked onto the British Embassy's tennis court and played tennis for half an hour—mixed doubles. That's about it.

THE REASON FOR my new indolence is perfectly simple: Tokyo is so crowded that it doesn't have space for sports. I once read that Frank Shorter, the famous marathoner, never missed a day of running, even when on the road. He'd change his clothes in an airport bathroom and head outside to put in a few miles. No doubt he would have found a way to make even Tokyo into a sports paradise. I frequently see a few people like him—Westerners, mainly, who push their way down the jammed sidewalks as they attempt to "run" a few miles.

Conceivably I could have followed their example—running late at night after my trip home on the train. My wife could theoretically have gone swimming, if she'd been willing to wait in line several hours at the pool built for the 1964 Olympic Games. We could have tried harder, could have joined the foreign madmen dodging down the street, could have shown more of that cardinal Japanese virtue, fighting spirit. My point is that most Japanese—who, after all, are going to outlive us—take Tokyo's limits for granted and don't even try.

The few exercise clubs that exist in Tokyo are well beyond the reach of the average Japanese family. One extremely well-off Japanese friend told me that he had recently joined a swimming club with a $10,000 initiation fee. The club has 1,500 members, who compete for use of one twenty-five-meter pool. When they stop working and are ready to have a good time, most Japanese still prefer more or less sedentary activities—purposeful drinking, fancy restaurant meals, parties to view the cherry blossoms or maple leaves or even the new-fallen snow. Teenage girls in Tokyo have lately favored carrying black nylon tennis-racket bags, labeled Dunlop or Donnay, as fashion accessories and statements of self. From the way they hang on the girls' shoulders and feel when they jab into my kidneys on the subway car, I assume that the bags actually contain rackets. But I would bet that most of them have never been used—unless, of course, being carried and admired is in fact their primary function.

Many Japanese youngsters take up gymnastics, *kendo*, or other aerobic ac-

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tivities, but as grown-up "salarymen" or housewives, they tend to leave these childish pursuits behind. In America I often talked sports with my friends—not sports we watched so much as sports we played. In Japan I've had many conversations about the sumo *bashos* (tournaments) and Japan-league baseball, but the only friends who have mentioned their own athletic interests are those who have lived in America and come to think of exercise as something they "should" have.

So why are they all so healthy? Why, even before outliving us, do they look so much fresher and less shopworn than Westerners of similar age? (My rule of thumb when meeting a Japanese man is to guess his age by Western standards of wrinkles and hair loss—and then add ten years to come up with his real age. The misjudgment runs the other way, too: people here are always guessing that I am older than I am.) Maybe they look so young because Tokyo's cheerless climate spares them the withering effects of the sun. But there must be more to Japanese vigor and longevity than the near-omnipresent cloud cover over Tokyo, which has a copious annual rainfall.

THE ANSWER, OF course, is the Japanese diet. By living so long while bestirring themselves so little, the Japanese prove that their diet is healthier than ours—and that diet matters more than exercise does. But there is an emotional significance to this statement that is hard to appreciate until you've lived it. Japanese food is on the whole superb, one of the adornments of the culture. Yet merely by eating it one begins to feel part of a society that is frugal, competitive, keen-edged.

Like most other Americans, I've heard for years that our national cuisine contains too much fat. But I never took this personally until I came to Japan. For the first month or two after arrival my wife and children and I felt constantly famished—even after we had gotten over the price shock that at first made us reluctant to buy anything at all. Although it took us a while to realize it, we were being starved for fat: a meal couldn't leave us feeling really full unless it laid down a rime of fat globules in our mouths and stomachs. (Let's not talk about our arteries.) Japanese food is varied and flavorful, and when accompanied by mounds of rice it can even seem filling. But for us it lacked staying power, because it had so little fat.

A week or two after arrival we suddenly grasped what was wrong when we passed one of Tokyo's countless McDonald's outlets and, overcome by atavistic cravings, turned back and rushed in. We ate Big Macs and drank milkshakes, felt the grease on our lips and fingers, and carried a full feeling with us the rest of the day.

We've adjusted more gracefully after our several months here. We live on rice, fish, pickles, noodles, and miso soup, made from soybeans. Most of the time we feel satisfied. We tell ourselves that Japan is making us healthier, even though we puff and trudge when we climb subway steps and generally feel like we're falling apart. But the idea that fat distinguishes the two cultures stays with us, like the fat from an order of fries.

It's not that the Japanese are uninterested in greasy, fat-drenched food. They are wild about McDonald's, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Mr. Donut, and other American-style fat mines. Their own cuisine features one cheap, popular item that approximates the hot dog in nutritional value: *ton katsu*, a fatty pork cutlet, breaded and prepared like a Texas chicken-fried steak. I need hardly add that the local *ton katsu* outlet is my family's favorite haunt. Sushi eaters pay a premium for *toro*, the oiliest part of the tuna. Some of the most expensive food to be had in Japan (which is saying something) is its domestic beef, which is so thickly marbled with fat that every bite is a swirl of red and white. For sheer stupefying obesity, the biggest Japanese sumo wrestlers, at 400 pounds and up, make William "The Refrigerator" Perry look like an overpublicized fake.

But while recognizing that fat has its place, and even according it some dignity, the Japanese somehow avoid getting carried away. After we'd been going to a local public bath for several weeks, one of my sons looked around the room, inspecting the bodies one by one. Then he asked, in his loudest voice, "Daddy, why aren't there any fat people in Japan?" His question made me realize why I felt so at home in the baths. In America the typical locker-room situation always made me think of myself as an underdeveloped weakling. Here I was merely a taller version of everyone else.

About a month later I visited Yokosuka, a port town south of Tokyo where the U.S. Navy has a base. For the first time in Japan I saw dozens of American

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families on the street, not just the scattered businessmen and consultants of Tokyo. I stared goggle-eyed at my countrymen, amazed not at how tall they were or what a variety of colors they came in but at how many of them were fat. How do they do it? I found myself wondering. How can they possibly eat enough to become so much fatter than the Japanese? (The Japanese Ministry of Agriculture says that there's no mystery at all about the difference in girth. The average American is said to ingest 800 calories a day more than a Japanese—3,393 calories versus 2,593.)

Because fat in America runs along class lines, it should not be surprising that sailors' wives were fatter than the downtown sharpies from IBM. Still, I marveled at us as Americans, regardless of class. Every tank town in America has better sports facilities than can be found practically anywhere in Japan—but we take it for granted that we and our friends will get bigger and heavier with each passing year. Why did this happen to us? How do the cooped-up Japanese remain so lean and fit?

Primitive cultures attach moral and political significance to body size—powerful chiefs had better look well fed—and I'm afraid that I am starting to do the same thing. Forty years ago the physical contrast between Americans and Japanese was between the tall, strong victors and the short, weak vanquished. Now it looks to me like a contrast between a soft culture and a hard one—between people who eat to satiation and those whose portions are small.

The Japanese do permit themselves excesses: each night on the subway I see businessmen who are fall-down, throw-up drunk. But they generally curb their appetites and channel their energies into production, not mere exercise. On a trip outside Japan I watched a body-builder from UCLA work out in a hotel gym. I thought about the hours of hard work his physique had cost him. There are very few who resemble him in Japan. His counterparts spend their time not in the gym but with the work group.

Some Japanese friends tell me that things are changing. Kids are overeating now; adults are starting to worry about weight. I don't believe it, but I take heart from their concern. When *Jane Fonda's Workout Book* becomes a best seller in Japan, we'll know that our industries have a chance.

—James Fallows

POLITICS

ENGLAND, WHOSE ENGLAND?

With a general election less than eighteen months away, British politics has become newly competitive

MARGARET THATCHER, the British Prime Minister, is lumped together in the American mind with President Ronald Reagan—both are conservatives, both came out of the right-wing nowhere to capture their parties and then their national governments, both were re-elected resoundingly. But while Reagan serenely rides out his term, playing the beloved national granddad, Thatcher is in the early stages of a re-election campaign that is going to be bruising. She wants to be the first Prime Minister to win three terms in a row (she must call elections before June of 1988), but this year has been a wonderful one for her main opposition, the Labour Party. In the last general election, in 1983, Labour won fewer seats in Parliament than it had in nearly sixty years. But now it seems to be on a sustained march forward.

Labour's surge began after a party conference last fall, at which its leader, Neil Kinnock, publicly denounced the party's most famous hard-left faction, the Militant Tendency. The national-news cameras recorded him standing tall at the lectern as a prominent party figure from Liverpool stalked off the dais. The Militant has a 98 percent unfavorable rating, among people who have heard of it, in public-opinion polls; in the wake of his remonstrance Kinnock passed Thatcher in popularity.

In the winter Britain was transfixed by the Westland affair, in which members of the Thatcher Cabinet publicly sniped at each other for weeks and made clumsy attempts to take back the government's endorsement of the sale of part of a British helicopter company to an American-led consortium. In April, Labour won a parliamentary by-election in a London neighborhood called Fulham, taking a seat from the Conservative Party for the first time in any by-election since Labour's days of glory in the sixties. The Thatcher Government suffered its worst parliamentary defeat when seventy-two Conservatives broke ranks to oppose a Government bill to let stores stay open on Sundays. The Government had to reverse another decision to sell off part of a British defense supplier—this time British Leyland, which makes the Land Rover military jeep, to General Motors. The near-total unpopularity of Thatcher's decision to let American planes take off from British bases on their mission to bomb Tripoli was more manna for Labour. Unemployment, Britain's worst problem, has continued to rise, to over 13 percent; in the past twelve years the number of unemployed has gone from just over half a million to three and a quarter million.

In winning the general elections in 1979 the Conservatives used a slick advertising campaign designed by the firm of Saatchi & Saatchi Compton, Ltd. This was unusual for British politics, and much condemned by Labour. But in April, Kinnock unveiled a new advertising campaign of his own, in which the world's most venerable socialist party, in addition to adopting the slogans "Freedom and Fairness" and "Putting People First," didn't use red as its signature color. In May there were two more by-elections in districts held by the Conservatives; they kept one by a hair and lost the other to the Liberal–Social Democratic Alliance, Britain's third major political grouping. (The Alliance is definitely two parties, not one—the Liberals have an older, more rural base than the Social

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Democratic Party, and have a stronger commitment to Britain's nuclear disarmament and to halting deployment of American cruise missiles on British soil.) In local elections all over the country the Conservative vote dropped by 7.4 percent since the previous local elections, in 1983, and the Conservatives lost many seats on local governing councils to Labour and the Alliance. The summer brought Thatcher another major embarrassment: her reversal of position on economic sanctions against South Africa. It would seem that all Labour needs to do is stay steady on course in order for Kinnock to become Prime Minister.

Thatcher ran in 1979 as the candidate who would reverse the long-running decline of Britain. Today nearly everybody else says that Britain is still declining, and her old issue could at least conceivably become Labour's in the next elections: having been in office for nine years, she will be held accountable for some of the ills for which she placed the blame on Labour to win her office. In Thatcher's time in office Britain's per capita gross domestic product has gone from being lower than West Germany's and France's to being lower, also, than Italy's. The state schools were recently embroiled in a lengthy labor dispute (in most schools no parent had met with a teacher in at least two years). The crime rate, historically low, is rising fast in major non-violent categories like burglary. As to Britain's role in the world, no one seriously suggests anymore that it try to be a powerful nation; the question instead is whether Britain should mind its own affairs or at most try to exert some benign influence abroad. Through most of the major controversies of the past year—Westland, Land Rover, Libya, sanctions—has run the theme of shoring up Britain's tattered leadership status.

People in Britain talk about the decline as a kind of base line from which all discussions about the state of the nation must proceed. Even *The Times*, which in its current incarnation as a Rupert Murdoch–owned, union-busting, pro-Thatcher paper probably represents the extreme of respectable boosterism in England today, editorialized on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's sixtieth birthday, "Our present Queen, despite the early hopes of a 'New Elizabethan Age' that would rival the first, has witnessed the slow economic decline of the nation and its steady withdrawal from a leading world role." Everyone claims to see the decline manifested in the fraying

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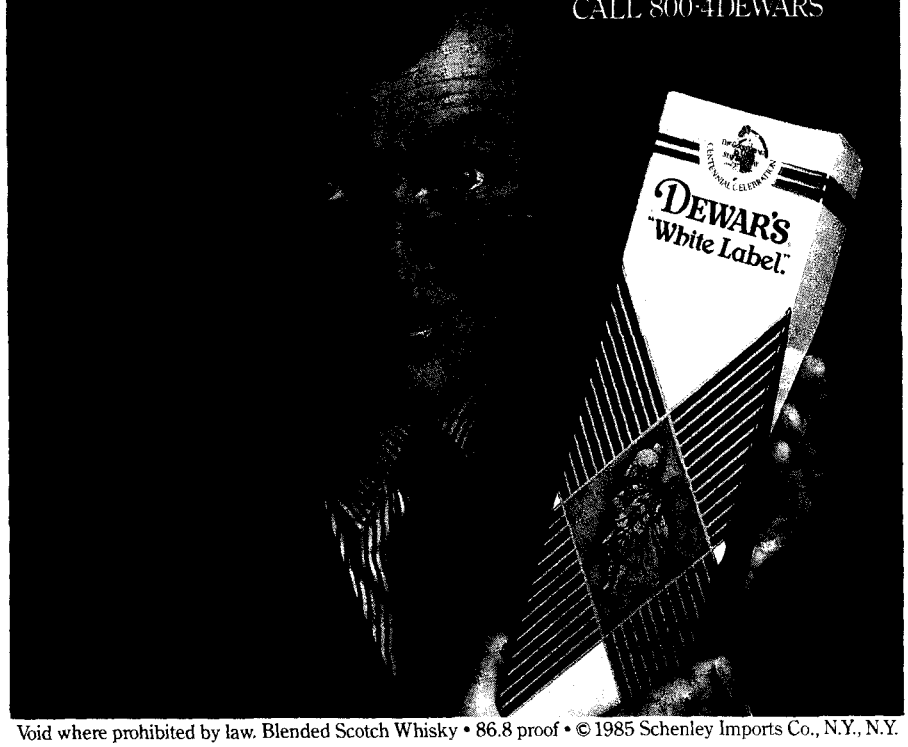

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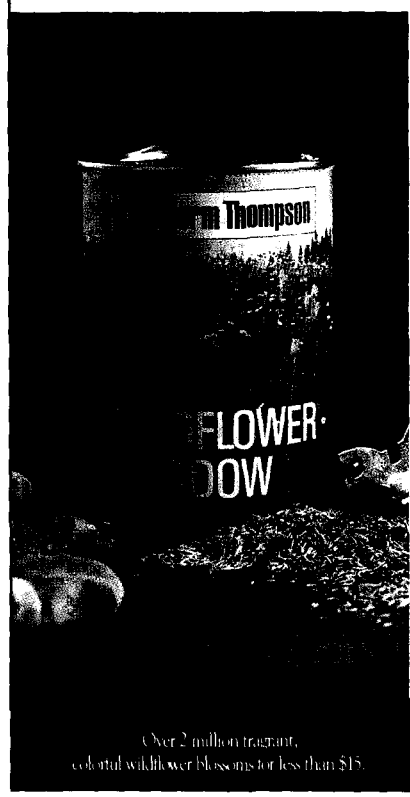

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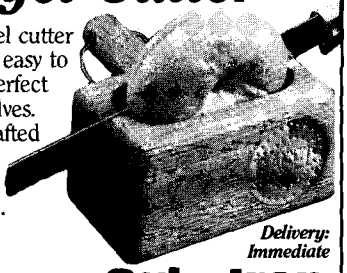

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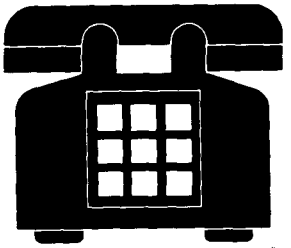

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fabric of daily life, and on a grander scale the favored comparison to the state of Britain today is that of imperial Spain in the seventeenth century. Peter Jenkins, a columnist for *The Sunday Times* and Mr. Decline of Britain ("I *invented* decline," he told me when we met during a visit to England I made recently), probably originated the Spain parallel, and he has also written that Britain might become the first country to regress from developed to underdeveloped status.

In America, especially nowadays, talk of economic decline elicits bracing sentiments about the need for strong medicine. It does in Margaret Thatcher's mind, too, but not in the minds of most Britons. Britons' greatest fear about the decline is that it will erode the pleasantness and gentility of British life. For much of the postwar era it would have been unthinkable that London could be the site of race riots, or that locking one's door would be necessary, or that the government would even consider that the current level of unemployment might be the best it could do. In Britain it isn't just the poor and the elderly who feel proprietary about the welfare state. The upper middle class very much enjoys its free medical care, cheap, pleasant public transportation to work, and free university education for its children, and doesn't want to see them threatened.

In America the perception that Ronald Reagan had weakened the welfare state might have helped him in the last presidential campaign. In Britain the same perception threatens to be politically devastating to Thatcher, and she and the Conservatives have been working hard to counter it. As the elections have come into view, she has moved away from the extremely unpopular items on her agenda. The rate of growth of the money supply, which fell in the early days of her Government, when she was strictly following the advice of her monetarist economic guru, Alan Walters, has been rising since mid-1984. Thatcher has also undertaken some popular projects. The Government has cut the top tax rate on earned income from 83 to 60 percent. She has instituted a major new employment program with 255,000 temporary jobs, 100,000 grants for unemployed people who start their own businesses, and a training program for every sixteen- and seventeen-year-old who wants to join it. Thatcher's confrontational public stance as the enemy of soft government is very un-British and a liability, and it won't be the side she displays between now and the elections.

Unemployment will be the most important issue in the elections. It is a crisis that won't go away. The unemployment rate was 3.3 percent in 1971 and 5.3 percent when Thatcher took office, and it nearly doubled during her first two years as Prime Minister. The Conservatives argue publicly that the rate reflects Britain's problem in absorbing its early-sixties baby-boom generation into the labor force, and they point out that the number of employed is rising; but it's clear that privately they're praying—vainly, so far—for the rate to start falling. "To put it crudely, if unemployment were at the seventies level, the Tories would be twenty points ahead," says Ferdinand Mount, a writer for *The Spectator* who was a policy adviser to Thatcher. "It's their biggest problem; it's almost their *only* problem."

While I was in England, I took a couple of trips to Tyne and Wear, the northern district of port and industrial cities, of which Newcastle is the best known. Unemployment there is above 20 percent, double the rate in the south of England; in the worst of the unemployment "black spots" (not a reference to race—the area is almost all white) half of the men are out of work. Shipbuilding, in decline for a century, is now sounding a death rattle brought on by foreign competition and successive rounds of nationalization under Labour and privatization under Thatcher. Coal mining, too, has been in a long, long decline, hitting bottom emphatically with the miners' strike of 1984-1985, during which many coalpits were shut down or flooded irretrievably.

There has been much less loss of population in Tyne and Wear than the unemployment rate would warrant, partly because people from the north can't afford housing in the south, where the jobs are (there is very little rental housing in Britain, because of rent control, and there are long waiting lists for public housing), and partly because people just don't like to move away from the communities where their roots go back to before the Industrial Revolution.

The north of England is the heartland of the Labour Party, the home of Labour's safest seats and a place where politics is deeply intertwined with work, social life, and the family. The north has been a drab and tough place for as long

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as anyone can remember, with unemployment always high—though not this high.

You can get a clear sense of the social history of the area just from the architecture. Almost everything built before the Second World War is "terraced houses"—long rows of two-story brick attached townhouses, each with two rooms upstairs, two rooms downstairs, and an outhouse in the back yard—situated within fifty yards of a grimy industrial workplace. Almost everything built after the great Labour victory of 1945 is public housing, in which about half the population of Tyne and Wear lives—the houses still brick but semi-detached and a room or two bigger, with indoor plumbing and small yards.

My official guide (a retired civil servant) in Newcastle, Ted Walker, drove me by the place where he had grown up. There was a coalpit, with a row of sixty-five terraced houses next door; then two comfortable two-story detached brick houses, one for the manager and one for the doctor; a store; and then the owner's house, a big, inelegant stone chateau with extensive gardens. Walker's father was crushed in the mine, and the family lived on a nineteen-shillings-a-week pension and what their mother could make by taking in washing. In 1946 the National Health Service was established, and in 1947 the mines were nationalized. Walker's child grew up in comfortable public housing and was put through college by the welfare state. (Walker himself, like most people of working-class origin over fifty-five in Britain, had to leave school at fourteen.)

Walker took me to see Joe Mills, who is the regional secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union and also the regional chairman of the Labour Party. The unions control thirteen seats on, and effectively run, the party's thirty-two-member regional executive council, and most of the local members of Parliament are "sponsored" by a union, which means they get a subsidy of £800 a year to run their offices. Mills showed me an old framed newspaper clipping on his wall about a mining disaster in 1909; the headline was "168 PEOPLE KILLED IN AN EXPLOSION AT WEST STANLEY." "My uncle was the only survivor," Mills said. "He got on the mine pony and rode around trying to raise money to help the colliers' families. And when he got back home, the mine owners took the pony off him and sold it." He tapped the clipping. "That's what it's all about."

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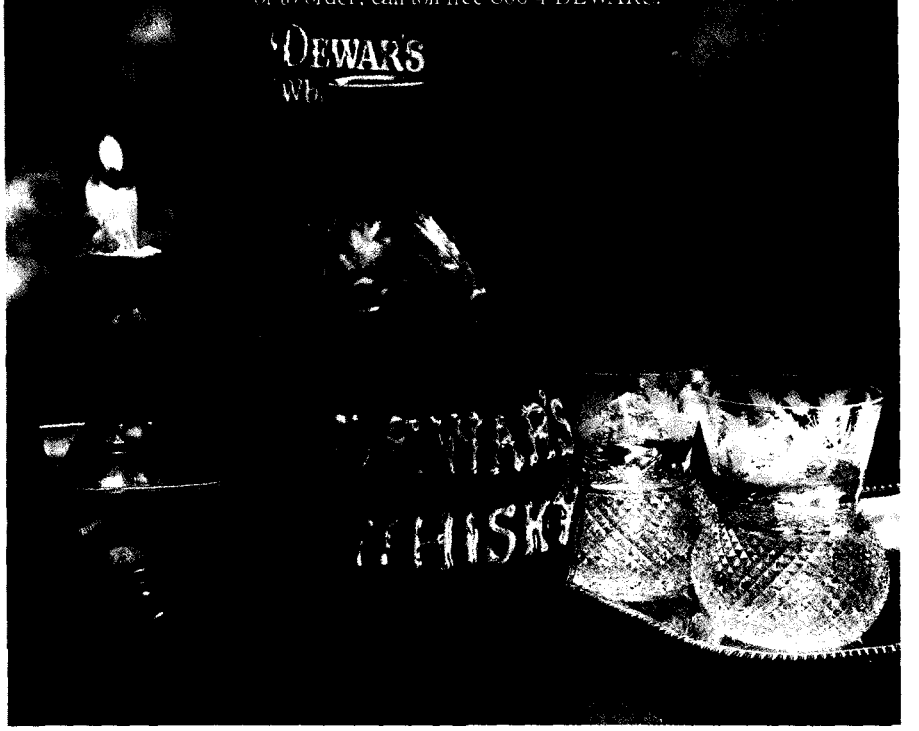

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I WAS IN LONDON during the campaigning for the Fulham by-election, an event roughly comparable to the New Hampshire primary—a minor election that brings out the big-time politicians and press because it is seen as a dry run for the general elections. One evening I went to the Fulham town hall, a drafty old edifice, to see Kinnock in action at a Labour rally. The evening before, I had been to an Alliance rally at which the speakers did constant battle with hecklers. The Labour rally was much more show-biz and tightly controlled. It was in a bigger hall, with more television cameras, and all questions had to be submitted in writing so that they could be screened. The master of ceremonies was Ken Follett, the writer of thrillers, who introduced a succession of British television stars to deliver brief, emotional encomiums on the party, emphasizing the mom-and-apple-pie welfare state, not socialism. "I grew up taking for granted that things like the doctor and the hospital and the dentist and school and the museum were free," Follett said. Then Kinnock and the Labour candidate in Fulham, Nick Raynsford, came on stage.

Ever since Alec Douglas-Home stepped down, in 1964, British Prime Ministers have been non-aristocrats, mostly graduates of grammar school and Oxford, which makes the past twenty years the British version of the age of the log-cabin Presidents. This has gone over the heads of most Americans, who think of Thatcher and Edward Heath and Harold Wilson, with their plummy accents, as typically classy Brits. Kinnock would be the first Prime Minister who did not play that way in the United States. He is short, chunky, florid, and bald, and he speaks in a heavy Welsh accent. His father was a miner, and he was, as he often says, a child of the welfare state—a member of the first generation to be propelled from the working class to the middle class by means of state schools and government jobs. (He graduated from a Welsh university, and was elected to Parliament at the age of twenty-eight, in 1970.) He remembers where he came from: he sends his children to state schools, which is unusual for a leading British politician of any party.

Kinnock's reputation through the seventies was as a bright and personable member of the left wing of the Labour Party, a good workhorse but not possessed of the worldliness of Labour's Oxford-educated ministerial class. He had a run-in with the hard left in 1979 over the issue of who would control the writing of the Labour manifesto and broke with it decisively in 1981 over the candidacy of Tony Benn, a hard-left patrician, for the position of deputy leader of the party. Also in 1981 four former Cabinet Ministers defected from Labour to form the Social Democratic Party. Their leaving put Kinnock suddenly in the party establishment.

Kinnock and the SDP despise each other; supposedly he and David Owen, the SDP leader, don't speak, which is quite a feat considering that they spend much of every day seated twenty feet apart in the House of Commons. Owen is a Welshman too, but with a better pedigree—his father was a doctor (as he is), and Owen is a Cambridge graduate and a former Foreign Secretary. His is a glistening ambition, Kinnock's a dogged one. In the view of Kinnock and his circle, Owen realized that he would never be elected leader of the Labour Party and so, consumed by the ambition to be Prime Minister, traitorously gave the Tories their biggest boost in years by willfully splitting Labour. In Owen's and the other SDP leaders' view, Kinnock is a provincial lightweight and Labour is hopelessly in the thrall of the unions and the aging remnants of the student left.

A side of Kinnock that has always put off the SDP group is his attitude toward America. In 1982 Gary Hart held a conference at Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, of young leaders from around the world; most of the political hopefuls from Britain, including Owen (whose wife is American and a prominent literary agent in London), accepted his invitation, but Kinnock turned it down, saying that he had to spend all his spare time in his district in Wales. In 1983, after Kinnock was elected leader, it came out that he had never been to America (as Thatcher hadn't before she became the Tory leader). There was a minor outcry; he went; and officially he loved it. But an American reporter who happened to have dinner with him at a mutual friend's house shortly thereafter remembers that Kinnock was almost in a fury, pounding on the kitchen table and bitterly demanding to know how the Americans could justify the brutal poverty of their ghettos.

IN FULHAM THE first question to Kinnock was about the National Health. "First, we will ensure a real three-percent increase every year in funding for the [National Health Service]," he said, "taking medical inflation into account, which is higher than real inflation. Second, reduce the involvement of private medicine radically. The resources will inevitably follow the market. Having liberties invariably reduces liberties for others. Third, invest in community health services." The next question was about education, and again there was a list that was heavy on "investment" by the government—in pre-school education, in smaller classes, in higher salaries for the teachers. (Kinnock wants ultimately to abolish private education, too.) Then crime: "I believe, and so do the police unions, that there's a need to increase training. Second, it's necessary to have *more* police. . . ."

And so on. Kinnock is an intense speaker who is good at hoarse denunciations of the Tories, but he doesn't have much charisma. People drifted out of the hall all the while he was going through his lists of points. Nevertheless, it was plain that he has a vision for England: more government spending. Politically, this would make the unions happy, because it would mean more government jobs and pay increases for the many union members who already work for government. (Kinnock is a union-sponsored member of Parliament.) Patching up the leaks in the welfare state would restore the noble Labour dream of "the state as community," as Kinnock has said elsewhere. And it would help solve the unemployment problem by putting money in people's pockets—specifically, Labour wants to stimulate employment by hiring 350,000 people to embark on a major campaign of public construction.

This—meaning Keynesianism—is the substantive nub of the next general elections. Thatcher is still obstinately opposed, on almost moral grounds, to pumping up the economy through deficit spending. Everybody else—the SDP, the Liberal Party, and the moderate wing of the Conservative Party—favors a Keynesian solution, with the only disagreement being over the dosage. Almost everybody is for a public building program, in particular.

The SDP and the moderate Conservatives (who have been stuck with the derisive nickname of "wets," which a Conservative student group dreamed up; the terms *wet* and *dry* in Britain correspond to *soft* and *hard* in America) say that Kinnock would be completely unrestrained about spending. There are

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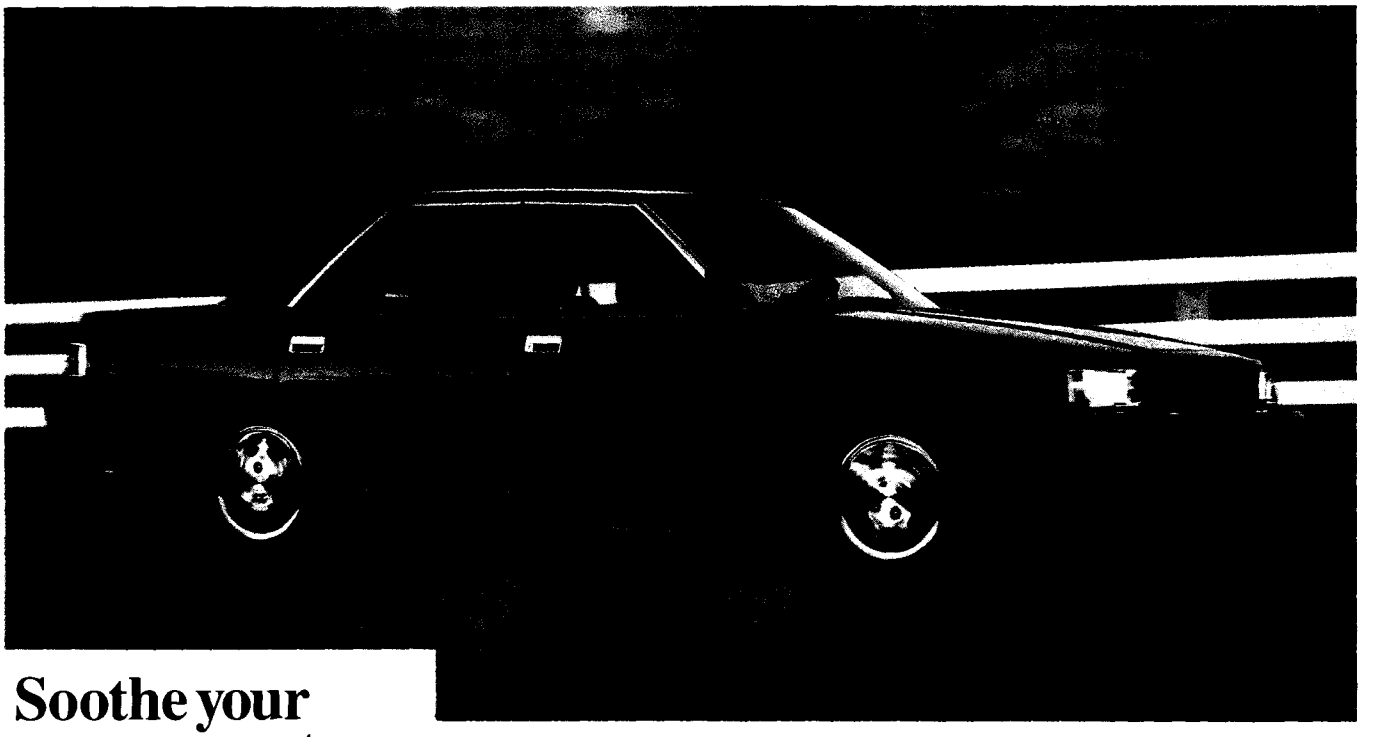

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Conservative billboards around London accusing him of wanting £24 billion a year in new spending (the national budget is about £160 billion), which might lead to inflation, a devaluation of the pound to promote exports, tariffs to prevent imports—the old spiral of decline. John Eatwell, Kinnock's economic adviser, says that Labour would prevent inflation through wage-and-price controls and by raising taxes (this last is a departure from the Keynes gospel), and would devalue the pound by only a reasonable five or six percent. Anyway, if anyone but Thatcher is the next Prime Minister, the most important immediate consequence will be a large-scale attempt to bring down unemployment through government spending.

The Conservatives say that another, even more important, immediate consequence if Labour won would be the unilateral nuclear disarmament of Britain. There was a time when Labour was for pulling out of the European Community and for telling America to remove its military bases from Britain; under Kinnock the party has been somewhat vague on points like this, knowing they're a liability at the polls. But Labour is, as of 1984, committed to the unconditional removal of all U.S. nuclear weapons and nuclear bases from British soil and British waters, and also for canceling the entire British independent nuclear arsenal, which is based on submarines. Kinnock's wife, Glenys, a schoolteacher, is a leading member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, and this is thought to be an especially important fact because Kinnock has an image as a henpecked husband who wouldn't dare cross his wife on a subject about which she's so passionate. It is certainly possible that after the next elections Britain will become the first nation simply to lay down its nuclear arms. As is not always the case in politics, it will make a difference who wins.

BESIDES THE POLICY issues in British politics, there is the issue of class. It seems impossible for any discussion of the fight inside the Conservative Party, between the Thatcherite drys and the moderate wets, to last five minutes without turning to the subject of snobbery and reverse snobbery, as if that were really the heart of the matter. "The Tory Party was traditionally the party of gentlemen who joined as part of their social obligation, but they were also clever enough to recruit the bright middle class," says Julian Critchley, a wet MP who, as the host of a TV documentary on this subject, had the camera zoom in on a Thatcherite MP's coat sleeve to show that it had only two buttons instead of the more correct four. "Today the Tory Party in the House of Commons is largely composed of sixteen-year-old merchant bankers and provincial businessmen on the make."

Winston Churchill, Harold Macmillan, and Douglas-Home were all patricians; the middle class took over in 1964 when Edward Heath, the son of a homebuilder, became the Tory leader. Thatcher, who unseated Heath as leader in 1974, is the daughter of a grocer. Today the prominent drys come from similar backgrounds: Norman Tebbitt, the chairman of the Conservative Party, is a former airline pilot and the son of a shop clerk; his predecessor, Cecil Parkinson, who was brought down when it came out that he had fathered a child by his secretary, is the son of a railwayman. The spiritual leaders of the wets, who accuse the drys of lacking compassion, are Etonians like Macmillan, now Lord Stockton, who has compared the Government's privatization to "selling off the family silver," and Francis Pym, a former Thatcher Minister who is the head of an organization called Conservative Center Forward. On the wets' side the revulsion toward Thatcherism is deeply felt, and somehow her being petit bourgeois is part of it. Reciting for me a litany of what he considers to be Thatcher's bad qualities, Critchley said, "the dreadful speeches, the stridency, the urging to pull up your socks, the constant references to *house*keeping."

At the polls class is a big plus for Thatcher—her secret weapon. The natural base of the Labour Party is the working class, which used to be a strong majority of the country and still is by some measures; the vote that Labour can rely on is that of people renting public housing in London and in the industrial areas of the north. The Conservatives' base is the white-collar class, which they carry overwhelmingly. The battleground is the upper working class—people who wear a blue collar but don't live in public housing. Thatcher did very well with this group, because her middle-classness and her emphasis on individual self-betterment, horrible as they may seem to the British establishment, strike a chord; the groups she does best of all with are farmers and shopkeepers. The 750,000 public-housing tenants who bought their apartments under one of Thatcher's privatization programs voted Conservative in 1983 at a much higher rate than those who continued to rent from the government. It's important to keep in mind that Britain's decline has been a relative one. For those below the upper middle class, the standard of living has in fact risen steadily since the Second World War. The number of privately owned cars in Britain went from 6 million in 1961 to 16 million in 1984; the number of vacation trips abroad doubled just from 1976 to 1983, which was an especially bleak stretch for the British economy. Salaried homeowners made up 13 percent of the electorate in 1964 and 23 percent in 1983. On the whole, the class system has rearranged itself to Labour's disadvantage.

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Increased productivity means more than higher output and lower costs. It can be achieved through higher quality work. Improved products and services generate customer satisfaction, the main ingredient in business success and economic prosperity.

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Technology is not a substitute for human effort. Rather, it is a tool to enhance human performance. It can create an office environment in which people can be more responsive to colleagues and customers. It can make work more satisfying by enabling people to use their abilities more fully.

Employee satisfaction and productivity are two sides of the same equation. People are most satisfied when they are working well with new technology in the office. More people now agree with playwright Noel Coward who said, "Work is more fun than fun."

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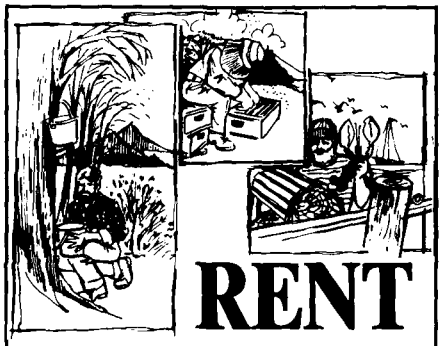

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THE ALLIANCE, WHICH soared to 44 percent in the polls less than a year after its founding, got 25 percent of the vote in 1983 (but only twenty-three seats in Parliament—one of its great causes is proportional representation). Most of this came out of Labour's university-educated constituency—government bureaucrats, teachers, and clergymen. Polls show Alliance voters to be much closer to Labour than to the Conservatives ideologically, but the feeling now is that the Alliance is so irredeemably white-collar that it can't get any more Labour votes and will have to start poaching from the Conservatives. Even so, nobody, including Labour Party officials, believes that Labour can win an absolute majority in Parliament unless Thatcher makes some spectacular mistake, because when the Labour vote rises, it tends to do so in places Labour already controls, not in the south or among the middle class. Labour would need about 40 percent of the vote, as compared with 28 percent in 1983. It now has 210 seats in Parliament; 326 makes a majority. Even to bring the number to 300 would require a great swing in the next general elections.

If the Alliance collapsed completely, the Tories could get a majority. Otherwise the best that Labour can hope for is that nobody will get a majority. If that happens (and bear in mind that because Britain has no written constitution, all of the following is custom, not law, and so subject to change), the Queen will call in the leader of the party with the most seats and ask him to form a Government. The leader will produce a "Queen's Speech," an address for the Queen to deliver to the opening session of Parliament, stating what "my Government" intends to do. (The Queen acts completely as a figurehead for the ruling party.) Then Parliament will have to vote the speech up or down; if it's up, business can begin. If the speech goes down to defeat, the Queen could ask the leader of another party to try to form a Government, or call a new election.

This means that the party with the most seats would be wise to negotiate with the Alliance during the drafting of the Queen's Speech, and form a coalition Government. For the Alliance forty or fifty seats could thus mean a lot of power. Besides its pet demand that some steps be taken toward proportional representation (which, if granted, would enormously increase its representation in Parliament), it might ask Labour to promise that it would not renationalize any industries and would not get rid of the nuclear-armed Polaris submarines and the cruise missiles. From the Conservatives the Alliance would want a Keynesian program to reduce unemployment. But either Labour or the Conservatives could refuse to deal with the Alliance, and Kinnock probably would refuse. In that case the Queen's Speech would be voted down, and if another election ensued, the voters would presumably feel that fair's fair and Kinnock deserves a chance to govern, and would give him his majority. That is the Labour scenario for victory in 1988, and it is impossible to recount it without making it sound like quite a long shot.

If both Thatcher and the Alliance are in better shape than it might appear from reading the poll results, though, Thatcherism is not. Thatcher has hinted that she would step down within two years of winning a third term. There is no good dry successor in place. Parkinson is finished. Tebbitt has been damaged by the Conservatives' poor showing in April and May, and is also rumored to be not fully recovered from injuries he suffered from a terrorist's bomb planted at the party's conference in Brighton in 1984. Geoffrey Howe, the Foreign Secretary, is able, experienced, and loyal but, in the public mind, dull and to some extent Thatcher's lapdog. The rest of the current crop of potential leaders—for example, Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary; Peter Walker, the Energy Secretary; and Michael Heseltine, the former Defense Secretary—have all taken pains to distance themselves publicly from Thatcher. Without Thatcher's sheer force of will, her party seems likely to slip naturally and with relief back into its old pre-revolutionary ways.

A COMMON Thatcherite claim is that in her seven years in power the country has undergone a fundamental cultural shift, and that it now has a new entrepreneurial energy capable of solving the unemployment crisis in the short run and ending the decline of Britain in the long. To an American without firsthand experience of what Britain used to be, this is like the claim that the class system is nearly dead—it's hard to believe, because America is so much *more* entrepreneurial and classless. The pace in London is strikingly slower than in even medium-sized American cities. Rush hours take place noticeably after nine

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341735. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Charles Dutoit cond. Orchestre symphonique de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

331322. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals; Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf—I. Perlman, violin; K.&M. Labeque, pianists; Z. Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (*Digital*—Angel)

338244. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring—Dutoit cond. Orchestre symphonique de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

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and before five. In the leadership class at least, everyone seems to know everyone else and to share in an intricate set of lore from the past and present whose deliciousness somehow would be ruined if Britain were a truly fluid society. A letter to *The Spectator* recently pointed out that "the editor, political correspondent and literary editor of the *Spectator* are all three Old Etonians and the nephews or greatnephews of baronets." The comparable magazine in America would be *The New Republic*; if it didn't print a masthead (as *The Spectator* doesn't), is it possible that any reader would know not only who held these positions but also where they went to school and who their great-uncles were?

Anthony Sampson, in *The Changing Anatomy of Britain*, casually repeats, and makes no attempt to challenge, someone's claim that Oxford and Cambridge, in nearly three-quarters of a millennium of operation, have *never* produced a British-born graduate who became an entrepreneur. The most remarkable thing about this claim is that it is easy to believe. Thatcher's Sunday-trading bill was firmly opposed by the store owners themselves. The qualities associated with getting on in the world, such as naked ambition, obsessive work, and perhaps a touch of greed (to the British, American qualities), are not at all admired. To some extent the British know that they should be a little more freebooting, but they can't help indulging in the old snobberies. One sentence in Sampson's book caught my eye as expressing this attitude perfectly, if unintentionally. About the families that own the Marks and Spencer department-store chain he writes, "The Sieffs and Sachers, though passionate about Israel, did not suffer the distaste for trade that overcame old English families; they were never ashamed to discuss underwear or price-tags at fashionable dinner parties." In the same vein Jeffrey Archer, the novelist and former MP who is deputy chairman of the Conservative Party and widely despised for being pushy and pro-American, told me, by way of playing his role, "I love America. I wish I'd been born in America." Where? I asked him. He thought for a minute. "I wish I'd been born in Virginia or Boston. One wouldn't want to be from *Pittsburgh*."

There are plenty of theories as to why Britain is so much this way. It never had mass immigration or any other kind of wholesale shake-up of its internal structure. As an empire living on its colonies'

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riches, it needed administrators more than producers, and set up an elaborate system for channeling its talent in that direction. It decided, unlike the rest of Europe, to continue dispensing titles of nobility into the modern age, which has had the effect of taking entrepreneurs out of commission once they've made it, by causing them to look on themselves as gentry. For many decades it was the custom for cultivated Britons who visited America to be horrified by its crudity, and for Americans who visited England to be awed by its classiness. Now there's a feeling in the American press that England is to be felt sorry for, or hectored about the need to change its ways, and a feeling in the British press that the British way of life is not so much superior as very dear and tender, and in need of protection from the imperial American culture.

The SDP is supposed, while disdaining Thatcher, to stand for a shiny new entrepreneurial Britain ("I think life has to have a few rough edges to it," Owen told me). But the most heartfelt cultural rejection of entrepreneurialism that I heard came from William Rodgers, one of the SDP's four founders, in a discussion of Thatcher. "Mrs. Thatcher's background is not all that different from mine," he said. "We both went to the local grammar school and to Oxford on scholarship. We both are in the postwar generation. We represent provincial suburbia. I grew up with a strong commitment to public service, and she grew up with a strong commitment to making money. I just don't understand how people can think making money is the most important thing in the world. I just look at people who think that with wide-open eyes. She *admires* people who make money. I thought if you were rich or smart you had a duty to help people—not to make money.

"She doesn't understand the culture of the country of which she is Prime Minister. It's her greatest flaw politically. It's no good saying that if you pay people more they'll work harder. They'll say 'What's the point?' Thank goodness! We don't have an entrepreneurial culture. We are *not* an enterprise culture. We like our leisure. It's the British character."

As the election draws near, you're likely to begin reading that Thatcher is finished and that she has changed not just the center of gravity in British politics but the British character itself. Take both claims with a grain of salt.

—*Nicholas Lemann*

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No Longer Out of Place, Not Even You

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

THE KEY IS how, and where, to fit in. To some this comes naturally, as we read in Liz Smith's column:

> Mrs. Astor's reason for turning down a party in the Palladium's Mike Todd Room? "Really, I don't think my friends would go to 14th St." On the other hand, there is no place in New York where Mrs. Astor won't go in a good cause, and recently she fell over a construction at the South Street Seaport and had to accept medical aid from some concerned workers.

For you, though, it has always been different. You are at a fête where you don't know anyone except your hostess—who, when you wave, gives you a look of . . . well, to call it consternation is to oversimplify: a narrowing of the eyes, followed by a widening, followed by another narrowing that very nearly amounts to a graciously modulated wince.

And you have forgotten to shave either one side of your face or one leg, as the case may be. And everyone else is wearing tennis togs, while you have come semiformal except for one of those funny caps that look like an animal's head. No one else is wearing anything jocular or any sort of cap.

Furthermore, what with the way you have been feeling for the past few weeks, you have neglected to keep abreast of anything, in or out of the news, except for your symptoms—most notably an odd cloggedness (and yet to say "cloggedness" is not to put it just right) in your sinuses.

You have spilled a whole banana margarita in your lap; something feels askew about your underwear; and you notice—in the reflection of someone's mirror sunglasses just before they are quickly averted—what looks like a lot of ball-point ink on your upper lip and nose.

How do you blend? How do you mingle?

Not by tripping over a construction. At this point, whatever you trip over will be regarded as something you have misconstrued.

So here's what you do.

"ALL RIGHT, everybody!" you announce. "Listen up. Enough about my hard-to-pin-down sinus condition—which is history now, anyway. It's about to be taken up by Eurotrash. I'm beginning to have trouble with something else, perhaps my sense of the Other. Have you had the feeling that your sense of the Other is getting sort of, I don't know, *strained* lately?

"But we all know why we're really here. [We don't, in fact.] We're here to honor a very *special* person. [No one has any idea who that might be.] I don't have to say who. A toast! To someone who *defines* specialness. Someone who will be in our hearts and minds, or anyway our hearts, forever!"

A few people raise their glasses uncertainly.

"And ever!"

One or two more.

"No, no, *not* me.

"Let me just say one thing. I hope none of you will let the fact that you all showed up in the same costume throw you off. These things happen. Last week at the enteritis gala, everyone came as either Ed Meese or Imelda Marcos. We looked around, we shared a few smiles, we proceeded to party hearty.

"Because isn't that America? What a country! Especially *lately!* Here's to good old-fashioned Yankee self-esteem!"

A number of people raise their glasses, not a few with feeling.

"I know we all have a lot of things to talk about, but I wonder whether, as we are all talking about them, we are all giving enough thought to those U.S.-inspired freedom fighters around the globe who are not just *talking* about squelching the Russian lust for a warm-water port—and may I remind you, Atlantic City is a warmwater port—but are *doing* it, with cold steel and hot lead.

"Do I see a few hangdog looks? Lose 'em! The *last* thing we're here for is to get down on ourselves. We know we would be over there right now, standing alongside these patriots—armed to the teeth, at home in the undergrowth, subsisting on snakes—if we didn't have obligations here.

"We all have . . . obligations. You know what I mean. To our obligations! May they never be silly ones, but our obligations whatever!"

With that you walk directly over to the hottest-looking member of the sex you favor, lower your voice *somewhat*, and say, "I see those eyes, you foxy rascal. Little eyes, little eyes, but big enough. Signals! If I can't pick up *signals*, at a *party*, like *this*, then where's style? Where's enchantment? Where's the social fabric?

"But I didn't come here to dally. Your thinking on the psychodollar! Float it, don't float it, what?"

But you are looking over his or her shoulder. "Jay!" you cry. There are bound to be three or four Jays. They blink. Pick the one who seems most satisfied to be a Jay, and exclaim, "Not *you*, Jay. I mean Jay-*o!*" Pick the one who seems least secure in his or her Jay-ness. "*There* you are," you cry. Move in on Jay. Kiss on the forehead.

ILLUSTRATION BY M.K. BROWN

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"Uwe told me, 'Whatever you do, have a few giggles with Jay-o.'"

"Jay," says Jay defensively.

"I *think* it was Uwe. It can't have been *Nils*, can it? *Any*way," you say, "has Cerise got here yet, or do you know Cerise? Oh, if you don't know Cerise . . . "

SUDDENLY YOU START, like a deer in the forest. You are alert to something in the air, some tremor, some intimation, perhaps indeed some smell, that only you have the keenness to pick up on, so far. You raise your voice again, not quite to the volume at which you were making announcements but nearly.

"There is something," you say. "Something I can't quite put my finger on. There is a kind of . . . I *always* detect these things first. Sometimes I wish I weren't the one. But inevitably when I do, the thing grows, becomes . . . never mind. Let things take their course. I always say, a party wouldn't be a party without a certain . . . " You shrug.

(I am not saying this is how an Astor does it. You are not an Astor. An Astor has staff.)

And then you begin to undress, down to whatever layer of your ensemble most resembles tennis togs. You do this offhandedly, with the air of one who wants *others* to be comfortable. While you are doing it, in fact, you are circulating, and inquiring among your fellow guests as to who is up for singing.

"I don't believe we've met," you say to various ones in turn. "About time we gave some thought to what tunes we'll start launching into when we're a little more thoroughly oiled, *nicht wahr?* Know any good Civil War songs? How does it go? 'John Brown's body lies amoulderin' in the grave. . . . ' Or—any new verses to 'Waltz Me Around Again, Willie'? I don't know about you, but I have *had* seven chanteys. Doesn't it seem at every do lately it's chantey, chantey, chantey?"

Your hostess reaches your side. She seems about to suggest something. You speak first.

"This is rather awkward," you say, in a confidential but carrying tone. You look embarrassed, though by no means on your own account. "But, well . . . Someone in here has lifted my watch."

While she is frisking the guests, that feeling comes over your sense of the Other—or maybe it *is* your sinuses—again. At a sign from you, concerned workers gather, bathing you in unguents and a fine, passage-clearing mist.

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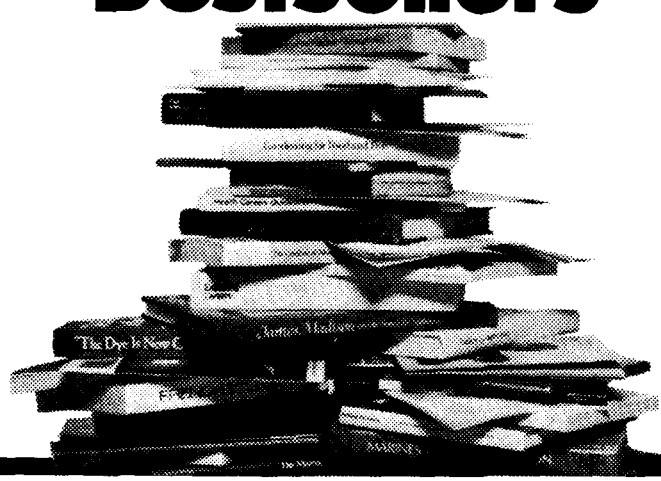

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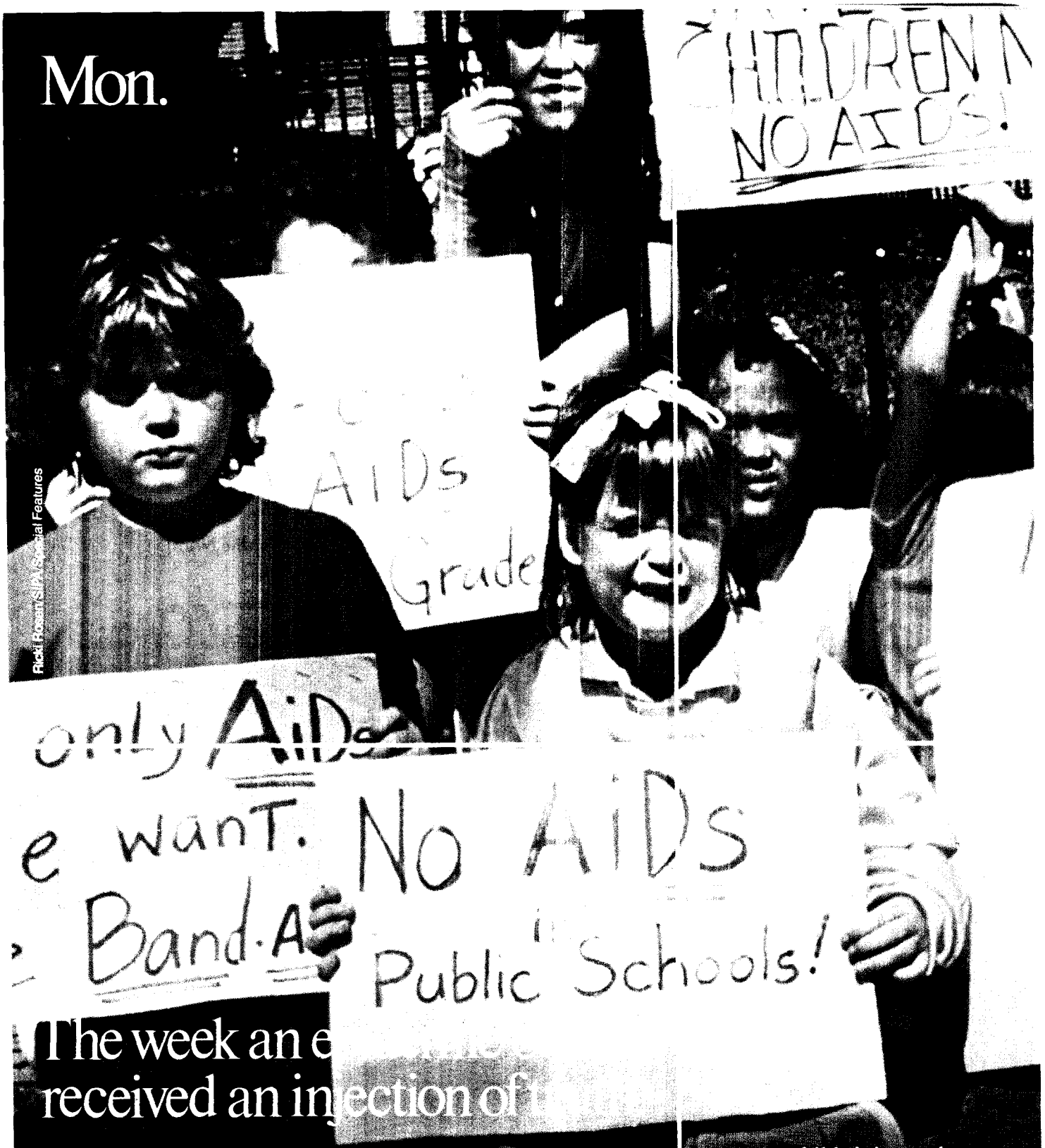

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An examination of the underlying architecture of love relationships—the influence of the past, the causes of infidelity, and the systems that couples create

INTIMATE PARTNERS

Patterns in Love and Marriage

BY MAGGIE SCARF

Themes of Early Life

THE TENDENCY THAT people have to replicate the themes of early life or of previous generations in the context of later, intimate relationships has long been commented upon by many marital theorists and therapists. As the social worker Lily Pincus, founder of the Tavistock Institute for Marital Studies, and the family therapist Dr. Christopher Dare have observed:

> All of us have a tendency to get into repetitive patterns of relationships that are motivated by the persistence of wishes in unconscious fantasy form and derived from the way earlier needs were satisfied. Sometimes, in marriage, the repetitive aspect of sequences of partnership is remarkably literal, as when a woman whose childhood was damaged by her father's alcoholism finds herself marrying a man who turns out to be an alcoholic, divorces him and then gets herself into the same situation once more. Or, a man whose childhood was dominated by his mother's heart disease may marry a woman with congenital heart trouble.

The partners in such repetitive sequences, usually unaware that their problem is a resurrection of one that existed earlier and elsewhere in the extended system, are startled when they come to see that particular charged issue standing out in high relief. I will cite two such examples—situations in which a family problem had been resurrected and worked upon in a blatant and dramatic way, while the partners involved were oblivious of any connection between patterns of the past and the present.

In the first instance, the couple were, at the time of our interviews, in the midst of a full-blown marital crisis and were maintaining their emotionally fragile connection for reasons that seemed to have more to do with mutual hostile dependence than with anything relating to love, satisfaction, or caring. They behaved toward each other, by and large, like an angry mother and a truculent child. He was her incorrigibly bad boy of a spouse.

The wife had had a father whom she loved very much but who had made his family's life insecure and difficult. He was a man who kept shifting jobs, changing careers, owing either to restlessness and dissatisfaction on his part or to dissatisfaction on that of his employers. He had been a musician at one time and a teacher of music at another. He had run a community organization (and gotten into difficulties with the board), tried to start a school, and also worked at a number of other, very different sorts of occupations. The emotional turmoil surrounding this issue—because each job that her father lost or decided to leave tended to involve a move to a new community—had been a painful part of this woman's entire growing-up experience. When we talked, she was forty-three years old; she and her husband, a business executive, had been married for eighteen years.

He had had a solid professional training when she married him: a master's degree in business administration. He was moving rapidly up the corporate ladder in a large financial institution. At a conscious level the wife had done everything possible to avoid a repetition of her earlier difficulties: she'd found a partner who was not only prepared for a stable, well-remunerated career but also interested in the things that he was doing professionally.

But, as became evident during the course of the inter-

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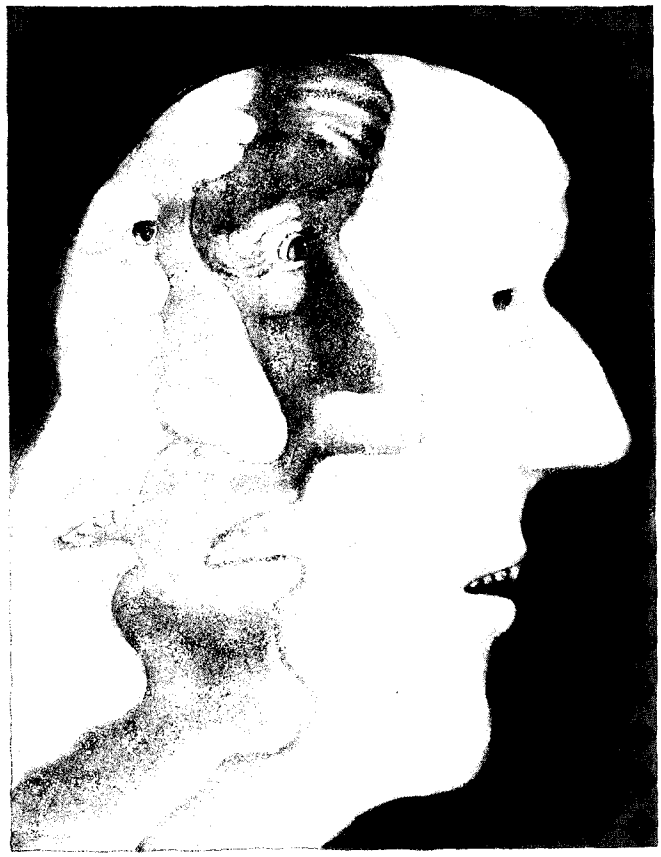
views, this pair had duplicated in their own lives what had happened earlier in the wife's family. Some five years before our conversations got under way, the husband had begun feeling restless in his job, like a cog in a large industrial wheel. He'd felt, as he put it, "trapped on the company's organizational chart" and had decided to start a new business of his own. The venture wasn't working out, and recently it had become clear that this effort (in a field that had nothing to do with his former occupation) was destined for failure. He was now, as he described himself, "in the midst of a male menopause," a crisis of middle life. At a time when their oldest daughter was on the verge of entering college, he had used up much of of the family's savings and had no income. Had the wife, at some level, required that the past repeat itself in this fashion?



One couldn't know. This particular wife, like her mother before her, surely *knew* from her past how to be a powerful and competent woman who is in a relationship with an immature, incompetent man. At the time of our conversations the family (which consisted of two adults and two adolescent children) was being supported by the wife's fairly ill paying job. This, too, was a repetition of a past set of circumstances—her own family had been supported by her mother's secretarial salary. So here she was in the middle years of her adulthood dealing with the same painful problem that had preoccupied her throughout her childhood.

This restaging of a toxic family situation, in its entirety, seems to defy rational explanation. But far eerier are the replications of problems by couples who have no knowledge of a particular problem's previous existence in their families. I encountered a replication of this sort in a set of interviews that I had with a couple in their fifties (he was fifty-five at the time, and his wife was fifty). These partners had begun their marriage, now in its thirty-second year, by running off and eloping. It was not until many years later that the husband learned that his own parents had done the same thing.

The couple that I talked with had decided to marry secretly because they were certain that her family would never give their approval. Her parents would consider her too young for marriage—she was then eighteen and a freshman in college—and they would view him as insufficiently ambitious, because he was not preparing for a lucrative profession.

It was not until after both his mother and father had died that the husband learned that his oldest sister was illegitimate: his parents had run off and gotten married because his mother was already pregnant. This information had come to him by chance; he had simply stumbled across the dates of his parents' wedding and his oldest sister's birth when he was going through some family papers. Then he had realized what had occurred.

What had been told to him, as part of the family lore, was that his mother's people had initially disapproved of her suitor; they'd viewed their daughter as too young for marriage and they had considered her suitor unambitious, not sufficiently upwardly mobile. (His father, a shopkeeper, wasn't considered to be the equal of the men in his mother's family, who were all academics and clergymen.) His suspicion, confirmed in retrospect by many odd bits of information that he'd hitherto overlooked, was that his parents had eloped without his mother's family's consent because his mother was already well along in her pregnancy. But he could not recollect having heard any such story in his childhood, and thus was puzzled that he himself had eventually done something similar.

And it is puzzling: how could it have come about that a secret marriage, made without parental blessings or consent, was repeated in a subsequent generation without the young couple's being aware that such an event had occurred before? The answers to such questions aren't obvious. Do we imbibe our families' psychological issues and concerns along with the mother's milk that we drink?

This is, most probably, about as close to the truth as one can possibly come. Families are such affect-laden little social systems that people who live in them can "know" each other's truths in ways that are almost magical; they can know them without ever being told. Because they are the first truths of existence to which each of us is exposed, our families' truths are embedded within us, and in our lives these truths struggle to make themselves known.

To some degree, when we become adults, most of us have not put away our childish things. In the very process of choosing our mates, and of being chosen—and then, in elaborating upon our separate, past lives in the life we create together—we are deeply influenced by the patterns for

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being that we observed and learned about very early in life, and that live on inside our heads. The possibility that there may be other options, other systems for being in an intimate relationship, often doesn't occur to us, because we don't realize that we are operating from within a system, one that was internalized in our original families. What has been, and what we've known, seems to be "the way of the world"; it is reality itself.

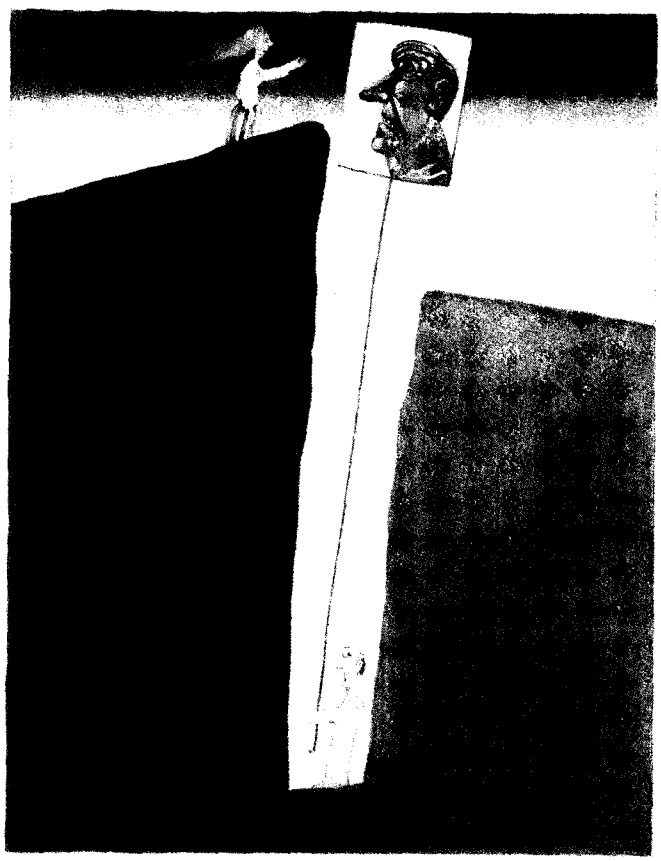
Perhaps this is why the way it *was* feels, to so many people, like the way it has to be. Perhaps this is why one stumbles across so many coincidences in the lives of families. And certainly, when encountering them, one wonders, is it *coincidental* that a man whose mother was hypochondriacal and depressed married a woman who *was* warm and outgoing, and then, a decade later, finds himself the disgruntled husband of a seriously depressed and somewhat suicidal wife? Is that bad luck, or is it the present bending to the will of the past?

It may be that the tendency "to get into repetitive patterns of relationships" (to quote Pincus and Dare again) is based more than anything else upon our need to remain in a relational world with which we are familiar.

The case that Pincus and Dare cited, for instance—the daughter of an alcoholic who marries an alcoholic—can be understood in terms of that woman's staying in the only kind of world that she knows. She *knows* what life is like when you live with an alcoholic. What she doesn't know is what it's like when you don't. When it comes to dealing with a mate with a drinking problem, she knows how to behave; she is dealing with the devil she knows.

What she does know may not be pleasant, and may be frankly undesirable at a conscious level; but what she doesn't know (so goes the unconscious reasoning) is alien, and might be far more threatening in ways she can't realize. It is for these sorts of reasons—plus the fact that repeating the past is a way of remaining psychologically connected to the past—that people will remain in uncomfortable yet familiar kinds of emotional scenarios.

I don't mean to suggest that each generation is a carbon copy of the preceding one. This is obviously not the case. My point is that there is a tremendous affectivity within families and that the interconnectedness of generations is often insufficiently appreciated.



Emotional Triangles: Infidelity

IN THE LATE 1940S AND EARLY 1950S, WHEN KINSEY AND his co-workers published their landmark findings (in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*), the statistics on adultery took most people by surprise. In that era of "family togetherness"—well before the development of relatively safe and effective contraceptive procedures, the sexual revolution, and the women's-liberation movement—extramarital experiences were, apparently, not at all uncommon. Kinsey's data indicated that a full 50 percent of husbands had engaged in sex with an outside partner before the age of forty. And so had 26 percent of wives.

In the decades following the publication of Kinsey's data, not only have rates of infidelity among males risen slightly but also rates of infidelity among females have risen *significantly*. In a recent overview of the research on extramarital sex the psychologist Anthony P. Thompson observed that while the incidence of extramarital sex appeared to be "at least 50 percent for married men," the "figure for married women is rapidly approaching the same level."

All estimates of extramarital sexual activity tend, moreover, to be on the conservative side. Statistics on marital infidelity are notoriously difficult to gather, given the secretive nature of adulterous behavior. Most experts, however, consider the "educated guess" of the sex researchers G. D. Nass, R. W. Libby, and M. P. Fisher—that today some 50 to 65 percent of husbands and 45 to 55 percent of wives become extramaritally involved by the age of forty—to be a relatively sound and reasonable one. Considering that in many cases only one of the partners is a philanderer, the number of marital relationships affected by infidelity is clearly enormous—on the order of two out of every three marriages, at a minimum.

Despite the remarkably high incidence of marital infidelity, the discovery by one partner that the other is involved in an affair is usually experienced as a totally unexpected and catastrophic event. It is a disaster, like a death—which in an important sense it is. It is the death of that marriage's innocence.

The vows of emotional and sexual exclusivity have been broken, and the reac-

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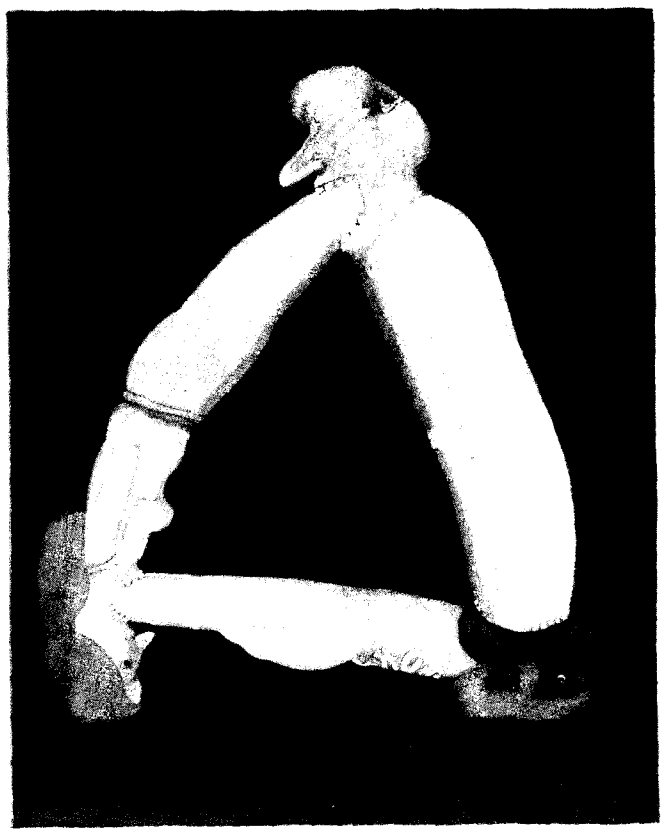
tions on the part of the betrayed mate are shock, anger, panic, and incredulity. The marriage as he or she knew and understood it no longer exists, and suddenly the "haven in a heartless world" feels frighteningly insecure and exposed. The stress experienced during such a crisis can, according to Anthony Thompson, result in "behavioral and physical changes. . . . daily living and work routines may be disrupted; some sleep and appetite disturbances may occur. . . . [and] depression and suicide can be a risk for fragile personalities."

We may in this culture have experienced a revolution in our sexual mores, but most spouses continue to feel intensely afflicted and distressed by a partner's violation of the boundaries around the marital relationship. This is true even in situations in which the deceived mate has been a deceiver at an earlier time in the relationship. One husband who had had a long affair several years before he discovered that his wife was extramaritally involved described his reactions this way: "I felt furious, betrayed. I felt as if I couldn't *trust* her! I felt that there was someone else out there who knew all about me, and who had, for that reason, *triumphed*! He had—even though I didn't know who he was—*bested* me, taken away something that was mine, exclusively!"



This man was angrier at the unknown lover than he was at his wife. He felt as if he'd been defeated in a contest with the other man. His reaction was by no means atypical. For, as a study carried out by J. L. Francis demonstrates, men tend to associate their jealous, angry feelings with the rival male in the emotional triangle. Women, on the other hand, tend to associate their feelings of jealousy with a more global, generalized sense of loss—the loss of the partner's attention and caring.

The very existence of an affair, plainly, transforms a couple's relationship from a two-person into a three-person system—and this triangle is affected by pressures emanating from the third person who has entered the marriage and become part of it.

An extremely difficult issue that a couple has to deal with when the infidelity of a partner becomes known is what actually "caused" the affair. Did it have to happen, and if it did, which spouse is the one who is truly to blame? The reasons offered by adulterous spouses in explanation of their behavior are bewildering in their multiplicity and variety. They may range, as the sexual researcher Frederick Humphrey has reported, from "conquest" to "rebellion" to "combatting depression" to "getting promoted" to "being drunk or otherwise under the influence of drugs" to "creating jealousy and gaining attention"—to name just some of the many rationales for marital infidelity that have been offered.

Among the multitude of causes cited, however, certain themes predominate. In a retrospective study of 750 case histories the clinicians Bernard L. Greene, Ronald R. Lee, and Noel Lustig found that sexual frustration, curiosity, revenge, boredom, and the need for acceptance and recognition were the reasons for the affair most frequently given.

And Anthony Thompson, in his elegant overview of the literature on extramarital sex, condenses the explanation for marital infidelity even further. The major findings in the field, he observes, consistently demonstrate that the lower the satisfaction with the marriage, and the lower the frequency and quality of marital intercourse, the more likely is the development of an affair. There is as well, he comments, far more fantasizing about extramarital involvements among those people who are dissatisfied with their marital relationships.

"It is possible that marital satisfaction and coital satisfaction are the two major variables and that the influence of many secondary marital characteristics are incorporated in these broader evaluations," Thompson concludes. In short, if sex is to be viewed as an important medium of emotional exchange in the relationship, then finding another sexual partner is a way of devaluing the spouse's currency and perhaps even rendering it worthless. This is what the dissatisfied partner does by going outside the relationship—for adultery *is* a form of communication. It is a way of acting out a message in the language of behavior, and that message is: "For me, this marriage isn't working."

An affair may be thought of as an emotional distance-regulator. The presence of a third person in the marital system indicates that the couple is having trouble handling problems of separateness and closeness. According to the clinical psychologist Betsy Stone, it is generally the case that in a marriage in which one partner is having an outside

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relationship, the other partner has at least been fantasizing about becoming involved extramaritally.

This view implies that sometimes there is no real "innocent victim" and "vile offender," and that who happens to go outside the marriage first has to do with matters of opportunity and timing. Both members of the couple are at least dreaming of other partners, because both are feeling profoundly alienated and disappointed.

In this sense, an affair is not something that happens *to* somebody, it is something that happens *between two people*. And often it is the weaker spouse who acts first; he or she makes a strengthening move by getting into a coalition with the extramarital partner. For this person, becoming involved in an outside relationship is an adaptive maneuver—a way of dealing with the problems in the relationship. The affair is a symptom of a global marital disturbance; it is not the disturbance itself.

Someone is frightened about getting too close, or someone is frustrated—hungering for an intimacy that is lacking. By *intimacy* I don't mean candlelight, a table for two in a bistro, a violinist playing gypsy melodies as the absorbed couple engages in mutually fascinating, intensely romantic conversation. What I mean by *intimacy* in this context is something closer to each person's ordinary reality. Intimacy is, in the sense intended, a person's ability to talk about who he really is, and to say what he wants and needs, and to be heard by the intimate partner.

This involves, for instance, a person's being able to tell his mate about how rotten and defeated he happens to be feeling, rather than having always to pretend to be masterly and adequate. Or, to take another example, it involves being able to make his sexual needs and friendship choices explicit, rather than remaining inarticulate about them—and then feeling exploited by and angry at the spouse.

If, however, the fear of getting too close (so close that the mate will see and condemn his weakness and failings) is the husband's problem, an affair provides a pseudo-solution. For if he has another, secret partner, he is not so close to his wife as he feared he was becoming; there is something important about who he really is that she does not know. The furtiveness, secrecy, and time constraints upon the outside relationship, moreover, set certain limits upon the degree of intimacy that can be achieved in it.

When, on the other hand, it is the wife who is extramaritally involved, it is usually—though not always—owing to a hunger for emotional intimacy rather than a wish to avoid it. The wife, hopelessly outdistanced in her emotional pursuit, has given up the chase and gone outside the marriage to find what the husband will not give her—acceptance, validation of her worth, a willingness to listen to her talk about who she is and to learn about what she needs and wants. When intimacy in a marriage is impossible—when talking about one's fears, needs, desires, sexual requests, and so forth, to the partner is out of the question—the unheard person begins feeling powerless, resigned, alienated. The extramarital affair develops as a way of finding a comforter and ally.

Emotional Triangles: The Family

An emotional triangle is an ongoing, repetitive cycle of interactions that involves three people. Triangles develop, as a number of systemic theorists have noted, when a problem that *two* people are having cannot be talked about (much less resolved); the focus of their attention needs to be diverted onto something outside the dangerous area—outside their own tense relationship. "Triangling in" a third party (a lover, a child, an in-law, or even a therapist) offers a means of deflecting or detouring but in any case lowering the intensity of the primary conflict. Emotional triangles come into being because they offer a disaffected and distressed couple a way of not confronting the problems and disappointments that one or both of them are simply too scared to think about, let alone talk about openly. If the conflict is enlarged in such a way that a third person becomes involved, the tensions in the relationship can often be successfully obscured from every one of the people concerned. And while getting into a triangle inevitably commits the pair to a series of endlessly repeated skirmishes, it helps them to stave off the all-out battle that might well end in the defeat of one of them or the destruction of the emotional system itself.

The mere mention of a triangle usually evokes the notion of the "eternal triangle," the romantic threesome of a couple and an intimate other (who, once she or he has made an appearance, is usually seen as the cause of all the painful problems in the original relationship). But love triangles are just one of the various kinds of triangular situations that exist. Less noticeable and dramatic, but nevertheless ubiquitous, are the emotional triangles that develop within ordinary families—mothers, fathers, and children, for example.

The psychiatrist Murray Bowen has postulated that because two-person relationships are so inherently volatile and difficult to maintain in a balanced state, triangles inevitably occur within any emotional system (and an emotional system is what every family is). In his view, triangular situations always have two closely involved players and one person in an outside position.

"Patterns vary," Bowen writes, "but one of the most common is basic tension between the parents, with the father gaining the outside position—often being called passive, weak, and distant—leaving the conflict between mother and child." Although the original difficulty was in the parents' relationship, the father can remove himself from the battle and hold the coats while his wife and child fight it out.

Bowen describes this triangular pattern of relating as the "family projection process." The difficulty has been removed from the arena of the couple's relationship and is now, by means of projection and displacement of the conflict, seen as friction, strife, and contention between a parent and a child. "Families replay the same triangular game over and over for years, as though the winner were in doubt," he observes, "but the final result is always the

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same. Over the years the child accepts the always-lose outcome more easily, even to volunteering for this position. A variation is the pattern in which the father finally attacks the mother, leaving the child in the outside position. The child then learns the techniques of gaining the outside position by playing the parents off against each other."

What are the underlying advantages of a triangle to the distanced and disaffected marital partners? The answer is that when anxiety rises in a two-party relationship, the couple's possible responses are limited. The partners can resolve the issues, by confronting and dealing with their relational problems, or be forced, as the emotional pressures escalate beyond endurance, to end the relationship. Bringing a third person into the interaction allows for a variety of responses other than these two extremes (that is, settle it or break up).

A three-person group allows for a number of different coalitions. Any two of them can join together, covertly or overtly, against the third member of the triangle. The "perverse triangle" described by the therapist Jay Haley—a covert alliance between a parent and a child, who band together to undermine the other parent's power and authority—is one possibility. Another was described in the example above, in which the original conflict between the parental couple became an ongoing quarrel between the mother and the child. When handled in this roundabout manner, a couple's distress can find expression in fights that don't threaten the existence of the marriage.

In still another kind of mother-father-child triangle, the marital partners are able to unite around the problems they are having with their "bad," incorrigible child. In this sort of circumstance, familiar to most therapists, the couple usually see themselves as lovingly in unison; they have no difficulties aside from the ones that they are having with their unmanageable offspring.

"One may find," the family theorist Lynn Hoffman writes, "an unalterable pattern around the 'bad' behavior of a child." Hoffman gives a schematic rendering of such a repeating cycle: "Stage one: Mother coaxes, child refuses to obey, mother threatens to tell father (father-mother against child). Stage two: When father comes home, mother tells him how bad child has been, and father sends child to his room without supper."

Then, however, the mother sneaks up after the father has left the table, bringing the child a little food on a plate. The new configuration of the triangle, Hoffman notes, is mother-child against father. In stage three, she continues, "when child comes down later, father, trying to make up, offers to play a game with him that mother has expressly forbidden because it gets him too excited before bedtime (father-child against mother)." Finally, at stage four, the mother scolds the father, while the child, "overexcited indeed, has a tantrum and is sent to bed; and the original triangle comes round again (mother-father against child)."

In this example there is covert dissension between the parents that is being worked out through the ongoing struggles with their "misbehaving" child. The parents

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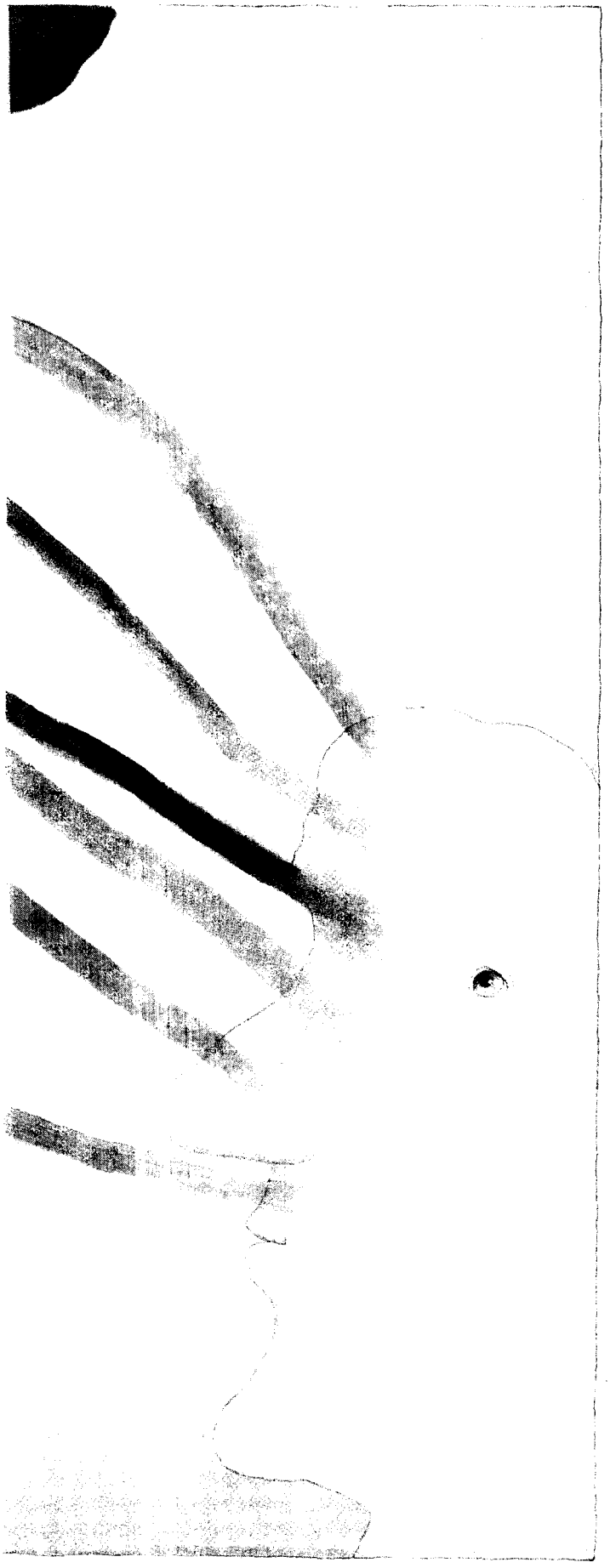

need not be deflecting any particular and specific conflict onto the offspring: their distress might have to do, more globally, with underlying feelings of futility and emotional impoverishment which both of them are experiencing. There may be a sense of deadness within the relationship that neither partner would dare to talk about—or perhaps even to think about, consciously. Getting into a triangle helps the pair to relieve some of their latent, suppressed emotionality without opening the Pandora's box of their unmet needs or confronting directly their own feelings of disconnection. Fighting with their child also adds some excitement to an atmosphere that has, because the unsayable and the unsaid have a way of sucking up all of the available vitality, become lifeless and flat.

Getting into a triangle with one of their children enables the marital partners to contain their underlying uncertainties and anxieties for a period of time. Eventually, though, the developing child will—owing to the inevitable biological and psychological push toward separation and individuation—struggle to get out of the repetitious three-person game. The other parties involved, whose own conflict is being handled and rerouted through that particular child, will experience alarm and will frequently react by attempting to block their offspring's self-differentiating efforts. This occurs not as part of any manipulative plan but at an automatically reactive level.

For, should the third member of the triangle manage to leave, the tense pair's pre-existing problems and difficulties would predictably return and intensify. Their conflict, which the triangular situation has served to cover over, will now have to be confronted and resolved, or the family system may be destroyed. At such a juncture the child—whose natural impulse toward increasing independence is running counter to his parents' need to keep him in his special position—is highly likely to develop symptoms of some sort.

The triangulated child becomes involved in either destructive or self-destructive behaviors, and lo and behold, it is not the couple but their son or daughter who is deeply troubled. What's more, the couple can often unite around caring for their depressed, or phobic, or anorexic child—or, alternatively, unite around fighting with their promiscuous, drug-taking, thieving, or otherwise delinquent offspring. The marital problem, whatever it may be, remains well underground and out of sight.

Emotional Deals: Projective Identification

IN TRYING TO UNDERSTAND COUPLES AND THE WAYS IN which they put their relationships together, I have found no tool more powerful than the concept of projective identification. This important theoretical construct explains just why it is that marriages—paradoxically, it seems—become stronger and more intimate to the degree that the overall rules of the interactional system permit the partners to be separate and different people. The basic idea of projective identification, once grasped (not only in-

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tellectually but also emotionally) by the members of a couple, can alter the fundamental nature of their transactions and turn their relationship completely and surprisingly around.

For once a member of the pair has had the experience of "taking back" a projection—accepting that, for example, the craziness, hostility, incompetence, depression, or anxiety that is being perceived in the partner may be emanating from the self—everything has to begin to look different. Alternatively, once a mate has refused to accept a projection—refused to behave crazily, angrily, become depressed, or the like, in order to express the spouse's suppressed and dissociated feelings—changes have to start occurring in the relationship. When the unconscious trading-off of projections slows down or ceases, the emotional system itself shifts about. The familiar, constrictive, inflexible, rigidly demanding yet never consciously acknowledged rules of the game can be changed. Things can be different in ways that would have been unimaginable earlier.

Projective identification is at once easily intelligible and complicated—by definition difficult to discern at work in one's own life, because the exchange of projections is a psychological barter that occurs at an unconscious level.

The concept of projective identification (which is called by many another name in the clinical literature—"irrational role assignment," "externalization," "trading of dissociations," to name a few) was first introduced into the psychoanalytic literature by one of Sigmund Freud's early followers, Melanie Klein. Klein was a forerunner of the object-relations school of analysis, a deviation from pure Freudian thought. Freud conceived of human development as a lengthy, sequential unfolding of instinctually based inner imperatives. His theory focused on the internal, intrapsychic world of the growing child as it underwent successive changes—as the infant and then toddler shifted from primarily "oral" concerns to the "anal" and then "phallic" stages of psychosexual growth, and ultimately confronted the Oedipal calamity.

This is, of course, the pained renunciation of the opposite-sex parent as a possible erotic partner, which Freud viewed as the central tragedy of every human being's early life. Freud emphasized the internal struggles of the developing, changing child, whose inborn sexual drives were opposed by the civilizing demands of the society, which inevitably overwhelmed and tamed them (often producing neurotic symptoms along the way).

The object-relations theorists, while not in essential disagreement with this model, came to see human personality development as determined less by instinctually based sexual forces (and, as Freud later added, aggressive forces) than by the newborn's crucial experiences in the primary intimate relationship. There was no such thing as an internal world, they suggested, that existed independent of what happened in that magical first human attachment between parent and child. Theirs was and is a concept of the self as an organizing, experiencing system into which the "other" is inextricably woven.

The blueprint of the personality comes into being, according to these thinkers, far in advance of the Oedipal crisis (which occurs somewhere around age five); it emerges within the first months of life, in the caretaking duet between the nurturer and the dependent child. The utterly needful baby's internal programming develops within the setting of his or her powerful first attachment to the protecting, caretaking parent. Object-relations theory is, clearly, a far more *inter*personal than *intra*personal, or individual, approach to the understanding of psychological growth and development.

This branch of Freud's intellectual descendants tends to emphasize the importance of what happens between emotionally bonded people in the long-lasting attachments that characterize human life. The earliest, deepest wish of every newborn, according to W. Ronald D. Fairbairn, M.D., (whose series of brilliant papers, published in the 1940s and early 1950s, established him as an important founder of the object-relations movement) is for a loving, satisfying connection with the nurturing parent. The forming and maintenance of this crucially important connection—rather than the mere gratification of instinctually based sexual tensions—is the ultimate goal toward which the infant's powerful libidinal strivings are directed.

Here let me note that the word *object* refers to *love object*; the term *object relations* denotes the emotional attachment between the one who loves and the image of the beloved as it exists in the lover's mind. The term is used, in other words, to differentiate between the inner picture of the love object and the actuality of the person who is loved. The subtle distinction being made—which the term *object* is meant to underscore—is the distinction between an internalized image of the loved and needed other (an image that is colored by one's own experiences and fantasies about those experiences) and a reality external to the self.

The object-relations theorists suggest that we all have internalized mental representations of people and relationships about which we have felt deeply. These internalized objects (Melanie Klein termed them "imagos") have become incorporated into our mental landscapes; they are part of our subjective terrain.

Our inner pictures of the world, formed in childhood, provide the framework for perceiving "objective" reality in adulthood. If, for example, my vision of my father was of a distant, unapproachable man, then I will be predisposed to view intimacy with a male as virtually impossible. My "inner father" will incline me to see all other men as cold and emotionally unreachable.

We relate to our inner objects—old intimacies, shards of intense emotional relationships that once existed—as if they were real. And why shouldn't that happen, given that our first human attachments are at the deepest strata of the personality, and are the stuff of our internal, subjective reality? Difficulties and confusions arise, however, when such mental images affect our perceptions so profoundly

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that it becomes difficult to discern the *differences* between the inner object from the past and the real attributes of the intimate partner in a relationship in the present.

Let me give a brief example of how an early fantasy could affect the way in which a person came to see his world in adulthood.

A young toddler's attachment to his mother may have been disrupted by an illness that she suffered, which took her away from her baby for a period of time. If her absence occurred during the critical stage when separation distress can be overwhelming (say, at around age one and a half), the child would predictably respond with terrible anger and fear. She who had been experienced as magically omnipotent would now be perceived to be weak—instead of being kind and loving, Mommy would be absent, sick, ungiving.

Because something has greatly disrupted his small world, and his sense of its safety and predictability, the child would be likely to take in (or "introject") an internal picture of a relationship between himself and an object of his powerful feelings who is frustratingly not there, although she is desperately needed. This mental representation of the intimate other—from whom his sense of self is still poorly differentiated—may be an inner picture of a vitally wanted being who is frustrating, rejecting, and perhaps experienced as full of hatred and rage.

This image of the mother is, clearly, only the dependent child's frightened imagining; because he lacks the capacity for self-reflection, he finds it hard to differentiate his feelings of loss and rage from those of his caretaker. At this stage of development the boundary between self and other is still so uncertain that he is unclear about what the source of the hostile feelings might actually be. No matter: that helpless fury, which threatens to overwhelm him, must be thrust out of mind—or, as the object-relations theorists would phrase it, "split off" and repressed from the needful youngster's conscious awareness.

The bad, frustrating love object, and the internalized picture of the relationship with her, is suppressed—because the possible loss of the relationship is experienced as a threat to survival itself. And survival is the evolutionary bottom line of this first, intensely important human attachment. Also, in the magical world of the child's thinking, the wish to hurt and the capacity to do harm are not clearly separated, and so there is a lurking fear that his hatred and negativity could destroy the beloved other completely.

The real individual who is Mommy was, all the while, merely ill and in the hospital for a necessary stay. But this depriving, frightening episode, albeit long lost to her child's conscious memory, may leave a residue of irrational fears of being abandoned by the needed other to whom the child is emotionally tied.

Thus, whereas later experiences with the good and loving mother might eventually overlay the "bad object" (the internalized image of the evil, frustrating, and withholding intimate partner), they may never fully eradicate the child's horrendous experience of believing that he has been abandoned—or the expectation that it will happen again.

Often in our adult relationships active yet unconscious efforts are made to shape the intimate partner to a model that exists within. That inner model, which is an image of a once loved and desperately needed other, can pre-empt our capacity for seeing a partner in appropriate and realistic ways. Melanie Klein, when she first defined projective identification, spoke of it as "splitting off parts of the self and [then] projecting them on to another person." Later she added that it also involved "the feeling of identification with other people, because one has attributed qualities or attributes of one's own to them."

In other words, in the example given above the adult who once felt forsaken—and who had internalized an image of a rejecting, rageful, untrustworthy intimate partner (the mother)—might have no awareness of his own anger at having felt deserted, and yet he may struggle to incite hostility (or even the wish to abandon the relationship) in his otherwise non-angry, non-abandoning mate.

PROJECTIVE IDENTIFICATION IS A DEFENSIVE ACTIVITY of the ego which serves to modify a person's perceptions of his intimate partner while reciprocally altering his image of himself.

When, for example, a man has been struggling with an underlying, denied, and dissociated depression, he may find himself attracted to—and marry—the very woman who can give expression to this aspect of his internal world

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for him. He may then play out the role of the logical, unemotional, unneedy husband of the openly vulnerable, dependent, moody, often frankly despairing wife. The problem is, however, that the same underlying motivations that led him to select that mate—as part of an effort to relieve his own anxiety—will inevitably result in his wanting her to remain depressed at the same time that he finds her recurrent depressions unbearable. This is the equivalent of his wanting her to be tall and short, or fat and thin, at the same time.

Predictably, the more he projects his repudiated, intolerable feelings of dejection and sadness onto his wife, the more he is likely to dissociate his own self from them—and from her as well. She will then be carrying the depression for the pair of them, but the more she does what he at an unconscious level wants her to do for him, the more their mutual estrangement and tension will grow. For the husband, both in flight from and wanting to connect with his internal experiences, will induce her to express his dissociated feelings and emotions but also criticize her roundly for doing so.

It may be assumed that the wife in such a projective-identification system has agreed to carry those aspects of her mate's inner experience which he cannot consciously tolerate and, further, has given aspects of *her* internal world into *his* safekeeping. Perhaps it is her competence and independence that he must hold for her—because she learned, early in her life, that it would be impossible to be both independent and nurtured in an emotional relationship, and that it was therefore necessary to choose one or the other. Only when one becomes aware of the collusive arrangements that couples make does it become apparent that there are no victims and villains—or saints and devils—in marriage. There are, instead, only active colluders, each carrying a disclaimed area of the spouse's internal territory as part of a mutually agreed upon, unconscious arrangement.

Although it is true that projections of the internal self (and identifications with the partner's projections) are probably always going to play some role in close emotional attachments, the degree of mutual gratification that a couple experiences will depend greatly upon how much of the personality of each partner is being disposed of in this fashion. It will also depend, as Lily Pincus and Christopher Dare have observed, upon "the degree of violence with which the mental act is carried out, and the rigidity with which it is maintained."

They write:

> The hardworking wife, who keeps herself, her home and her children meticulously clean and runs [around complaining] about her dirty drunkard of a husband, may well be worried about the bad, dirty aspects of herself, perhaps her "bad" sexuality. It may be this anxiety about herself which makes it so important for her to keep all the "bad" things firmly fixed onto the husband. Her demands for help may express, on one level, an unconscious striving to relieve her of her guilt about herself which has been intolerably increased by her destructiveness towards her husband.

Similarly, they add, "the rigid man with high moral standards who is desperately anxious about his slovenly, promiscuous or delinquent wife may need her to express similar drives of his own which he has never dared to face and has repressed into the unconscious." What is notable in these examples is how strikingly different the marital partners appear to be—so different that one would question why they ever married in the first place. One mate is all cleanliness and order, the other totally dirty and disreputable.

Once one realizes, however, that in such situations a trade-off of projections has occurred—an unconscious deal has been worked out in which one partner has agreed to carry the "badness" and one to carry the "goodness" of the couple, as if they were parts of an undifferentiated whole organism—what needs to happen becomes apparent. Each member of the couple must re-own and take responsibility for those aspects of his or her internal world which are being put onto the partner.

This means learning to experience ambivalence: the good and the bad within the other, and the good and the bad within the self.

It involves, in plain words, seeing one's goodness and badness, one's craziness and sanity, one's adequacy and inadequacy, one's depression and elation, and so forth, as aspects of internal experience, rather than splitting off one side of any of these dichotomies and being able to perceive it only as it exists in the mate.

Learning to contain one's ambivalent feelings about the self and about other people is a part of growing up; it is a developmental achievement. Many people cannot, however, acknowledge their feelings of badness, weakness, inadequacy, incompetence, or anger, or certain other proscribed feelings. Or, as I noted earlier, it may be that it is strength, competence, or other positive qualities that must be kept out of conscious awareness—for the person has learned that these qualities and attitudes will threaten the existence of a vitally needed emotional relationship.

Emotional Deals: The Hysterical Marriage

NO CONNUBIAL RELATIONSHIP IS, I THINK, MORE celebrated in the clinical literature than that of the remote, unavailable husband and his desperately frustrated, perhaps frankly depressed wife. Should either partner in such a marriage seek psychiatric attention, the male partner is very likely to be diagnosed as an "obsessive-compulsive" and the female as suffering from a "hysterical personality disorder." Actually, the latter label has recently been altered (although the content of the diagnosis remains pretty much unchanged). It is now known as a "histrionic personality disorder."

The most recent version of the standard psychiatric reference book nevertheless states that a histrionic personal-

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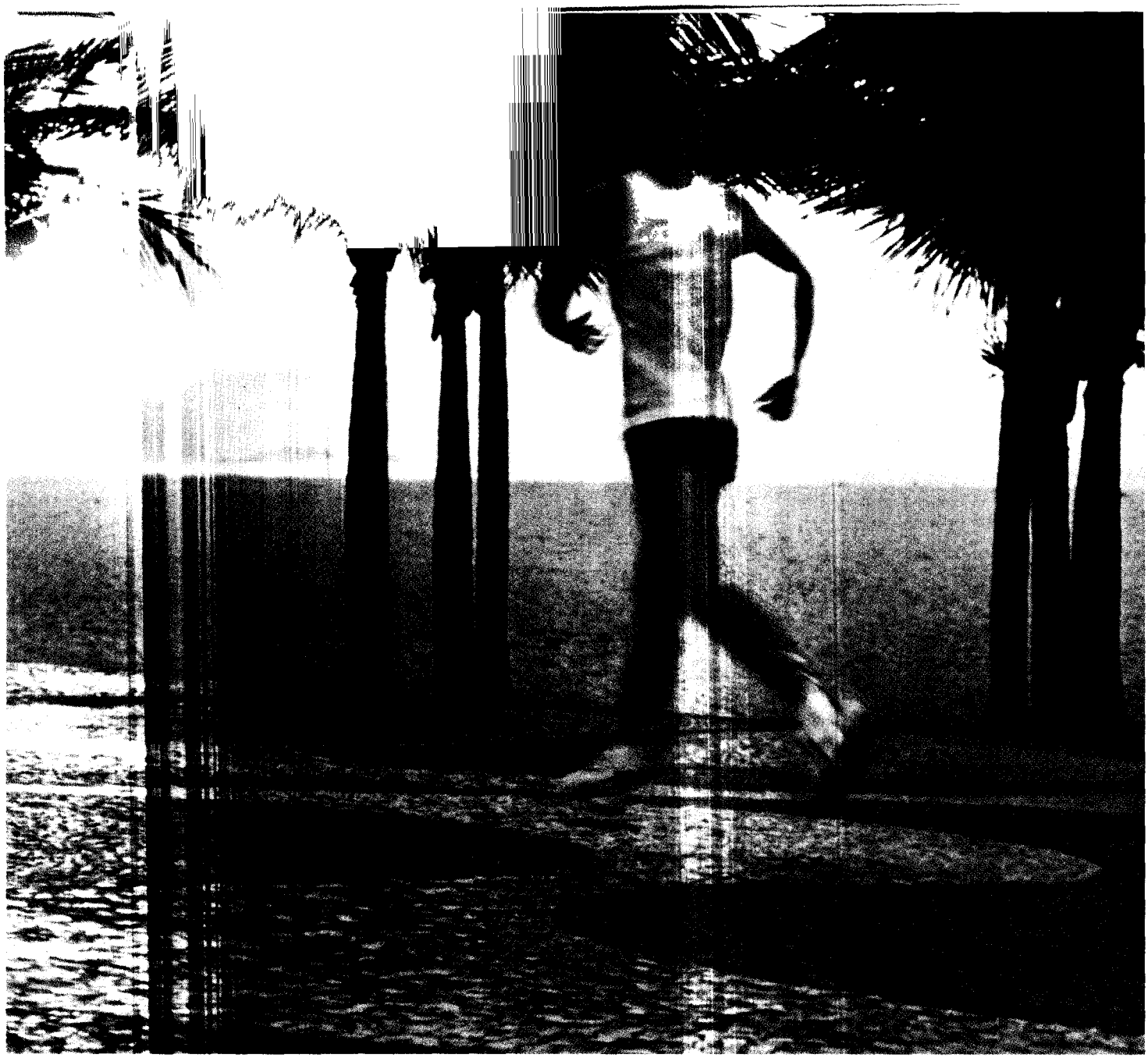

as intended to be.

begins sometime after nine. Nightclubs and cafes start filling up about midnight. The last sounds of music fade from the streets only as the sun rises over this magnificent city.

During the day, the Brazilians head toward Ipanema, Copacabana, and Leblon. At these renowned beaches, new friendships are made. Old friends chat or enjoy playing volleyball. Others lie back, in the brilliant sun. The single rule is that, at the end of the day, one must have enjoyed it.

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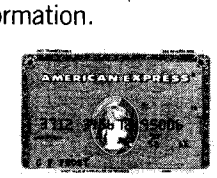

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Choose a part of the world or a time slot in the coming months, and take a look at what it has to offer. If you were proposing to go on vacation the last week of January, 1987, for example, the possibilities within the United States would include the National Ski Jumping Championships, in Steamboat Springs, Colorado; big winter carnivals in Watertown, New York, and St. Paul, Minnesota; the Parada del Sol Rodeo in Phoenix, Arizona; and the annual Cowboy Poetry Gathering, in Elko, Nevada (that's only a partial list). Abroad that week there are the Alpine World Skiing Championships in Switzerland; an Arthur Rubinstein centenary series of concerts in Israeli cities; New Year's celebrations in Chinese communities around the world; and, in Australia, the America's Cup match, along with three overlapping festivals of culture and sports.

Many thanks to the U.S. Ski Association, the U.S. Ski Team, the U.S. Yacht Racing Union, the America II *syndicate, and the Southern Ocean Racing Conference, for their help in selecting skiing and sailing events, and to the tourist boards for photographs, information, and, especially, the extra trouble they took to ensure that the listings on these pages would be as complete and accurate as possible. Nonetheless, the dates of some events were only tentative at press time. Do check with the tourist boards or your travel agent to confirm dates.*

Barbara Wallraff

The Atlantic
WINTER TRAVEL
PLANNER

TRAVEL MANAGER: Ann Wallace
WRITER & EDITOR: Barbara Wallraff
ART DIRECTOR: Cristina Botta
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: Lisa Mirabile, Lisë Stern
SALES REPRESENTATIVE: John Robertson
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Joe O'Connell
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Jan Morris

The Atlantic
633 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10116
(212) 687-2424

For information about or additional copies of the Winter Travel Planner, telephone Ann Wallace at (212) 687-2424.

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Photo collage: Bob Conrad

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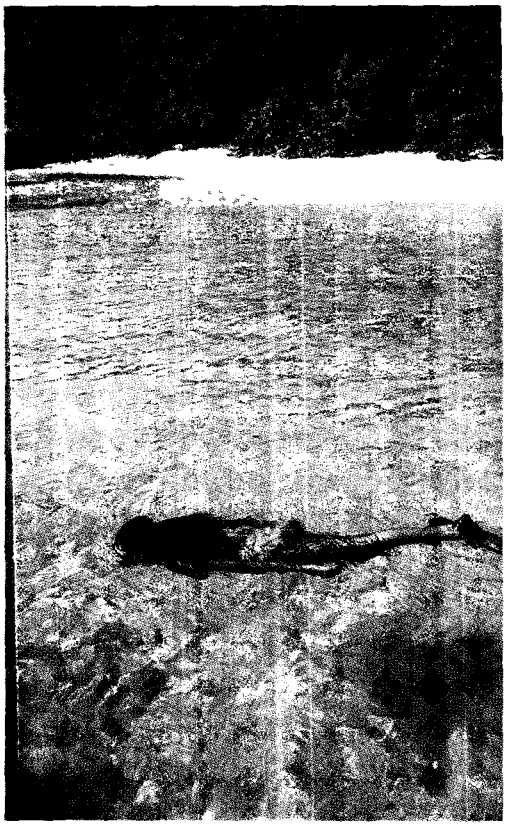

Jesse Vassallo: "Puerto Rico is famous for its sightseeing—both above and below the Caribbean."

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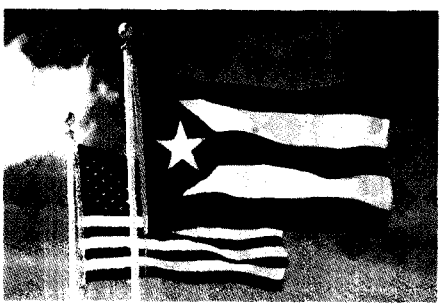
For a free color brochure, write: Puerto Rico Tourism, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, Box P, NY, NY 10104. Or call a Puerto Rico Travel Expert at (800) 223-6530. In NY, (212) 541-6630.



PUERTO RICO/The Shining Star of the Caribbean

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THE CARIBBEAN

Pre-Lenten Carnivals in the Caribbean are listed on page T-16, and competitive regattas are listed on page T-30.

ANTIGUA & BARBUDA

EARLY JANUARY AND MID-APRIL, TENNIS WEEKS, Antigua. Professional men's singles and doubles, amateur men's and women's, and Pro-Am tournaments, one week at a time.

For information: Government of Antigua & Barbuda Dept. of Tourism, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 541-4117.

BARBADOS

NOVEMBER, NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE FESTIVAL OF CREATIVE ARTS, throughout Barbados. A celebration of international and local arts, culminating on Independence Day, November 30. This will be the 20th anniversary of Barbados's independence (it's a self-governing entity within the British Commonwealth), and the round number is likely to make this year especially festive.

MID-FEBRUARY, HOLETOWN FESTIVAL, St. James Parish. Parades, special church services, music, dancing, and a rollicking street fair and market—all in honor of the landing of the island's first settlers, 360 years ago.

LATE MARCH, ROYAL CARIBBEAN JAZZ FESTIVAL, Bridgetown. About a long weekend's worth. The festival is sponsored by the National Cultural Foundation.

For information: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 986-6516.

BELIZE

NOVEMBER 19, GARIFUNA SETTLEMENT DAY, Dangriga. At daybreak black Caribs, or Garifunas, re-enact the arrival of their ancestors 163 years ago. Also, a special mass is said in the Carib language. And then there's revelry, in the form of native drumming, singing, dancing, and eating, which continues for roughly 24 hours straight.

DECEMBER 12, FIESTA DE LOS INDIOS, Punta Gorda Town. Cultural celebrations by Maya Indians, Belize's original ethnic group. Mopan and Kekchi Mayas parade in ceremonial dress to the accompaniment of marimbas and homemade Maya harps.

FEBRUARY 6-8, ALL COMERS' TOURNAMENT, Belize City. The nation's largest fishing tournament, offering cash prizes and locally hand-carved trophies. Advance registration is required.

For information: Embassy of Belize, 1575 I St., NW, Washington, DC 20005. (800) 368-5909.

At the Crucian Christmas Fiesta, in the U.S. Virgin Islands

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

DECEMBER 26-27, CHRISTMAS INSHORE/ONSHORE FISHING TOURNAMENT, off Anheada. The name aside, deep-sea fishing is the main idea.

APRIL 18-20, VIRGIN GORDA FESTIVAL. Calypso singers and reggae bands, island specialty foods, and a festive parade.

For information: British Virgin Islands Tourist Board, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 696-0400.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

MARCH 4, ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, George Town, Grand Cayman. While the citizens of so many other Caribbean islands are groggy from Carnival, Caymanians are touring this show's displays and tucking away the local cooking.

For information: Cayman Islands Dept. of Tourism, 250 Catalonia Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134. (305) 444-6551.

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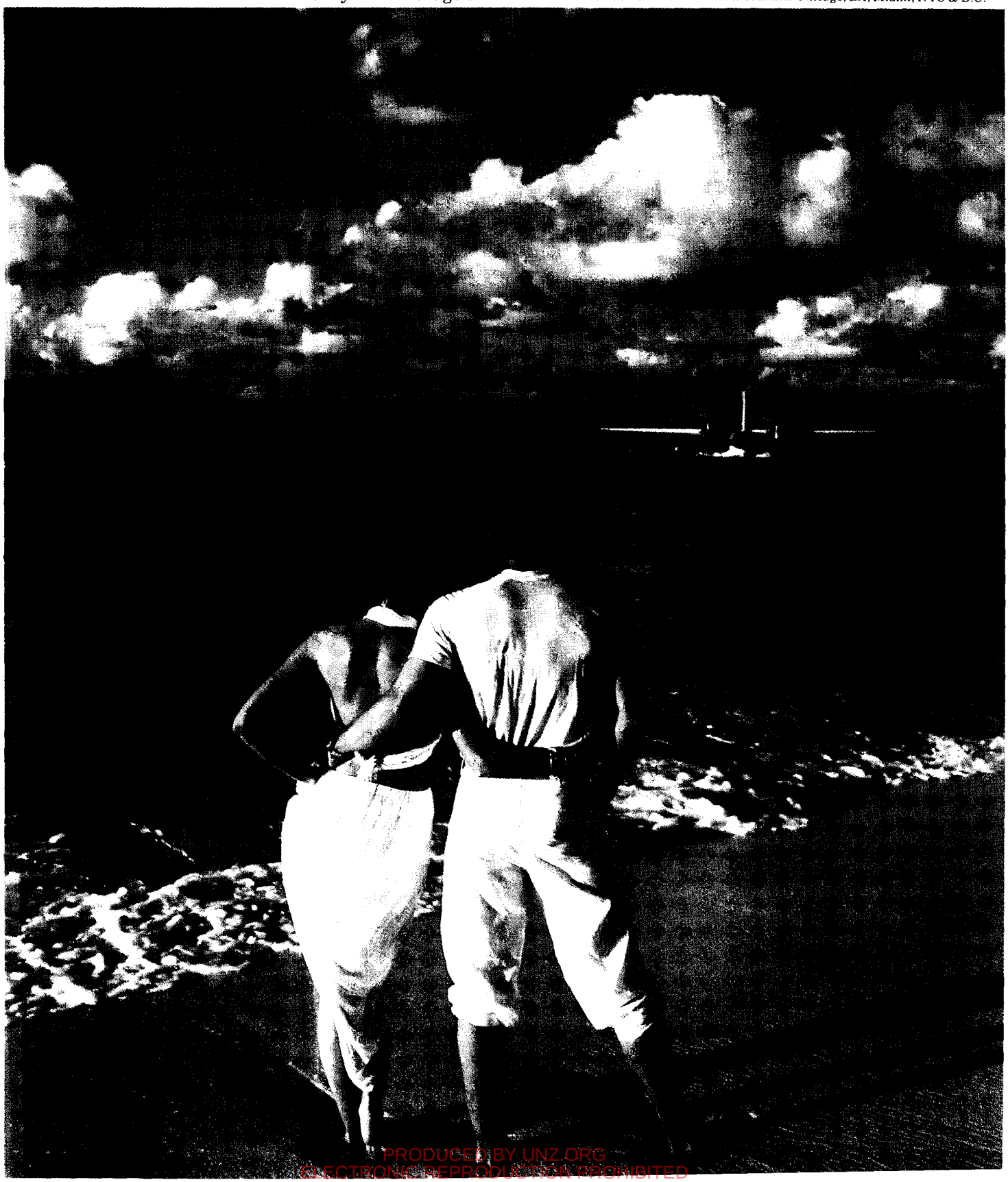

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CARIBBEAN

DOMINICA

NOVEMBER 3-4, NATIONAL DAY CELEBRATIONS, throughout Dominica. Actually the celebrations began in early October, but November 3 is National Day itself, so naturally this is when they're at their peak. Everyone sings Creole songs and dances dances from France and Africa, and the women are all decked out in their traditional *robes douiettes*.

For information: Dominica Mission to the UN, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-9077.

FRENCH WEST INDIES

DECEMBER 2-13, INTERNATIONAL GUITAR FESTIVAL, Fort-de-France, Martinique. This year's theme, for concerts and classes, is Brazilian and Caribbean music. Baden Powell, Gilberto Gil, Leo Brouwer, and Joao Pedro Borges are among the featured performers and instructors. The classes require advance registration.

FEBRUARY 27 AND MARCH 1-3, CLASSICAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, St. Barthelemy and St. Martin. There's a good lineup of performers for these concerts. The festival will serve as an unusual pre- pre-Lenten Carnival warm-up on St. Barts through March 2. Then it moves to St. Martin, to be a main constituent of that island's civilized Carnival, on March 3.

MARCH 26, MI-CAREME, Guadeloupe and Martinique. A time out from Lent, with parades and parties and, on Guadeloupe, a mock funeral for Vaval, the King of Carnival.

For information: French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.

JAMAICA

DECEMBER 1-15, JUNKANOO, throughout Jamaica. Everyone dons a mask and a costume and takes to the streets, to parade and dance to the syncopated sounds of drums and bamboo flutes.

DECEMBER 18-21, MAZDA TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS, Montego Bay. A 36-hole best-ball event, on the renowned Tryall course, for 12 teams of one PGA player and one LPGA player. The triumphant twosome wins $500,000, the largest single-tournament first prize in professional golf.

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JANUARY 6, ACCOMPONG MAROON FESTIVAL. The maroons of this town in St. Elizabeth, near Montego Bay, have a unique ethnic and historical heritage. Once a year they share their culture with visitors, blowing the *abeng*, pounding the maroon drums, dancing, singing, and holding ceremonies that date back to the previous century.

JANUARY 16-19, THE CHUKKA COVE CUP, Ocho Rios. Four teams, each including a top foreign player, in a double-elimination polo tournament.

APRIL 13-19, JAMAICA SAILING WEEK, Montego Bay. Finishers in the highly competitive Miami to Montego Bay regatta take a breather and then embark on this series of social events and informal races.

For information: Jamaica Tourist Board, 866 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 688-7650.

NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

NOVEMBER 16, STATIA/AMERICA DAY, St. Eustatius. The cannons at Fort Oranje on this tiny island offered the first official salute to the new American nation by a foreign power, 210 years ago. (St. Eustatius, or Statia, paid for this dearly a few years later, when British Admiral George Brydges Rodney attacked the island and looted it to the tune of £5 million.) Statians celebrate the anniversary of the salute by gathering at Fort Oranje at sunrise to sing an anthem to freedom and to friendship between the U.S. and their island.

For information: St. Maarten/Saba/St. Eustatius Tourist Office, 275 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001-6708. (212) 869-1600.

PUERTO RICO

NOVEMBER 15-22, JAYUYA INDIAN FESTIVAL. The location is Jayuya, the Indians are Tainos, and the annual celebration of their culture includes folk dances, traditional ceremonies, crafts displays, and tours of ancient sites.

NOVEMBER 28-30, PALMAS DEL MAR DEEP SEA FISHING TOURNAMENT. Puerto Rico's leading sport-fishing tournament for fishing craft 25 feet and up, at the eponymous resort.

DECEMBER 28, HATILLO FESTIVAL OF MASKS. This town on the north coast does its New Year's celebrating early, with a parade of masked revelers, music, and food and drink.

JANUARY 6, THREE KINGS DAY, throughout Puerto Rico. Las Trullas, the

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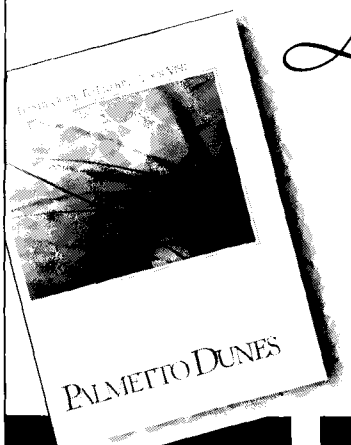

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CARIBBEAN

local equivalent of carolers, serenade their way through San Juan and other cities and towns. Parades, puppet shows, and festive foods abound.

For information: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10104. (212) 541-6630.

ST. KITTS & NEVIS

DECEMBER 24–JANUARY 2, CARNIVAL, throughout St. Kitts and Nevis. It's hard to know whether this carnival is getting the jump on or lagging behind the pre-Lenten Carnival season. The local Last Lap dancers could be a hint either way, depending on whether you zero in on their behavior or their name.

For information: St. Kitts & Nevis Tourist Board, 414 E. 75th St., New York, NY 10021. (212) 535-1234.

ST. LUCIA

DECEMBER 13, SAINT LUCIA DAY. Folk dancing and singing highlight the island's official discovery day (whether you believe it's the actual one depends on whether you read a Spanish or a French history) and, not coincidentally, its patron saint's day as well.

For information: St. Lucia Tourist Board, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 867-2950.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

NOVEMBER 28-29, CORAL BAY REGATTA, St. John. It begins with a single-handed yacht race and ends with a pig roast.

DECEMBER 25–JANUARY 6, CRUCIAN CHRISTMAS FIESTA, St. Croix. The island's all-out Christmas party encompasses Carnival-style festivities as well as more specifically Christmasy traditions, such as carol-singing—which goes on from four to seven each morning. The big finale comes on the last day, when a fanciful costume parade calypsos through Christiansted.

For information: U.S. Virgin Islands Dept. of Commerce, 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. (212) 582-4520.

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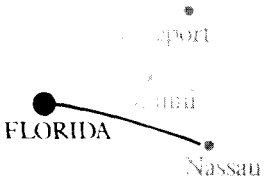

For reservations at Nassau/Cable Beach & Paradise Island, see your travel agent. Or call toll free Bahamas Reservation Service 800-327-0787. In Dade County, 443-3821.

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festivals. According to tradition, women in Bahian costume open the festival by washing the front steps of the Bomfim church. But in reality the washing is accomplished by a long line of people who bring jars of water and wait their turn to pour them out. Flowers, fruit, and other foods are displayed and sold, and musicians play.

For information: Brazilian Government Trade Bureau, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10176. (212) 916-3206.

COLOMBIA

DECEMBER 25-30, INTERNATIONAL SUGARCANE FAIR, Cali. A series of bullfights plus lots and lots of cumbia, salsa, and other catchy Caribbean music.

JANUARY 1-6, FAIR OF MANIZALES. This festival reflects Colombia's Spanish heritage, with theatrical performances and art exhibitions, a busy schedule of parades with titles like Dew Wagons and Town Criers, and a major series of bullfights.

MID-MARCH, INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CARIBBEAN MUSIC, Cartagena. Musicians come from a dozen or so Caribbean islands and the U.S., as well as from all over Colombia, to compete in playing calypso, fungi, reggae, salsa, cumbia, merengue . . .

For information: Colombia Government Tourist Office, 140 E. 57th St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-0151.

ECUADOR

DECEMBER 1-6, ANNIVERSARY OF THE SPANISH FOUNDATION OF SAINT FRANCIS, Quito. Ecuador's biggest annual event, with parades, dancing in the streets, and a renowned series of bullfights.

For information: Embassy of Ecuador, 2535 15th St., NW, Washington, DC 20009. (202) 234-7200.

MEXICO

DECEMBER 12, FEAST DAY OF THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE, Mexico City. Many say that the feast day of Mexico's patron saint is the nation's most important religious holiday—and it's not as if Mexico takes no notice of Christmas or Easter. Though rites and processions take place throughout the country, the most extravagant display of piety is the pilgrimage of people walking—some on their knees—to the National Guadalupe Shrine on Tepeyac Hill in the capital city.

DECEMBER 23, FESTIVAL OF THE RADISHES, Oaxaca. At booths that fill the delightful town square, farmers display large radishes that they have carved in the shapes of saints, demons, animals, buildings . . . If it can be carved from a radish, they've thought of it. The whole city turns out to snack on traditional foods and tour the radish galleries. Actually, La Noche de los Rabanos is only one component of Oaxaca's Christmas festivities. These include the Fiesta de la Virgen de la Soledad, December 16-18; a picturesque series of *posadas*, or processions symbolic of Joseph and Mary's search for room at an inn, December 18-24; and lively Christmas Eve processions from Oaxaca's churches to the town square.

FEBRUARY 2, CANDLEMAS DAY, Tlacotalpan. The day, also known as the Blessing of the Candles and the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, is celebrated nationwide, but what may be the biggest, happiest celebration takes place in this town in Veracruz. Residents bedeck themselves, their homes, and their streets, and the town holds a large fair, horse races, and water-sports events.

MARCH 20, FLOWER FAIR, Huauchinango. In this town northeast of Mexico City the Feast of the Lord of the Holy Sepulchre is celebrated Pasadena-style: with flowers, flowers, and more flowers.

For information: Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 755-7212.

PERU

JANUARY 20-29, NATIONAL MARINERA CONTEST, Trujillo. What might in other hands be a simple folk-dance contest here becomes the centerpiece of a considerable, week-long celebration. Among other events, Peruvian Paso horses and horsemen put on shows, in which they all but do the marinera themselves.

FEBRUARY 2-8, FIESTA DE LA CANDELARIA, Puno. This town on the shore of Lake Titicaca presents an annual festival of folk music and dancing.

MID-MARCH, VENDIMIA, Ica. Peru's biggest annual wine festival. Besides grape-harvest-related activities, there's folk singing and dancing and a parade of cars decorated on allegorical themes.

APRIL 21-26, NATIONAL OFFICIAL CONTEST OF PERUVIAN PASO HORSES, Pachacamac. Peruvians are unconscionably proud of their nation's *paso* horses, and the national contests constitute a semiannual opportunity to see why.

For information: Pertour International, 30 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 682-0622.

SURINAME

NOVEMBER 25, INDEPENDENCE DAY, throughout Suriname. Everybody puts on a traditional costume and heads out to sing and dance and eat traditional foods. This makes for a surprisingly varied spectacle, because of Suriname's varied population, which includes Surien, Indonesian, Hindustani, Creole, African, Chinese, and European peoples.

DECEMBER 5, SAINT NICHOLAS DAY, Paramaribo. This holiday comes courtesy of the country's early Christian Dutch settlers; it features the usual openhanded saint.

For information: Embassy of Suriname, 2600 Virginia Ave., NW, Suite 711, Washington, DC 20037. (202) 338-6980.

VENEZUELA

JANUARY 20-30, INTERNATIONAL FAIR OF SAN SEBASTIAN, San Cristobal. A vast fair, with agricultural exhibits, parades, bands, and various sports events, including a major series of bullfights. Residents decorate their homes and the streets, many of which are closed to traffic during the fair, to accommodate dancing.

FEBRUARY 2, FIESTA DE LA CANDELARIA, Maracaibo. The extemporaneous rhymed verses of *gaitas* are heard throughout Venezuela during an extended Christmas season that ends on this day, with a ceremony called the Subida de los Furrucos—meaning the putting away of the indigenous musical instruments used to accompany *gaitas*.

APRIL 12-19, CULT OF MARIA LIONZA RITUALS, Chivacoa. Actually there are all-night rituals year-round in honor of the apocryphal deity Maria Lionza, who is supposedly the daughter of an Indian princess and a Spanish conquistador. But during Holy Week the number of devotees swells into the thousands—despite all that the municipal authorities can do. The cult's most sacred site is Quivallo, on the mountain south of town.

For information: Venezuela Government Tourist and Information Center, 7 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 355-1101.

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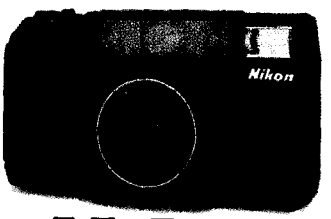

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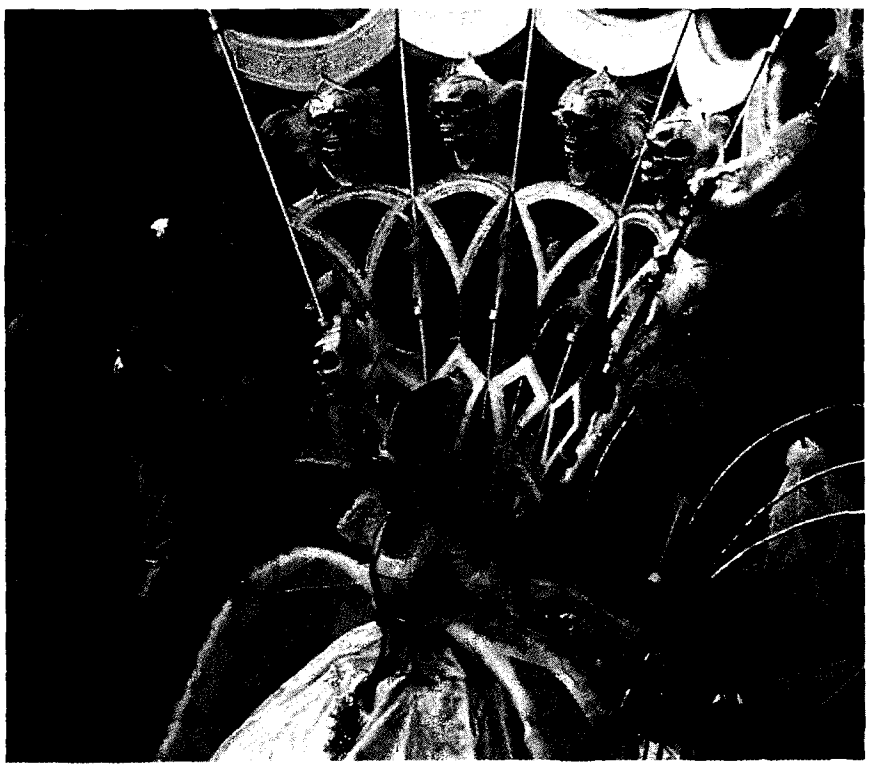
CARNIVAL IN THE NEW WORLD



A recent Carnival Queen in Guadeloupe

Carnival's roots in the Old World can be traced back thousands of years, to various pre-Christian celebrations. Its roots in the New World, though, are hardly ancient. And so one might suppose that the historical milestones of Carnival in the New World would be easy to record. However, even which Carnival was the first in what is now the United States—let alone which was first in both Americas and the Caribbean—is a matter of dispute.

Partisans of Biloxi, Mississippi, note that the French explorer d'Iberville planted the flag of King Louis XIV of France near the the site of their city in February of 1699. A few days later, they say, d'Iberville and his men uncorked some vintage wine and presented America's first Mardi Gras, for the benefit of the friendly Biloxi Indians.

Mobile, Alabama, has made the counterclaim that it originated Carnival on these shores in 1704—but some disinterested scholars refuse to assign a date earlier than the 1830s to any Mobile Carnival worthy of the name.

New Orleans has a legend similar to Biloxi's d'Iberville story which, however, names the French explorer Bienville as the instigator. Even the city's tourist commission seems to doubt this tale. It tentatively credits a "free-spirited group" called the Cowbellions with the city's first street celebration, in the mid-1700s. The Cowbellions are said to have stolen some cowbells from a hardware store and gone jingling down the street with them.

The fairly secure milestones in the history of New World Carnival include these: 1833, the first Carnival in Trinidad; 1837, the first organized Mardi Gras parades in New Orleans; 1857, the first New Orleans krewe, the Mistick Krewe of Comus, which that year sponsored a torchlight procession on the theme of "The Demon Actors in Milton's *Paradise Lost*"; 1846, the first grand Carnival ball in Rio de Janeiro, given by the actress Clara Delamastro; 1898, the first Carnival in Mazatlan, Mexico; 1917, the first evidence of the samba, in Rio.

As for the dates of this year's Carnivals, most will begin showing signs of life during the last week of February, will be unmistakably lively over the weekend of February 27 to March 1, and will expire in glory on Mardi Gras, March 3. Deviations from this norm are noted below.

CARIBBEAN

SMALL ISLANDS, BIG CARNIVALS. Both Aruba and Curacao celebrate in a big way, and on both islands the big day is "Dimanche Gras," March 1. In the French West Indies, the major Carnivals are in Fort-de-France, Martinique, and Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe; both keep right on going through Ash Wednesday, March 4. The Carnival in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, follows the usual schedule. The 154-year-old Trinidadian Carnival is among the most venerable in the New World; the centers of activity these days are Port of Spain, Trinidad, and Scarborough, Tobago.

For information: Aruba Tourist Bureau, 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. (212) 246-3030.
Curacao Tourist Board, 400 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 751-8266.
Haiti National Office of Tourism, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-3517.
Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board, 400 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 838-7750.

NEIGHBORLY ISLAND CARNIVALS. Dominica follows the usual schedule. St. Barthelemy and St. Martin, in the French West Indies, pretty much limit their celebrations to Mardi Gras, March 3. Puerto Rico doesn't make as much of a fuss as some of the other islands do, but San Juan does love a party. St. Lucia celebrates, too. Both Puerto Rico and St. Lucia follow the usual schedule.

LATIN AMERICA

ARGENTINA. Corrientes, in the northeastern cattle-ranching country of Mesopotamia (and not far from Iguazu Falls), puts on a stylish, Rio-influenced Carnival. And La Quiaca, on the Bolivian

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border, in the Andes, has a reputation for showing visitors a good time. Both Carnivals last a couple of weeks.

BRAZIL. The "samba schools" of Rio de Janeiro, which are similar in function to New Orleans's krewes, begin planning and practicing their shows in November—all for the sake of about five days' worth of festivities. All social classes participate in Rio's Carnival. In the colorful coastal city of Salvador (Bahia), high society remains aloof, but everyone else displays the enthusiasm that Bahia is famous for.

COLOMBIA. Barranquilla has acquired the nickname of Ciudad Loca, or "Crazy City," completely on account of its four-day Carnival.

MEXICO. Mazatlan, on the western coast; Veracruz, on the eastern coast; and Merida, on the Yucatan peninsula, are the most popular and traditional sites. In each city the festivities last about four days.

PERU. The high mountain town of Cajamarca celebrates every Sunday from Epiphany, January 6, onward, and every day of the last five before Lent.

VENEZUELA. Caracas devotes itself to Carnival from Sunday through Mardi Gras. Ciudad Bolivar, a romantic old colonial town on the Orinoco River, also celebrates in style, for about the same duration.

UNITED STATES

BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI. Biloxi presents two parades, both on Mardi Gras, March 3. (601) 374-2717.

MOBILE, ALABAMA. The official dates are February 18–March 3. Like most Carnivals, Mobile's saves the best for last. (205) 433-6951.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA. The official season begins on Epiphany, January 6, but the celebration won't get rolling until mid-February. New Orleans has so many krewes that it takes 12 days to fit all their parades in—and that's with two or more scheduled every day, and 18 scheduled for Mardi Gras alone. (504) 566-5011.

In all cases, reserve plane tickets and accommodations early. For more information when an address or phone number is not given on this page, write or call the national tourist board. Its address and phone number appear beneath the listings for that nation, elsewhere in the Travel Planner.

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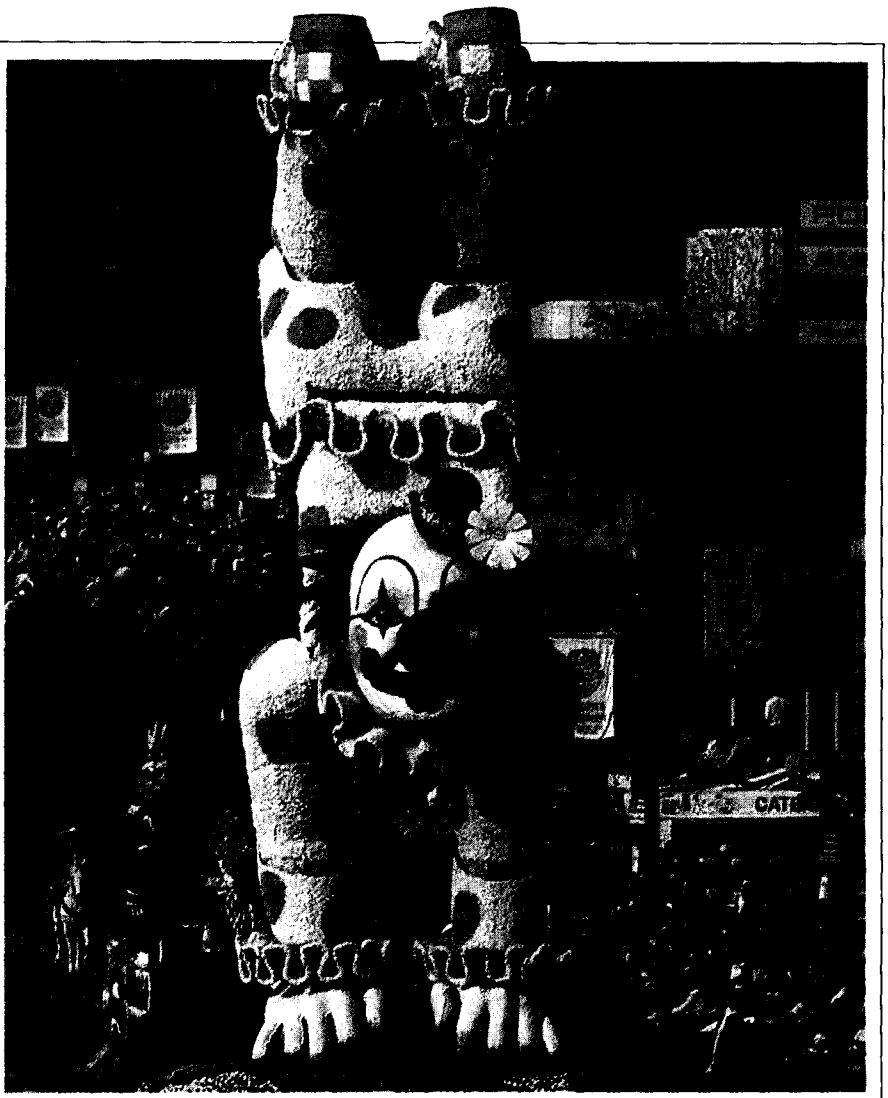
THE UNITED STATES

Major pre-Lenten Carnivals in the United States are listed on page T-17, major skiing events on pages T-22 and T-23, and competitive regattas on page T-30.



The Tournament of Roses Parade, Pasadena, California

NEW ENGLAND

NOVEMBER 22-30, OLD STURBRIDGE VILLAGE THANKSGIVING, Mass. The costumed "interpreters" at the village, which lives eternally in the 1830s, will be demonstrating cooking techniques that went into preparing a Thanksgiving dinner in that period. On Thanksgiving Day, dinner will be served at the Bullard Tavern (advance reservation is required), and services will be held in the meetinghouse. (617) 347-3362.

NOVEMBER 26-28, PEACH BASKET FESTIVAL, Springfield, Mass. The highlight is the Tip-Off Classic, the official opening game of the collegiate basketball season. Also, a parade and festivities at the Basketball Hall of Fame. (413) 732-9585.

DECEMBER 6-7, CANDLELIGHT STROLL AT STRAWBERY BANKE, Portsmouth, NH. The whole neighborhood is a living museum of cultural history. Visitors stroll along candlelit streets from one era of holiday Americana to another. (603) 433-1100.

DECEMBER 31, FIRST NIGHT ARTS CELEBRATION, Boston, Mass. Environmental art, ice sculptures, music, dance, theater, storytelling, mime, film, poetry, and, finally, fireworks greet the new year. (617) 424-1699.

JANUARY 16-18, WINTER CARNIVAL, Stowe, Vt. Ice-sculpting contests, parades, and sled-dog races and other sporting events, of both silly and serious kinds. (802) 253-7321.

MARCH 14-15, RANGELEY SLED DOG RACES, Maine. The scenic Rangeley lakes region will host a special 25th-anniversary edition. (207) 864-5571.

APRIL 20, BOSTON MARATHON, Mass. (617) 536-4100.

MID-ATLANTIC

NOVEMBER 2, NEW YORK MARATHON, New York City. (212) 397-8200.

NOVEMBER 28–FEBRUARY 22, FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS, Niagara Falls, NY. On the opening night of the festival, after they switch on the lights that bathe the majestic falls in color, there will be hoopla and fireworks. Over the duration of the festival, whose co-host is Niagara Falls, Ontario, a sampler ballet from the USSR, symphonies, a Broadway variety show, and other entertainment will be presented. (716) 278-8010.

DECEMBER 1-23 AND 26-30, CHRISTMAS CITY NIGHT LIGHT TOURS, Bethlehem, Pa. The little town of Bethlehem doesn't lie so still as it used to, but it's a pleasant change. (215) 868-1513.

DECEMBER 31, NEW YEAR'S EVE CELEBRATION, Rochester, NY. Rochester claims that the thousands who take part in this annual event constitute the world's largest kazoo concert, and probably there are no rivals for the title. The musicale is followed by fireworks. (716) 546-3070.

JANUARY 1, MUMMERS PARADE, Philadelphia, Pa. From 8 A.M. on, about 10 hours' worth of string bands, comic brigades, and fancy brigades parading in costume. The tradition dates back to 1902. (215) 686-2876.

JANUARY 29, CHINESE NEW YEAR, New York City. The new year is 4865, a Year of the Rabbit, as will be riotously, gloriously evident in Chinatown. (212) 397-8200.

JANUARY 29–FEBRUARY 7, SNOWTOWN, USA, Watertown, NY. Snow

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golf, snow baseball, and cross-country and downhill skiing are among the events meant to show off the area's annual 100-plus inches of snow. Also, ice fishing, ice sculpting, and a Blizzard of Oz parade. (315) 788-4400.

FEBRUARY 11-15, WINTER CARNIVAL, Saranac Lake, NY. Featuring a team of torch-bearing skiers who just can't stay away from the ice palace; this year they're going to storm it again, on Saturday. (518) 891-1990.

MARCH 5-8, BIG EAST BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT, New York City. A collegiate classic, at Madison Square Garden. (212) 397-8200.

APRIL 5-11, CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Washington, DC. The festival begins with the traditional lighting of the Japanese lantern and concludes with the traditional Cherry Blossom parade. In between, the city offers first-rate entertainment and a busy schedule of special events. (202) 789-7000.

SOUTHEAST

NOVEMBER 21, CREEK INDIAN THANKSGIVING DAY HOMECOMING AND POW WOW, Poarch, Ala. In the best American tradition the Poarch Band of Creek Indians welcomes all comers to its celebration. Roasted corn and other traditional Thanksgiving foods are available, and the activities include an Indian dance competition, a turkey shoot, and a greased-pig chase. (205) 368-9136.

NOVEMBER 28–DECEMBER 28, CHRISTMAS AT DESOTO CAVERNS, Childersburg, Ala. Christmas lights and music enliven the Great Onyx Cathedral, a chamber in the caverns which is bigger than a football field and taller than a 12-story building. Here also the Noel Sound and Light Show with Leaping Waters is presented. (205) 378-7252.

DECEMBER 1–MARCH 15, REELFOOT EAGLE WATCH TOURS, Tiptonville, Tenn. Daily naturalist-guided bus tours of the Reelfoot Lake area, a natural fish hatchery where dozens of bald eagles winter. Reservations are required. (901) 253-7756.

DECEMBER 19, CHRISTMAS SING IN THE CAVE, Mammoth Cave National Park, Ky. Choirs sing carols by the light of candles and lanterns in a large chamber in the cave. (502) 758-2251.

DECEMBER 26–JANUARY 1, SUGAR BOWL CLASSIC AND FESTIVAL, New Orleans, La. (504) 566-5011.

DECEMBER 26–JANUARY 2, INDIAN ARTS FESTIVAL, Miami, Fla. Indians of many tribes turn out in full regalia, at the Miccosukie Indian Village, to perform dances and music and demonstrate traditional crafts. (305) 223-8380.

DECEMBER 31–JANUARY 4, ORANGE BOWL CLASSIC AND FESTIVAL, Miami, Fla. (305) 223-8380.

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FEBRUARY 23–MARCH 6, NATIONAL FIELD TRIAL CHAMPIONSHIPS, Grand Junction, Tenn. At Ames Plantation, a privately owned and operated branch experiment station affiliated with the University of Tennessee, a series of competitions will determine the 1987 World Champion Bird Dog. Spectators are welcome to follow the progress of the competition, on horseback. (615) 741-7994.

FEBRUARY 26–MARCH 28, HUMANA FESTIVAL OF NEW AMERICAN PLAYS, Louisville, Ky. Humana has a fine track record for presenting significant new plays. (502) 584-1205.

MARCH 14-15, CLAXTON RATTLESNAKE ROUNDUP, Ga. A snake hunt, a snake show, snake-handling demonstrations, wildlife exhibits, a barbecue, and a parade. (912) 739-1391.

MARCH 16, ANNUAL OPENING OF MONTPELIER, Orange County, Va. The start of the season for tours of the home of James Madison. Montpelier is a destination more meaningful than ever this year, inasmuch as 1987 is the bicentennial of the Constitution. (703) 672-2728.

MARCH 19–APRIL 14, FESTIVAL OF HOUSES, Charleston, SC. A series of tours that altogether visit nearly 90 historic homes and gardens. Also, each Monday evening there's a musicale by candlelight. (803) 723-1623.

MARCH 28-30, NCAA FINAL FOUR BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT, New Orleans, La. (504) 566-5011.

MIDWEST

NOVEMBER 9-22, AMERICAN ROYAL LIVESTOCK AND HORSE SHOW AND RODEO, Kansas City, Mo. The largest event of its kind in the nation, the American Royal includes a Western art show, a barbecue contest, and a parade, as well as the livestock show, the horse show (November 16-22), and the rodeo (November 9-15). (816) 221-9800.

JANUARY 7-10, JOHN BEARGREASE SLED DOG RACE, Duluth, Minn. The dogs will run to Grand Marais and back again—430 miles. The start, the finish, and the turning point are all fun to watch, and there's an associated festival in Finland, Minn., one of the checkpoints en route. (218) 387-1371.

JANUARY 21–FEBRUARY 1, ST. PAUL WINTER CARNIVAL, Minn. Parades, toboggan runs, hot-air-balloon races, an ice-sculpting contest, professional car racing on ice, and even a marathon. (612) 222-4416.

JANUARY 26, MICHIGAN SESQUICENTENNIAL, throughout Michigan. Re-creations of the illumination ceremonies that were held on this day in 1837, when the state was admitted into the Union, will again light up the cities and towns. Assorted other festivities will take place or begin on this day; the Sesquicentennial celebration will continue all winter long. (517) 482-1987.

FEBRUARY 7-15, CHICAGO AUTO SHOW, Ill. Domestic and import cars, trucks, and recreational and commercial vehicles, plus previews of prototypes—all in all, the world's largest auto show, covering more than a half million square feet and regularly drawing nearly a million visitors. (312) 693-6630.

FEBRUARY 27-28, NAIA NATIONAL TRACK & FIELD COMPETITION, Kansas City, Mo. (816) 842-5050.

MARCH 9-14, WORLD FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP, Cincinnati, Ohio. (513) 621-2142.

WEST

DECEMBER 5-13, NATIONAL FINALS RODEO, Las Vegas, Nevada. The richest rodeo in the country, with a purse of $1.9 million. Reserve tickets in advance. (702) 731-2115.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, SLEIGH RIDES AT HARDWARE RANCH ELK REFUGE, Utah. Seven days a week (weather conditions permitting), horse-drawn sleighs take visitors out to see the large herds of elk that winter in Blacksmith Fork Canyon. The rides are free. (801) 245-3131.

JANUARY 1, COTTON BOWL PARADE AND FOOTBALL CLASSIC, Dallas, Texas. (512) 475-4326.

JANUARY 14-15, NATIONAL WESTERN STOCK SHOW, Denver, Colo. The world's largest indoor rodeo and stock show. (303) 297-1166.

JANUARY 16-25, UNITED STATES FILM FESTIVAL, Park City, Utah. Under the aegis of the Sundance Institute, new American films are screened—in particular, independent feature films and documentaries, which compete for awards. (801) 328-3456.

JANUARY 24–FEBRUARY 1, TEXAS CITRUS FIESTA, Mission. The 50th annual edition. The fiesta's unique features include a Product Costume fashion show, of outfits concocted out of fruits and vegetables grown in the Rio Grande Valley, and the Parade of Oranges, which extends the same idea to a category of the floats. (512) 585-9724.

JANUARY 24 AND JANUARY 29–FEBRUARY 1, PARADA DEL SOL PARADE AND RODEO, Scottsdale, Ariz. The parade, on January 24, is the longest in the world to make exclusive use of literal (as opposed to mechanical) horse power. The rodeo will begin on January 29. (602) 945-8481.

JANUARY 29-31, COWBOY POETRY GATHERING, Elko, Nevada. Poets, all of whom are working cowboys as well, gather to give readings and recitals. Reserve tickets for the evening recitals in advance. (702) 738-4091.

FEBRUARY 2-8, STEAMBOAT WINTER CARNIVAL, Steamboat Springs, Colo. Ski jumping, sled racing, a combination cross-country and hot-air-balloon race, among other sporting and entertaining events. (303) 879-0695.

MARCH 28–APRIL 30, TUCSON FESTIVAL, Ariz. Festivals within the festival will reflect Tucson's varied heritage. The renowned San Xavier Pageant and Fiesta, in which hundreds of dancers from the Tohono OOdham and Yaqui tribes take part, is set for April 24. (602) 622-6911.

PACIFIC

NOVEMBER 9-16, KING KALAKAUA JUBILEE CENTENNIAL, Honolulu, Hawaii. A hundred years ago was King Kalakaua's 50th birthday, and it was celebrated sumptuously. This celebration will attempt to re-create—perhaps even outdo—that one, in and around Iolani Palace. (808) 533-3036.

NOVEMBER 28-30, GREAT ALASKA SHOOTOUT, Anchorage. A well-regarded invitational NCAA basketball tournament. (907) 786-1295.

DECEMBER 1-31, TRIPLE CROWN OF SURFING, Hawaii. The Men's Masters is always held at Banzai Pipeline, but the dates and the locations for the other events will depend on where the wave action is. (808) 521-8555.

JANUARY 1, TOURNAMENT OF ROSES PARADE AND ROSE BOWL, Pasadena, Calif. If the 60 floats, 22 musical units, and 228 equestrians slated to be in this year's parade were placed end to end, they would

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UNITED STATES

span more than 5 miles—and, in fact, they will. (818) 449-4100.

JANUARY 26–FEBRUARY 1, NORTHWEST BACH FESTIVAL, Spokane, Wash. The musicians play Bach on original instruments. (509) 747-6443

JANUARY 31–FEBRUARY 7, CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATION, San Francisco, Calif. Actually, the new Year of the Rabbit begins on January 29—but this celebration, by America's largest Chinese community, is worth waiting for. The Golden Dragon Parade will take place on the final Saturday night. (415) 974-6900

FEBRUARY 2-8, HAWAIIAN OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT, Honolulu. At the Waialae Country Club, a $500,000 PGA event. (808) 836-0060.

FEBRUARY 13-22, NATIONAL DATE FESTIVAL, Indio, Calif. Daily camel and ostrich races, a nightly Arabian Nights pageant, a beard contest, a diaper derby, a kitchen-band jamboree, a gem and mineral show, and the Taj Mahal exhibit hall, stuffed with date shakes, date cakes, dates, citrus fruit, and more dates. The promotion committee bills this as America's Most Unusual Exposition, and it may be right. (619) 342-8247.

FEBRUARY 27–MARCH 8, SNOWFEST, North Lake Tahoe, Calif. The Great Ski Race and the Corporate Ski Challenge, cross-country and downhill events that each attract several hundred skiers, are among the 100-plus festival events. So is the Dress Up Your Dog contest. (916) 583-7625.

MARCH 1, START OF THE IDITAROD TRAIL SLED DOG RACE, Anchorage to Nome, Alaska. Events in Anchorage preceding the race convey a spirited "Godspeed!" to the 100 or more mushers who take part in this 1,049-mile race. The teams arrive at the finish line from two to four weeks later. The winners split a $200,000 purse. (907) 376-5582.

APRIL 3-12, SKAGIT VALLEY TULIP FESTIVAL, Wash. Mount Vernon, LaConner, and Anacortes take on a celebratory air, but the main event is the blooming of some of the world's largest tulip, and daffodil, fields. (206) 336-9555.

CANADA

Major Canadian skiing events are listed on pages T-22 and T-23.

NOVEMBER 28–DECEMBER 5, CANADIAN WESTERN AGRIBITION, Regina, Saskatchewan. The largest agricultural exhibition in North America, with livestock and grain shows, riding competitions, and all the trimmings.

JANUARY 1, POLAR BEAR SWIM, Vancouver, British Columbia. You are cordially invited to take the plunge along with the regulars, in English Bay.

FEBRUARY 5-15, QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL, Quebec City. There's something for just about everybody at this famous winter carnival: an international ice carving contest, winter sporting events, parades, fireworks, gourmet feasts, costum balls, and even an eccentric hairstyling and make-up competition.

FEBRUARY 6-15, WINTERLUDE, Ottawa, Ontario. Speed skating, ice-boating, outdoor curling, harness racing, and an ice-sculpture display—all on the world's longest man-made skating rink, the Rideau Canal. The two-day, 150km Canadian Ski Marathon, from Lachute, Quebec, to Gatineau, Ontario, will be held over the first weekend, and the Gatineau 55 Worldloppet ski race on the final day.

FEBRUARY 14-22, FESTIVAL DU VOYAGEUR, St. Boniface, Manitoba. A toast by the present to the fur-trading past, in the form of snow-sculpture displays, dog-sled races, a cabaret, and lots of French-Canadian music, food, and *joie de vivre.*

MID-MARCH, BEAVER TAIL JAMBOREE, Fort Simpson, Northwest Territories. A pancake breakfast, a broom-ball tournament, a wood-chopping contest, relay races, and numerous outdoor sporting events—all the staples of a community carnival are here, and never mind how far below freezing the average daily temperature is.

For information: Canadian Government Office of Tourism, 235 Queen St., Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0H6, Canada. (613) 996-4610.

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SKIING

WORLDLOPPET CROSS-COUNTRY

JANUARY 18, DOLOMITENLAUF, 60 km: Lienz, Austria (loop route).

JANUARY 25, MARCIALONGA, 70 km: Moena to Cavalese, Italy.

FEBRUARY 1, KOENIG LUDWIG LAUF, 65 km: Ettal to Oberammergau, West Germany.

FEBRUARY 15, GATINEAU 55, 55 km: Hull, Quebec, Canada (loop route).

FEBRUARY 15, TRANSJURASSIENNE, 76 km: Lamoura to Mouthe, France.

FEBRUARY 21, AMERICAN BIRKEBEINER, 55 km: Hayward to Cable, Wisconsin.

FEBRUARY 22, FINLANDIA HIIHTO, 75 km: Hameenlinna to Lahti, Finland.

MARCH 1, VASALOPPET, 89 km: Salen to Mora, Sweden.

MARCH 8, ENGADIN SKIMARATHON, 42 km: Maloja to Zuoz/s-Chanf, Switzerland.

MARCH 8, SAPPORO INTERNATIONAL SKI MARATHON, 50 km: Sapporo, Japan (loop route).

MARCH 15, BIRKEBEINER RENNET, 55 km: Lillehammer to Rena, Norway.

More information about, and registration forms for, the Worldloppet races are available from the American Worldloppet Office, P.O. Box 911, Hayward, WI 54843. (715) 634-5025.

NORDIC

DECEMBER 5-6, Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada. 70m and 90m jumping.

DECEMBER 6-7, Biwabik, Minn. Combined cross-country and jumping (team competition). (218) 865-4143.

DECEMBER 12-13, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Combined cross-country and jumping.

DECEMBER 13-14, Lake Placid, NY. 70m and 90m jumping. (518) 523-1655.

DECEMBER 20-21, Davos, Switzerland. Men's 30km cross-country and 70m jumping.

Slalom at the 1986 U.S. National Championships

Herewith, the season's premier skiing events. The Worldloppet, a circuit that comprises some time-honored ski marathons and some fairly new ones, has grown exalted in the seven years since it was established. Last year 70,000 serious—or at least game—skiers took part in the Worldloppet races, and to date more than 350 skiers have finished all eleven of them.

The Dolomitenlauf, in Austria, and the Gatineau 55, in Canada, are among the races most suitable for a newcomer to marathon skiing, because their routes are less demanding than others and because they draw only 3,000 skiers apiece. The Finlandia Hiihto is the world's largest race, with 15,000 participants, and the Scandinavian and Swiss races are densely populated—that is, popular—too. Some other participatory ski races, sponsored by winter carnivals, snow festivals, and the like, are mentioned in the United States, Canada, and Europe sections of the Travel Planner.

All races under the Nordic and Alpine headings except national championships are World Cup competitions. Members of the U.S. Ski Team are scheduled to participate in the events listed; often the ski areas will be hosting additional sporting, and social, events.

JANUARY 8-11, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Men's 15km and women's 10km cross-country.

JANUARY 24-25, Sapporo, Japan. 70m and 90m jumping.

JANUARY 28–FEBRUARY 1, NATIONAL SKI JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Steamboat Springs, Colo. (303) 879-0695.

FEBRUARY 11-22, WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS, Oberstdorf, West Germany. Men's and women's cross-country, jumping, and combined cross-country and jumping.

FEBRUARY 27–MARCH 1, Lahti, Finland. Men's 50km and women's 5km cross-country, 70m and 90m jumping, and combined.

MARCH 4, Oernskoldsvik, Sweden. 70m night jumping.

MARCH 5-8, Falun, Sweden. Men's and women's 30km cross-country, 70m and 90m jumping, and combined.

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MARCH 13-15, WORLD SKI-FLYING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Planica, Yugoslavia 120m jumping.

MARCH 14-15, Leningrad, USSR. Men's 15km and women's 10km cross-country, and combined.

MARCH 18-22, Oslo, Norway. Men's 50km and women's 15km or 20km cross-country, 70m and 90m jumping, and combined.

ALPINE

DECEMBER 5-6, Waterville Valley, NH. Women's slalom and giant slalom. (603) 236-8311.

JANUARY 24-25, Kitzbuehel, Austria. Men's downhill, slalom, and combined downhill and slalom.

JANUARY 25–FEBRUARY 8, WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS, Crans Montana, Switzerland.

FEBRUARY 19-25, UNITED STATES CHAMPIONSHIPS, Copper Mountain, Colo. (303) 968-2882.

FEBRUARY 19-26, CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS. February 19-21, men's downhill and super-giant slalom, at Mount Ste. Anne, Quebec. February 21-23, women's downhill and super-giant, at Rossland, British Columbia. February 23-24, men's slalom and giant slalom, at Stoneham, Quebec. February 25-26, women's slalom and giant slalom, at Rossland, British Columbia.

FEBRUARY 28–MARCH 1, Furano, Japan Men's downhill and super-giant slalom.

MARCH 7-8, Aspen, Colo. Men's downhill and super-giant slalom. (303) 925-1220.

MARCH 7-18, Mount Allan, Alberta, Canada. Men's and women's downhill and super-giant slalom.

MARCH 13-15, Vail, Colo. Women's downhill and super-giant slalom. (303) 476-9500.

MARCH 20-22, Sarajevo, Yugoslavia. Men's and women's slalom, giant slalom, and parallel slalom.

For more information about the competitions that will take place within the United States, call the phone numbers provided. More information about the competitions taking place in other countries is available from the national tourist boards. Their addresses and phone numbers appear beneath their nations' listings, in other sections of the Travel Planner.

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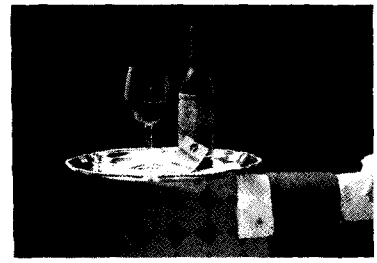

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EUROPE

Major skiing events in Europe are listed on pages T-22 and T-23.

AUSTRIA

DECEMBER 31–JANUARY 1, NEW YEAR'S, Vienna. The temptations on New Year's Eve are numerous: there's the Vienna Philharmonic's New Year's Eve concert at the Musikverein, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra's at the Konzerthaus, the traditional Imperial Ball at the Hofburg Winter Palace, and the upstart but world-class ball at the Hotel-Palais Schwarzenberg. Nonetheless, it's perfectly good form to resist them all and go straight to bed, in order to be up in time for the traditional 11 A.M. New Year's Day concert by the Philharmonic. Herbert von Karajan conducts, back at the Musikverein. Already it may be too late to reserve tickets to any of these events—but it's none too early to be planning to ring in 1988 in one, or more, of these ways.

FEBRUARY 7-15, VIENNA OPERETTA FESTIVAL. A chiefly Viennese program of operettas. Reserve tickets early.

APRIL 11-20, EASTER FESTIVAL, Salzburg. Herbert von Karajan has made this festival of Austrian music a pet project. This year he will conduct the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; the orchestra will also play a series of concerts of works by Bruckner, Haydn, Schubert, and Richard Strauss. Reserve tickets early.

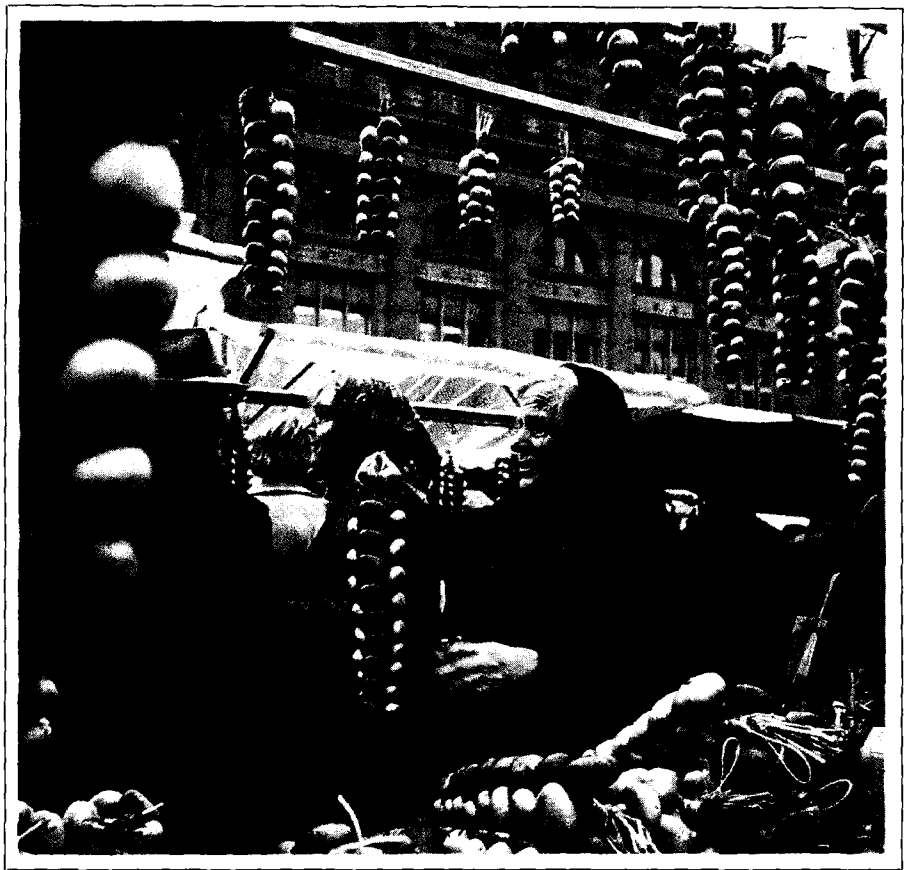
For information: Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110. (212) 944-6880.

BELGIUM

NOVEMBER 12-13, MONNAIE GALA, Brussels. Until the seventeenth century the Place de la Monnaie was the site of Brussels's mint—hence its name. Then that was torn down and an opera house was built. Then that was torn down and another opera house was built, in 1817. Lately that building has been under renovation and refurbishment; it will re-open, on November 12, with a performance of Beethoven's Ninth. On the 13th a production of *Der Rosenkavalier* will have its premiere.

MARCH 3, GILLES OF BINCHE CARNIVAL. The Gilles characters are relative newcomers to Binche's Carnival—legend doesn't trace them back any further than 1549, whereas the Carnival itself goes back at least as far as the 12th century. The Gilles are Binche residents' historical idea of what Incas looked like, according to what they inferred from reports by the Spanish (who, of course, once ruled Belgium as well as much of South America). Throughout the afternoon of the Carnival the exotically garbed Gilles throw oranges to, or at, the celebrating crowds—a tradition that can scarcely be considered a tradition at all, for it's no older than this century.

For information: Belgian Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10151. (212) 758-8130.



The Onion Market, in Bern, Switzerland

FINLAND

NOVEMBER 28-30, KAAMOS JAZZ, Tankavaara. The "Gold Village" of Tankavaara, in Lapland, north of the Arctic Circle, imports an international roster of jazz players. (The village's nickname comes from the fact that people pan for gold there at warmer, lighter times of the year.)

FEBRUARY 20-22, FINNISH CHAMPIONSHIPS IN SNOW SCULPTURE, Vaasa. Finns take the art of snow sculpture far, far above and beyond crude snowmen and igloos—to monsters, likenesses of celebrities, and walk-in castles, for example. The top two teams of three from eight preliminary competitions will attempt to shovel, pack, and chisel their way to the national title.

For information: Finnish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

FRANCE

NOVEMBER 16-19, LES TROIS GLORIEUSES, Beaune. Many oenophiles make the pilgrimage to this renowned auction of wines from the vineyards belonging to the town's Hospices.

DECEMBER 9, OPENING OF THE MUSEUM OF THE 19TH CENTURY, Paris. The vast glass-and-steel Gare d'Orsay is being retrofitted out as a museum of the art, technology, and architecture of France from 1848 to 1914. The Jeu de Paume's fine collection of Impressionist paintings is moving to the new museum, as are various

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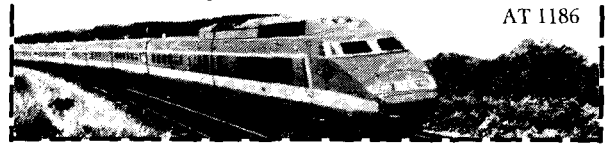

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paintings, sculptures, and objets d'art that are now in the Louvre and the Palais de Tokyo.

FEBRUARY 12–MARCH 4, NICE CARNIVAL. Nice puts on perhaps the most sophisticated of all Carnivals. The sophistication shows at all levels, right down to the construction of the floats in the parade: they are articulated and mechanized, and they carry their own music. There are torchlit processions on the Saturday nights, flower battles on the Promenade des Anglais on Wednesdays, and, of course, food, fireworks, and folderol.

For information: French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020-2452. (212) 757-1125.

GREECE

NOVEMBER 20–DECEMBER 10, DIMITRA FESTIVAL, Thessaloniki. This historic coastal city will present music by young Mediterranean artists on the last 10 days of November, and jazz on the first 10 days of December.

JANUARY 6, EPIPHANY, Piraeus. Epiphany is celebrated throughout Greece. The day's most impressive spectacle is the blessing of the boats that takes place in Piraeus, the port of Athens.

For information: Greek National Tourist Organization, 645 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 421-5777.

ICELAND

FEBRUARY, THORRI, Reykjavik. For the month of Thorri restaurant and home cooks alike put away foreign recipes, roll up their sleeves, and get busy making traditional foods. These include crepe-like Icelandic pancakes, sausages, fermented shark and other fish dishes, lamb's heads, rullupylsa—strips of lamb that have been stuffed with vegetables and condiments, rolled, sewed, and smoked or boiled—and several varieties of kokur, or Icelandic bread, one of which requires cooking over the island's omnipresent hot springs.

For information: Iceland Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

IRELAND

MARCH 14-20, SAINT PATRICK'S WEEK, Dublin. About a quarter of a million Irishmen, honorary or otherwise, annually turn out for the Gaelic football, hurling, horse racing, and concerts and dancing on St. Stephen's Green. The Lord Mayor's Ball is one highlight (reserve tickets early); the band and drill-team competitions and the parade are others.

MARCH 20-22, CHURCH MUSIC INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL, Limerick City. Choirs and other choral groups will sing traditional and modern music in this competitive festival held in the 12th-century St. Mary's Cathedral.

For information: Irish Tourist Board, 757 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 418-0800.

ITALY

JANUARY 6, LIVING TABLEAU OF THE CHRISTMAS CRECHE, Rivisondoli. Virtually the whole population of this little town in the Abruzzi takes part in its traditional live Christmas creche. There are hundreds of costumed characters, in a magnificent natural setting.

FEBRUARY 21–MARCH 3, CARNIVAL IN VENICE. This Carnival places more of an emphasis on the arts than many do. There are plays and musical entertainment in the theaters, street theater in the squares, film series, and so on, in addition to the masked balls, parades, fireworks displays, and other traditional events.

For information: Italian Government Travel Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 245-4822.

NETHERLANDS

LATE MARCH, OPENING OF KEUKENHOF GARDENS SEASON, Lisse. Keukenhof, a 70-acre wooded park about halfway between Amsterdam and The Hague, is the Dutch bulb industry's showpiece. When the spring flowers come into bloom, it's a knockout.

For information: Netherlands Board of Tourism, 355 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 370-7367.

NORWAY

MARCH, WINTER FESTIVAL BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, Narvik. Narvik is about as northerly as Norway gets. Each year, around the end of winter, the town holds skiing and skating competitions and presents entertainment.

MARCH 29–APRIL 4, VOSS JAZZ FESTIVAL. The season-opener for European jazz festivals, in the village of Voss, an hour's drive from Bergen.

For information: Norwegian Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

PORTUGAL

NOVEMBER 9-11, SAO MARTINHO FAIR, Golega. The Portuguese equivalent of a championship rodeo and saddle-bronc auction. In this case, though, the colorful cowboys, called *campinos*, race rather than rope. And the sale of fine Portuguese horses draws connoisseurs from far and wide.

JANUARY 20, SAO SEBASTIAO FESTIVAL, Aveiro. A vow made to Sao Sebastiao in the 16th century has, somehow, resulted in an annual march by hundreds of young girls carrying *fogacas* (buns), which have been artfully arranged in baskets—which have, in turn, been decorated with flowers, ribbons, and little flags. The whole population of this charming region turns out and cheers them on.

MARCH 25–APRIL 25, MARCH FAIR, Aveiro. In the fair's water parades and flower battles the local workboats play starring and supporting roles, respectively. Bullfights (Portuguese law forbids killing the bull), folk dancing and singing, and general celebrating round out the schedule.

For information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 354-4403.

SPAIN

FEBRUARY 27–MARCH 8, CARNIVAL, Santa Cruz de Tenerife. This town in

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the Canary Islands makes something of an attempt to mount an authentic, historical Carnival. There are parades of floats and *murgas*, or comic bands, much singing of songs traditional to the islands, and many contests in the folkloric performing arts.

MARCH 12-19, FALLAS DE SAN JOSE, Valencia. Satirical *falla* figures are on display throughout this mischievous festival. At midnight on the final night, the Nit del Foc, they are ignited, to spectacular effect.

For information: National Tourist Office of Spain, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-8822.

SWEDEN

DECEMBER 10, NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONIES, Stockholm. Attendance at the ceremonies is by invitation only. But at prize time, Stockholm, always a sophisticated and well-groomed city, straightens its tie, as it were, and steps out, vowing to be utterly charming to all.

EARLY FEBRUARY, ANDREE COMMEMORATIVE MEETING, Granna. Hot-air-ballooning enthusiasts gather for a weekend in the town where Salomon August Andree, a pioneer of the sport, was born. (Born 133 years ago, he was lost at the age of 43 during an attempt to overfly the north polar region; his remains were found many years later.) The meet is one of Europe's largest contests for hot-air balloons.

For information: Swedish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

SWITZERLAND

NOVEMBER 24, ONION MARKET, Bern. According to legend, the Onion Market has its origins in a devastating fire that the city suffered in 1405. The people of a neighboring canton helped rebuild, whereupon Bern, in gratitude, granted them and all their descendants the right to bring their produce to market in Bern on the fourth Monday of November. The result, by now, is that on this day the market stalls are piled with tons and tons of onions (onions being the produce that's in season), the sweet shops are filled with marzipan onions, the air is full of confetti and streamers, and the streets are full of merrymakers, who generally include a few young people costumed as onions.

DECEMBER 13-14, ESCALADE, Geneva. At sunset on Sunday nearly 500 historically costumed Genevese parade by torchlight through town. The procession commemorates the repulsion of the troops of Duke Charles Emmanuel of Savoy, who tried to scale the town's ramparts early in the 17th century. Other commemorative ceremonies occur throughout the weekend.

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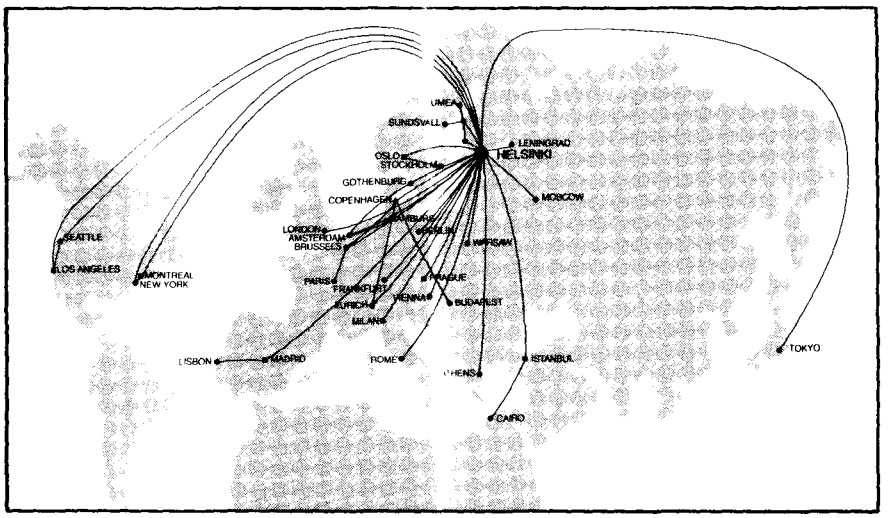

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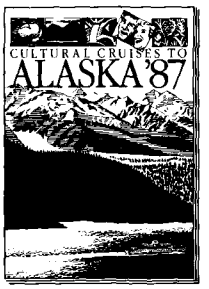

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EUROPE

For information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 608 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-5944.

TURKEY

DECEMBER 6-8, SAINT NICHOLAS FESTIVAL, Demre. This coastal town in the resort region near Antalya fetes the namesake of its Church of St. Nicholas. The church dates from the time when Nicholas was the local bishop—the 4th century. His tomb lies in a basilica that has recently been restored.

JANUARY 11, CAMEL WRESTLING FESTIVAL, Selcuk. Musicians play drum and flute music while the camels wrestle each other. Actually, the whole month is Turkey's camel-wrestling season, and other exhibitions take place in various locations in the province of Aydin, south of Izmir, on Turkey's Aegean coast.

For information: Turkish Consulate General, 821 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-2194.

UNITED KINGDOM

THROUGH JANUARY 25, AUGUSTE RODIN EXHIBITION, London. Familiar and not so familiar examples of Rodin's work in all media, principally drawings and sculpture, at the Hayward Gallery.

NOVEMBER 10-14, SCOTLAND'S WHISKY FESTIVAL, Aviemore. An opportunity to learn about Scotch whisky as well as drink it.

NOVEMBER 12-29, BELFAST FESTIVAL OF ARTS. On the Victorian campus of Queen's University, major classical music performances, plus folk and popular music, jazz, opera, ballet, drama, film, and whatever other arts you fancy.

NOVEMBER 19–DECEMBER 6, CARDIFF FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. Cardiff showcases 20th-century works, and presents some music from earlier periods as well.

DECEMBER 10-14, WORLD DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP, London. The premier doubles tennis tournament, at Royal Albert Hall.

For information: British Tourist Authority, 40 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019. (212) 581-4700.

USSR

DECEMBER 25–JANUARY 5, RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL, Moscow. Rather an extravaganza, with performances by the major, renowned music, dance, and theater groups.

MARCH 1-10, MERTSISHOR ART FESTIVAL, Kishinev. In Moldavian tradition a *mertsishor* is a little, whimsical object given, in springtime, as a token of love or friendship; people attach them to the collars of their coats and dresses. The eponymous festival exhibits Moldavian, and other national, traditions in the realm of music and dance. The Doina Choir, the Fluerash Folk Music Company, and the Zhok Dance Company are among the featured groups.

MARCH 25, MURMANSK FESTIVAL OF THE NORTH. The main component of the festival is a 60km cross-country ski race. It proceeds along a loop outside Murmansk, far to the north of the Arctic Circle. Each year some 3,000 skiers take part.

For information: Intourist, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10021. (212) 757-3884.

WEST GERMANY

JANUARY 6–MARCH 3, CARNIVAL, throughout the Rhineland, North Rhine–Westphalia, Bavaria, and Baden-Wuettemberg. A highly dispersed but hearty celebration, known variously as Karnival, Fasching, Fastnacht, and Fasnet. Things pick up toward the end.

APRIL 25–MAY 2, BERLIN'S 750TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION. The celebration will continue through 1987, with parades, exhibitions, concerts, and street fairs, but the opening week is when it will take place in most concentrated form.

For information: German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 308-3300.

YUGOSLAVIA

FEBRUARY 2-7, EUROPEAN FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP, Sarajevo.

For information: Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111-0021. (212) 757-2801.

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MIDDLE EAST & AFRICA

EGYPT

NOVEMBER 13-22, INTERNATIONAL ROWING FESTIVAL, Cairo and Luxor. This 2,000-meter rowing competition is modeled on an ancient Egyptian event. Teams from Europe, Africa, the U.S., and Egypt will participate.

NOVEMBER 17-22, AL HOSAN EL MISRY, Cairo. A celebration of the Egyptian Arabian horse, including a precision riding display, a jumping demonstration, exhibitions of the horses, and a race across the desert.

For information: Egyptian Tourist Authority, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 246-6960.

ISRAEL

DECEMBER 10-19, HOLY LAND MARATHON TOUR, around Israel. Including the annual Sea of Galilee Marathon.

DECEMBER 12-31, 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. A gala series of concerts is planned. Among the artists participating will be Daniel Barenboim, Zubin Mehta, Itzhak Perlman, Mstislav Rostropovich, Isaac Stern, and Pinchas Zukerman.

DECEMBER 12–JANUARY 5, LITURGICA, Jerusalem. A pageant of choral music, organized by the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra.

DECEMBER 27–JANUARY 3, CHANUKAH CELEBRATIONS, Jerusalem. A torch-lighting will take place each night at the ancient Western Wall.

JANUARY 17-30, ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN CENTENARY CONCERTS, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Haifa. Zubin Mehta will conduct for this orchestral series celebrating the 100th anniversary of Rubinstein's birth.

For information: Israel Ministry of Tourism, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118. (212) 560-0650.

KENYA

JANUARY, INTERNATIONAL BILLFISH COMPETITION, Malindi. On Kenya's coast, 60 miles north of Mombasa, deep-sea-fishing enthusiasts troll for blue marlin and other top game fish.

MARCH 26-30, SAFARI RALLY, Nairobi. The rally heads out from the city to tour the Kenyan countryside in an endurance test of car and driver alike.

For information: Kenya Tourist Office, 424 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 486-1300.

MAURITIUS

JANUARY 1, KAVADI. For this awesome, even shocking, Hindu ceremony penitents pierce their bodies with needles and their tongues and cheeks with skewers. Then they bear the *kavadi*, a wooden arch covered with flowers and supporting two pots of milk, along to the temple. Their pilgrimage is successful if the milk has not curdled by the time they reach their destination.

For information: Mauritius Tourist Information Service, 401 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001. (212) 239-8350.

MOROCCO

JANUARY, ALMOND BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Tafraout. The valley presents a gorgeous vista of white and pink, and the town celebrates.

For information: Moroccan National Tourist Office, 20 E. 46th St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 557-2520.

ZAMBIA

MARCH, KUOMBOKA CEREMONY, Western Province. *Kuomboka* means "getting out of the water"; it applies because the ceremony is held when the Zambezi River swells. The main event is a colorful regatta in which the royal barge leads thousands of boats and canoes.

For information: Embassy of Zambia, 2419 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20008. (202) 265-9717.

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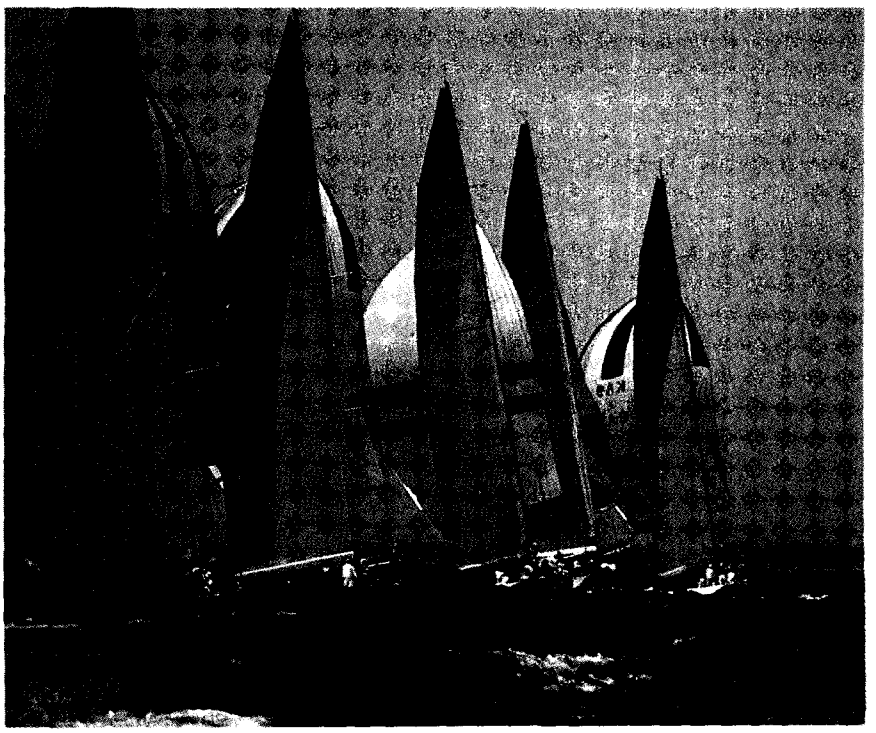

The World 12-meter Championships, at Fremantle, Australia, earlier this year

Trying to win back the America's Cup may be the most important thing, but it's not the only thing. Here is a compendium of prominent yachting events this season. Several other, more casual regattas are listed in the Caribbean and Bahamas & Bermuda sections of the Travel Planner.

SOUTH PACIFIC

THROUGH EARLY FEBRUARY, AMERICA'S CUP, Fremantle, Australia.

- November 2-19, second of the three round robins of the Challenger Trials, in each of which each of the challengers will race every other challenge boat at least once.
- November 9-21, second of the four series of Defender Trials.
- December 2-19, third round robin for the challengers. At the conclusion of this series, the four challenger semi-finalists will be determined, according to a point system.
- December 2-20, third series of Defender Trials.
- December 28–January 7, Challenger Semi-finals.
- December 27–January 8, fourth (and last) series of Defender Trials.
- January 13-23, Challenger Finals, two boats.
- January 14-25, Defender Finals, two boats.
- January 31, start of the America's Cup match series, which will require the best of seven races to win.

The Australia Tourist Commission projects that hotel rooms will be available in Perth throughout the time of the America's Cup events. It does, however, recommend that visitors make reservations in advance.

JANUARY 26, AUCKLAND ANNIVERSARY DAY REGATTA, New Zealand. Since 1880, yachts have converged on Auckland's harbor for the anniversary of the city's founding. By now the regatta is the world's largest single-day sailing event, with 20,000 or so boats participating.

FLORIDA, THE BAHAMAS, & THE CARIBBEAN

JANUARY 15-18, FORT LAUDERDALE TO KEY WEST RACE, Florida.

FEBRUARY 21–MARCH 21, SORC SERIES, Florida and the Bahamas. The Southern Ocean Racing Conference rally will take place in Upper Tampa Bay on February 21.

- February 26-27, St. Petersburg to Boca Grande Race. The finish is back in St. Petersburg.
- March 1-4, St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale Race.
- March 12, Lipton Cup Race. Port Everglades to Miami.
- March 14-15, Ocean Triangle Race. Miami to Ocean Cay to Port Everglades, and back to Miami.
- March 17-18, Miami to Nassau Race.
- March 20, Nassau Cup Race. Nassau to Porpoise Rocks and back.

For more information: Southern Ocean Racing Conference, c/o St. Petersburg Yacht Club, 11 Central Ave., St. Petersburg, FL 33701.

MARCH 20–APRIL 23, CARIBBEAN OCEAN RACING TRIANGLE.

- March 20-22, Copa Velasco, San Juan, Puerto Rico.
- March 27-29, Rolex Cup Regatta, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands.
- April 17-23, British Virgin Islands Spring Regatta, Tortola.

APRIL 3-8, MIAMI TO MONTEGO BAY RACE, Florida and Jamaica. At 811 miles, the longest sailing race off the East Coast.

LATE APRIL, ANTIGUA SAILING WEEK. The close of the Caribbean yachting season. In addition to yacht races, there's a Sunfish race, a fishing-workboat race, and, of course, social events.

All events require participants to register in advance. More information on events (other than the SORC series) is available from the national tourist boards, whose addresses and phone numbers appear beneath their nations' listings, in other sections of the Travel Planner.

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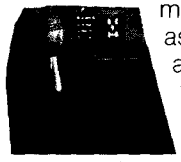

makes 4-wheeling as easy as shifting an automatic transmission. Standard on S-10 Blazer 4x4, Insta-Trac lets you shift from freewheeling 2WD to 4x4 High and back without stopping. This shifting advantage is not available on Bronco II or any imported sport utility vehicle.

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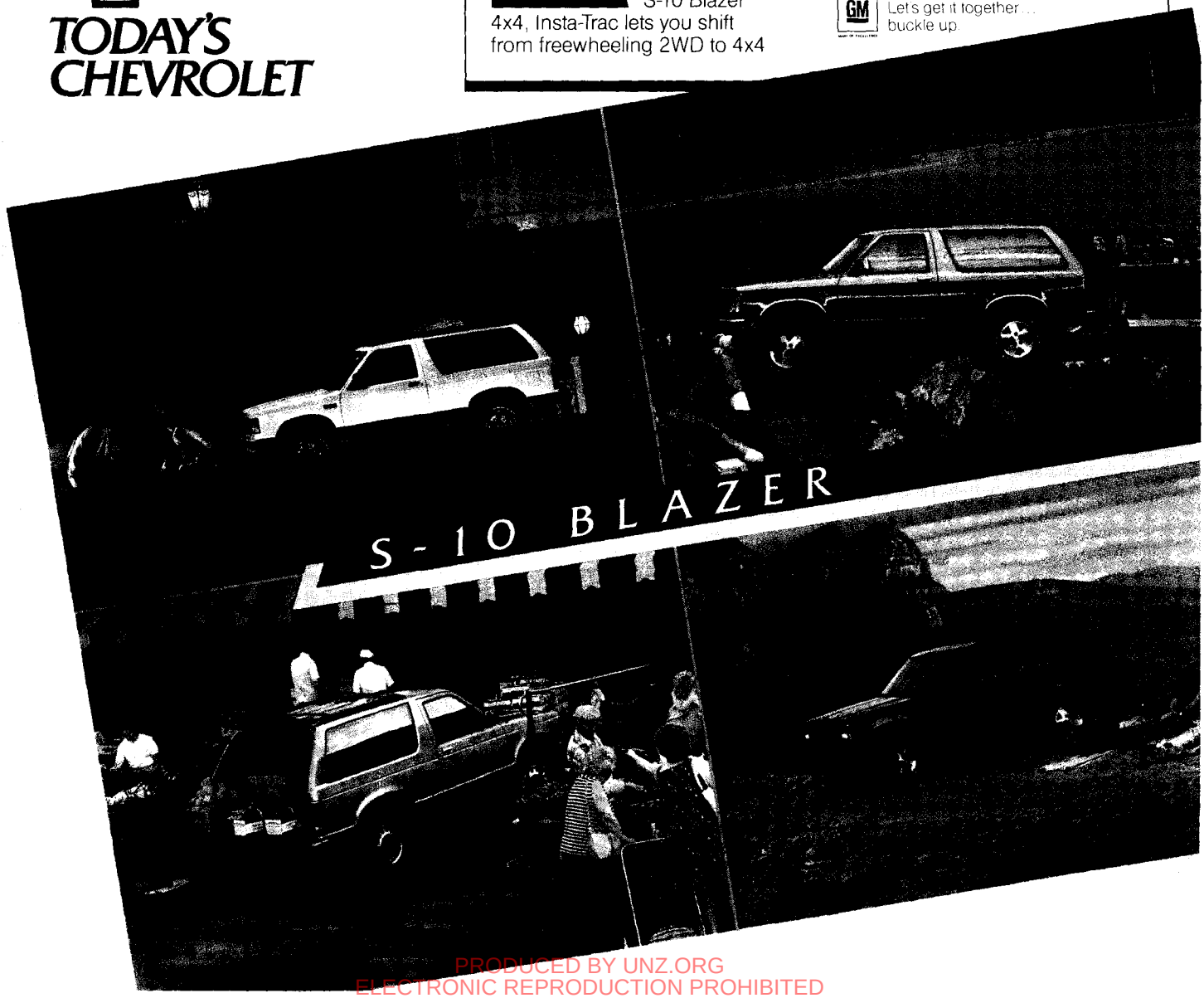

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ASIA & THE PACIFIC

Major regattas in the South Pacific are listed on page T-30.

AUSTRALIA

THROUGH MARCH 27, FESTIVAL OF SPORT, Perth. A setting for the jewel of the America's Cup regatta. The highlights will include a U.S. versus Australia golf match on November 18, pitting Greg Norman and Jan Stephenson against Mark O'Meara and Kathy Baker; the National Panasonic Western Australian golf tournament, November 20-23; an international rodeo at Pinjarra, southeast of Perth, November 29-30; an 11-event horse-racing series beginning on November 29 and culminating in the A$1 million Swan Premium Australasian race on January 26; and a world Heavyweight title fight on January 17.

NOVEMBER 13-16, AUSTRALIAN OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS, Melbourne.

DECEMBER 31–JANUARY 28, FESTIVAL OF SYDNEY. Australia's premier summer arts festival, presenting music, theater, dance, and the visual arts indoors and out.

JANUARY 4-27, INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL, Perth. Featuring jazz bands from the U.S. and Britain as well as native ones.

JANUARY 30–FEBRUARY 21, FESTIVAL OF PERTH. Another cultural concomitant to the America's Cup and Festival of Sport events. Music, theater, opera, dance, film, and the visual arts, indoors and out.

FEBRUARY 27–MARCH 9, MOOMBA FESTIVAL, Melbourne. This is, roughly speaking, Australia's answer to the New Orleans Mardi Gras. The reversal of seasons Down Under permits water-skiing competitions on the river, open-air theatrical events, and so on, to be part of the fun.

FEBRUARY 28–MARCH 15, BALLARAT BEGONIA FESTIVAL. The town of Ballarat, 70 miles northwest of Melbourne and known for its Sovereign Hill district, which looks much the way the town did in the gold-mining era, has an annual floral festival, and slips in some arts events too.

For information: Australian Tourist Commission, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-6300.

BHUTAN

JANUARY 8-12, TONGSA TSECHU, Tongsa Dzong. A religious dance festival at the nation's largest and, arguably, most impressive *dzong*, or fortified monastery.

APRIL 10-14, PARO TSECHU, Paro Dzong. The most widely known *tsechu*. Narrative mask dances are performed in the courtyard, to the sound of the *shawm*, or conch-shell trumpet, the *tung*, a long, deep-toned trumpet whose bell rests on the ground, and drums, cymbals, and bells.

For information: Bhutan Travel Service, 120 E. 56th St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 838-6382.

CHINA

JANUARY 29-31, SPRING FESTIVAL, throughout China. This festival—Chinese New Year, by another, official name—eats up almost half of China's annual allotment of public holidays. Mostly it's an opportunity for people who work away from home to spend time with their families. However, the major cities have fireworks displays and other festivities.

FEBRUARY 12, LANTERN FESTIVAL, Harbin. While the residents of most cities are hanging paper lanterns, the population of the capital of China's northernmost province is flocking to the park bordering the Sunghua River, to see the spectacular display of illuminated ice sculptures there.

APRIL 13-15, WATER SPLASHING FESTIVAL, Xishuangbanna. *This* is New Year, according to people of the Dai nationality. It's the custom to splash water on one another, to chase away the evil spirit. Also, there are dragon-boat races on the Lanchang River and performances of the peacock dance around nighttime bonfires.

For information: China National Tourist Office, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10165. (212) 867-0271.

FRENCH POLYNESIA

DECEMBER 6, TIARE TAHITI DAY, Papeete. The tiare is considered the national flower of French Polynesia (this overlooks the fact that the islands are an overseas department of France, rather than a nation, but never mind). Everybody ends up with a tiare—or a whole lei of them. There are contests, and the Tiare Ball crowns the evening.

DECEMBER 31, NEW YEAR'S EVE CELEBRATIONS, Papeete. The Cross de la Saint Sylvestre footrace takes place on the city's streets, and after dusk the bustling waterfront is festively illuminated.

For information: Tahiti Tourist Promotion Board, 12233 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90064. (213) 207-1919.

HONG KONG

JANUARY 18–FEBRUARY 14, HONG KONG FESTIVAL. Classical and folk music, jazz, dance, and drama, performed by an international roster of artists. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

JANUARY 29, CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS. Huge illuminated decorations adorn the streets of the central district and Tsimshatsui, in Kowloon, and everyone is in a celebratory mood. Hong Kong residents, 98 percent of whom are ethnically Chinese, consider this the largest festival of the year (as do members of Chinese communities the world over). New Year in Hong Kong is a family-oriented celebration, much as Christmas is in the United States. *Kung Hei Fat Choi* (May you prosper)!

FEBRUARY 12, LANTERN FESTIVAL. Colored lanterns are alight everywhere, and traditional cultural performances are given at Ko Shan Park, in Kowloon. At the Sung Dynasty Village, also in Kowloon, the day is celebrated as it was a thousand years ago, with lantern auctions, a feast, and a cultural show. This Lantern Festival (not to be confused with the one at mid-autumn) is meant to give the New Year season a rousing send-off.

For information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5008.

INDIA

NOVEMBER 1, DIVALI, throughout India. Some say this festival originally celebrated Lord Rama's return from exile. Others say the occasion was the triumph of Lord Krishna over the demon king Nasakasura. Still others believe Divali (or Diwali or Deepavali) to be the sole day of the year when Laxmi, the goddess of wealth, returns to earth. Laxmi's partisans have generally won out, except in the Calcutta area, where the goddess Kali is venerated. In any case, it's a gay and picturesque Hindu religious festival of lights.

FEBRUARY 26–MARCH 4, CARNIVAL, Panaji. The capital of Goa, a former Portuguese colony on India's western coast,

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puts on a zestful pre-Lenten Carnival. The King of Carnival here is named Momo, and he and his subjects behave much the way their counterparts elsewhere do.

MARCH 16, HOLI, throughout northern India. Don't dress up for this one: the favored form of celebration is the throwing of colored water and colored powder on everyone else. It makes for a rowdy but effective welcome to spring.

For information: Government of India Tourist Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10112. (212) 586-4901.

JAPAN

JANUARY 18, ONZA HIHO DARANI-E, Tokyo. Many Japanese rituals and festivals have to do with the banishing of evil spirits, but the evil spirits attend—in order to *be* banished—only a few. At Kannon Temple, in Asakusa, a red devil and a blue devil pay a dramatic visit on the final evening of a week-long Buddhist service. Prior to this climactic ceremony, there's not much to see: six groups of priests take shifts chanting, behind curtains, for 156 straight hours.

FEBRUARY 5-11, YUKI MATSURI, Sapporo. The biggest festival of the year on the northern island of Hokkaido is better known in the West as the Sapporo Snow Festival. Huge, elaborate snow sculptures – one year there was a model of a Greek temple, complete with all the statues in the forecourt—are exhibited on the city's main street, and there's a parade, skating contests and other sporting events, and various cultural activities.

FEBRUARY 8, HARI KUYO, throughout Japan. These days it's mostly tailors and dressmakers who observe the *hari kuyo* custom, but back in the Edo period, when it originated, it was a household standard. The literal translation of *hari kuyo* is "needle memorial service." One collects all one's old sewing needles, sticks them into cakes of tofu or konnyaku, a paste made from the root of the devil's-tongue plant, and prays for the repose of the needles, the improvement of one's sewing skills, and safety from injury while sewing.

MARCH 12, OMIZUTORI MATSURI, Nara. The highlight of a famous two-week-long festival at the ancient and remarkable Todaiji Temple, *omizutori*, or "water-drawing," is a 1,200-year-old rite. To the sound of shell horns, blown by priests, monks wave torches from the veranda of the Nigatsudo Hall, go down to draw holy water from a well, and offer it to a huge image of the 11-faced Kannon, in whose honor the festival is held.

APRIL 3-5, ISE SHRINE KAGURA MATSURI. Kagura pantomime dances and a first-rate series of No plays, at the serenely lovely Ise Shrine.

For information: Japan National Tourist Organization, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 757-5640.

NEPAL

FEBRUARY 26, MAHA SHIVARATREE, Kathmandu. Hundreds of thousands of Hindus visit the temple of Pashupatinath to offer flowers, fruit, coins, prayers, and hymns to Shiva. At Tundikhel, in the afternoon, the Royal Nepalese Army makes its offering in the form of ceremonial volleys of gunfire.

For information: Royal Nepalese Consulate General, 820 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 370-4188.

NEW ZEALAND

MARCH 5-7, GOLDEN SHEARS INTERNATIONAL SHEARING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Masterton. The sheep ranches send their best shearers to compete. A big livestock and agricultural show accompanies the contest, and there are demonstrations of such arts essential to sheep ranching as the rounding up of sheep by dogs.

MARCH 14, NGARUAWAHIA RIVER REGATTA, Rotorua. A traditional festival of the Maori, New Zealand's original inhabitants. Maoris in colorful native costume give performances of songs and dances and have a big canoe race on the river.

For information: New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 586-0060.

PHILIPPINES

DECEMBER 24, LANTERN FESTIVAL, San Fernando. Multi-colored *parols*, wood and paper lanterns, are paraded through the streets of this town northwest of Manila. Some of the *parols* are so large that they must be carried on trucks.

JANUARY 9, FEAST OF THE BLACK NAZARENE, Manila. A procession in the Quiapo district of the city honors an ancient life-size coal-black image of Christ, which is borne through the streets on a palanquin.

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ASIA & THE PACIFIC

JANUARY 16-18, ATI-ATIHAN, Kalibo. This festival simultaneously honors the Christ Child and commemorates an incident in which Marikudo, a king of the aboriginal *atis*, bartered with the Borneans for the island on which Kalibo is situated. People dress up in costumes and smudge soot on their faces, to resemble *atis*. Then drummers take their drums out on the streets, and everyone else joins them, to dance.

JANUARY 23-25, DINAGYANG, Iloilo City. Kalibo's larger neighbor to the south has borrowed the general idea of Ati-Atihan and spruced it up a bit. Platoons, who are competing to be named the most colorful or the most original, march to the San Jose Church, to pay homage to the image of the Christ Child there.

For information: Philippine Ministry of Tourism, 556 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 575-7915.

SINGAPORE

NOVEMBER 15-22, MERLION WEEK. The Merlion is Singapore's symbol of tourism, and the week is a period during which Singapore promises to be especially kind to tourists. The plan is to bring the best of Singapore's culture and folk arts to Orchard Road, where most of the major hotels are. Also, there will be a parade, a footrace that will pit the hotels against one another, and other special events.

FEBRUARY 1, CHINGAY PROCESSION. More than 1,500 Singaporeans take part in this parade, riding on gaily decorated floats, playing in Chinese bands, doing lion and dragon dances, demonstrating martial arts, walking on stilts . . .

FEBRUARY 12, THAIPUSAM. Hindus doing penance or those who have made pledges during the previous year carry spiked wooden *kavadis* through the streets, and some drive steel skewers through parts of their bodies. At the Sri Mariamman Temple there is fire-walking as well.

For information: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, 342 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10173. (212) 687-0385.

SOUTH KOREA

NOVEMBER 4-6, KAECHON ARTS FESTIVAL, Chinju. Korea's oldest regional festival, in a historic south-central city near the coast. There are exhibitions of sword dances and traditional archery, performances of classical music, and contests in calligraphy, Chinese poetry, music, and drama.

APRIL, CHINDO YONGDUNGJU, Chindo Island. Some residents of Chindo, off the southwest coast, refer to this event as the Moses Miracle. For reasons having to do with seasonal changes in the tides, several times each spring the waters part between Chindo and a nearby islet, and a bridge-like spit of land appears. Each of the "miracles" lasts about half an hour. Meteorologists are able to predict them fairly accurately weeks in advance, and the village of Hoedong, from which the event is visible, uses the predictions to schedule day-long festivals.

For information: Korea National Tourism Corporation, 460 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-7543.

THAILAND

NOVEMBER 13-15, LOY KRATHONG, Sukhothai. Although Loy Krathong is celebrated nationwide, the ruins of the ancient capital where the festival began make an especially delightful place from which to observe it. Thais launch *krathong* boats, made of banana leaves and bearing candles and flowers, into a river. They make a wish, and, according to lore, if the boat sails away out of sight before it sinks, their wish will come true.

NOVEMBER 15-16, ELEPHANT ROUND-UP, Surin. More or less an elephant rodeo.

NOVEMBER 28–DECEMBER 4, BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI WEEK, Kanchanaburi. Sound-and-light spectacles, archaeological and historical exhibitions, folk-cultural performances, and rides on steam locomotives from the time of World War Two, at the famous bridge.

FEBRUARY 13-15, FLOWER FESTIVAL, Chiang Mai. The city that has been called the Rose of the North hosts Thailand's answer to the Tournament of Roses Parade.

APRIL 13-15, SONGKRAN, Chiang Mai. Songkran, or Thai New Year, is celebrated nationwide, by the splashing of water on everything and everyone, a custom borrowed from the Hindu observance of Holi. Chiang Mai is considered the pleasantest place to spend the holiday, for there is also dancing and a lovely traditional procession.

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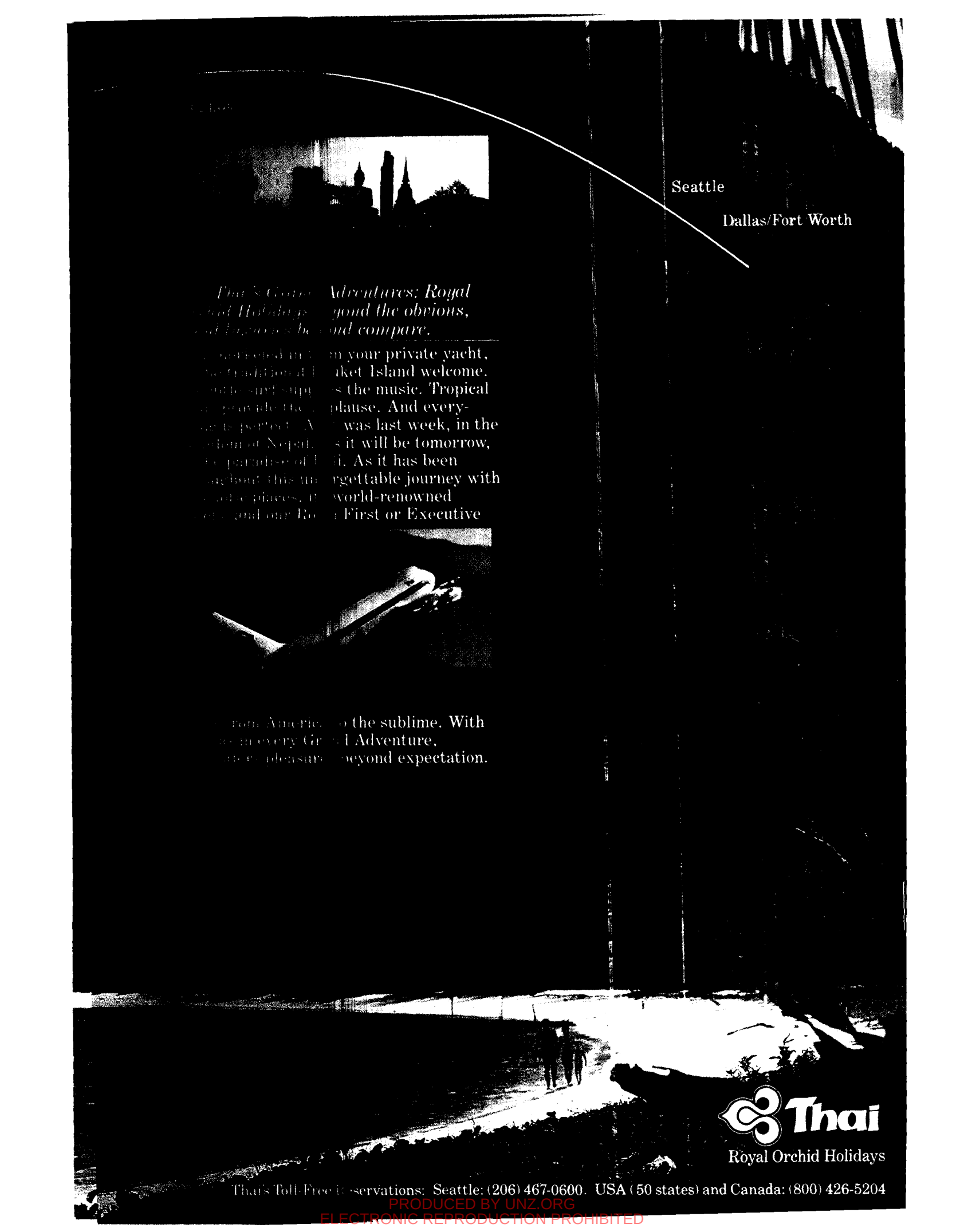

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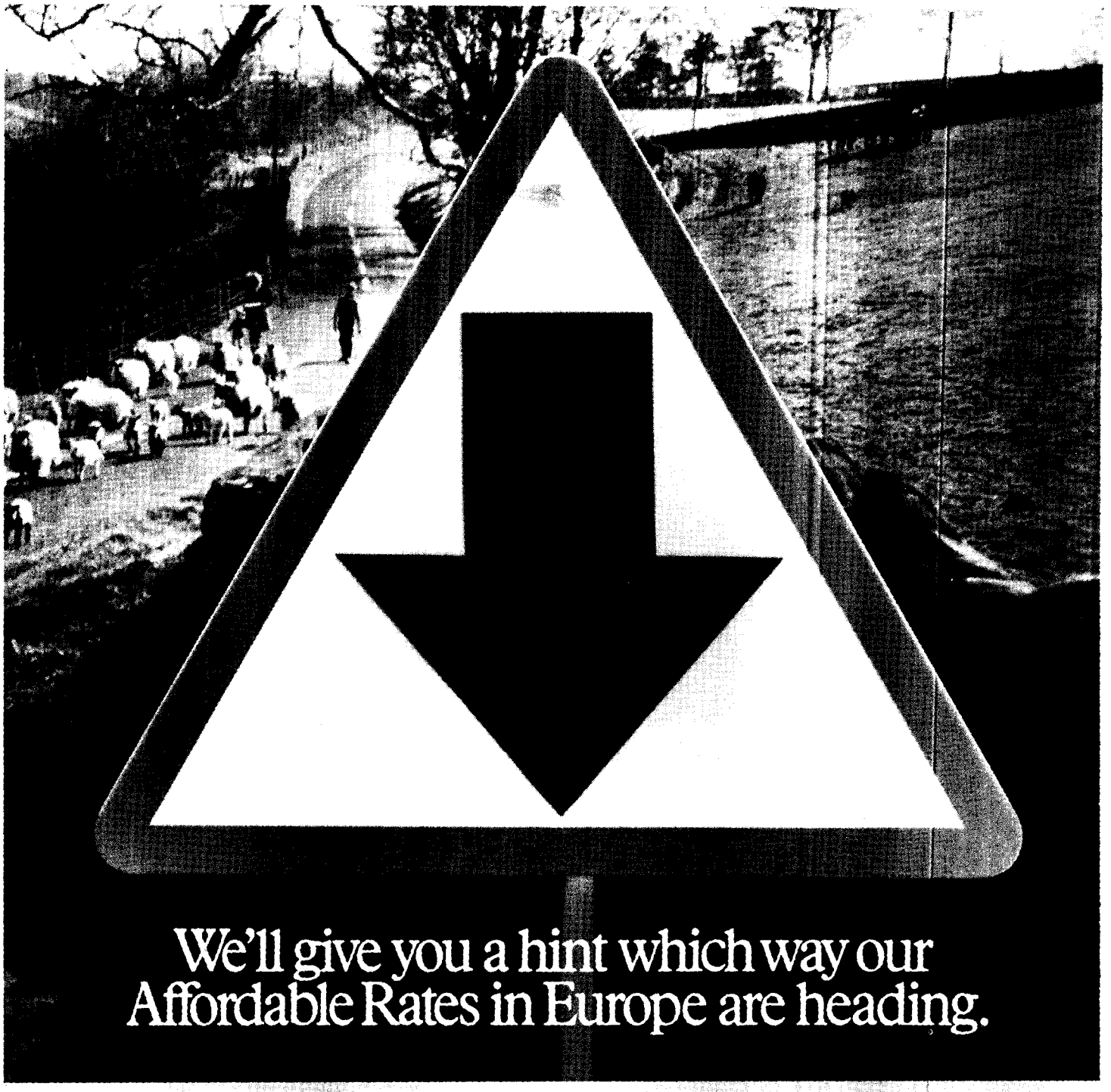

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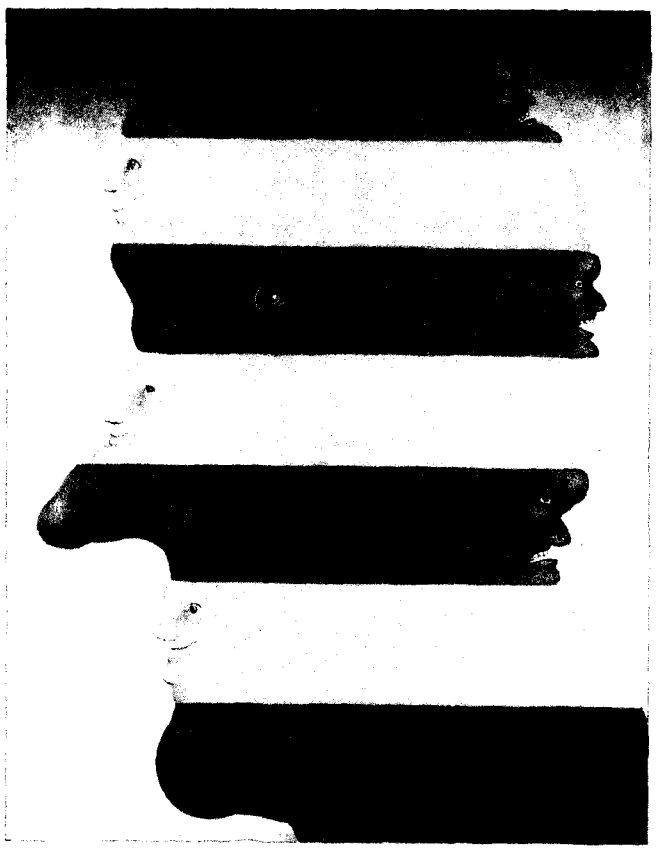
ity disorder can be viewed as behavior that is "a caricature of femininity," whether it happens to manifest itself in a woman or in a man. The histrionic person is "superficially warm and charming," but also "egocentric, self-indulgent, and inconsiderate of others." She or he is, moreover, "dependent, helpless, constantly seeking reassurance," and may be given to indulgence in frequent "flights into romantic fantasy." She is a love addict, in need of a continual supply of affectionate attention

The histrionic individual has poor control over her impulses, and tends to say and do things that might more wisely have been left unsaid and undone. The partner, however, is her polar opposite—overly orderly, somewhat inflexible, and often lacking in spontaneity. He is always apprehensive lest something unexpected happen and his anxious sense of mastery over himself and his environment be endangered. While she is sick for love, he has very little to give her; the more she craves affection, the more she threatens to overwhelm him.



In an article titled "The Hysterical Marriage," Dr. Jurg Willi says that the mate of the "hysterical" woman is most usually "unremarkable, taciturn . . . shy, and almost overly well-adapted and thoughtful or respectful. In contrast to his often extravagant wife, he is pedestrian, pale but sturdy, the 'good guy' type."

"In contrast to their wives, most husbands of hysterical women rarely dated because they feared rejection," he writes. These men, he says, seem to adopt a submissive attitude toward women; their own exhibitionistic and aggressive tendencies are so strongly suppressed that they themselves are not aware of their existence. They cannot, in other words, allow themselves to be aware of their resentful and angry feelings; such feelings, if they had them, would be profoundly dangerous and destructive. To experience their hostility could lead to harm, either to the self or to someone close and important. All anger (and much healthy assertiveness) has, therefore, been banished from the marketplace of consciousness to a dark storehouse where that which is "uncivilized" is kept.

The mate of the histrionic woman would, Willi writes, "like to see himself as a totally unique and absolutely incomparable creature who stands above and beyond all normal requirements." His wife's responsibility in the relationship is to express all of the emotionality that exists in the two of them (and to bear the guilt when her hostility and aggression have gotten beyond her control). He stands aloof, uniquely without feeling, and may deplore her overemotional, somewhat exhibitionistic displays.

The story of their marriage very frequently begins with the rescue of an unhappy maiden—from her miserable home life or from a disastrous involvement with a difficult, rejecting (but exciting) lover or boyfriend. The wife tends to need the man she marries in some way, and this lends him a sense of great importance; he wears her ribbon on his visor. He is the knight in her service, not fully loved for himself, perhaps, but willing and ready to save her. The mission that he undertakes is that of assuming responsibility for her existence and providing her with stability and security. He vows to be her good parent, in other words.

Content with their marital bargain, the couple may live quite happily for a period of time. But eventually the husband, who has suppressed his own dependent, vulnerable feelings—satisfying them vicariously by giving his spouse the devoted maternal caring that he himself actually desires—begins to feel more and more depleted. While he still wants to placate his needful partner and to meet her never-ending demands, he begins to experience himself as running short of emotional provender and having little to spare.

After a while, having warmed himself initially at the fires of his beloved's emotionality, the husband finds himself unable to provide her with the constant validation that she so desperately requires. Although he denies his own needs for attention and affection, he actually wants and needs some of the emotional goodies for himself. But he cannot ask for fulfillment of, often cannot know about, his dependent needs and his wish to be the center of attention—the loved child, who is admired and cared for.

One thing that he *is* aware of, and has always known, is that he can be self-contained. He can take care of his rather limited needs handily enough, if only he can get rid of the incessant burden of having to deal with hers. The symbiotic fusion, in which she was the good, needful child, and he the perfect, boundlessly caretaking parent, gives way when, inevitably, he pulls back in order to give some nurturance and attention to himself.

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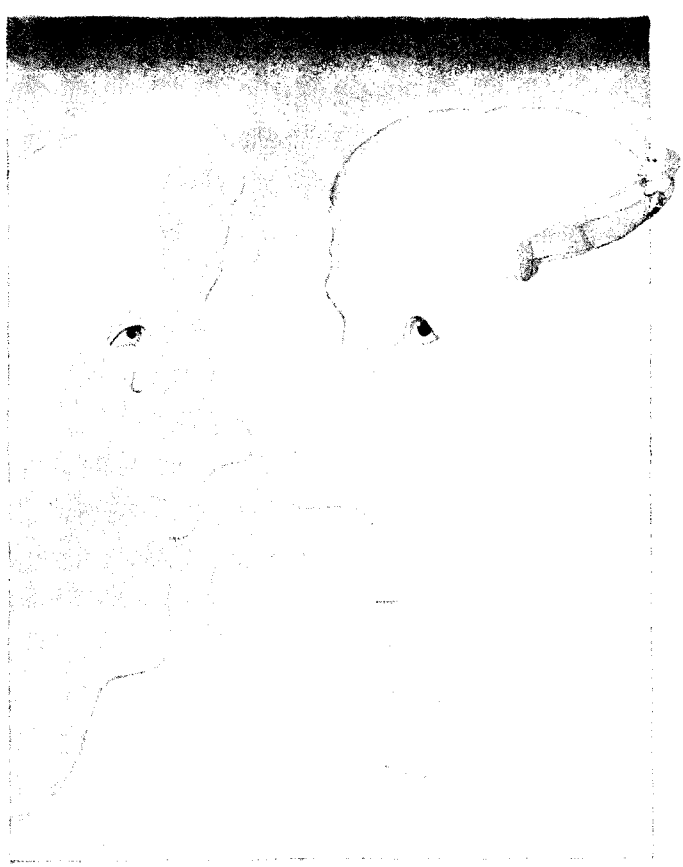
His behavior is an almost unbearable disappointment to his spouse. Her profound sense of herself as an unlovable, thoroughly ineffective person has rendered her an emotional hemophiliac: she needs a stream of self-esteem–enhancing affirmation, from outside herself, on a fairly regular basis. Her partner, having promised to be an unstinting and reliable provider, has now inexplicably refused to continue in his cherishing, caretaking function. She feels dismissed, ignored—as she has felt so many times previously in her life.

"Hysterical patients," the psychiatrist Anthony Storr writes in *The Art of Psychotherapy*, "are defeated persons. They do not consider themselves capable of competing with others on equal terms. More especially, they feel themselves to be disregarded, and, as children, often were disregarded in reality." For such a person it is clearly the case that the opposite of love is not hate but indifference.

The histrionic wife cannot tolerate her mate's turning away, and is hypersensitive to any signs of his withdrawal. She is deeply convinced that she doesn't quite exist when she is alone, and fears being by herself and facing her own terrifying emptiness. What had been promised to her in the beginning of the relationship (or so she believed) was that her mate would always be there for her, to provide her with admiration and attention. He would replace her low self-opinion with his inflated estimate of her beauty, intelligence, and value. She would receive from him the unstinting parental love that she had never been accorded before.

The mate, who once reveled in his expressive wife's open emotionality, now desires nothing more than to find some way to shut off the flow at its source. He, who rarely or never experiences anger, is appalled by the depth of his spouse's; he is appalled, too, by the vicious, almost unbelievable cruelty of the things that she says. Her wild overstatements are viewed as disordered, "crazy," too devastating to merit his forgiveness, ever. His reaction is to withdraw even further—and she then pursues him with her stream of endless woes, complaints, and accusations. They are in an interactive cycle, in which the more she emotes, the less he listens, and the less he listens, the more strident and emotive she becomes.



She struggles to take charge of him and of the relationship, to turn it into the marriage that she yearns for—one in which both partners are perennially and completely intimate, and always emotionally expressive (especially around the subject of her own ongoing difficulties). He struggles just as hard, but in the opposite direction—to control her behavior, and the relationship, so as to ensure the preservation of his personal autonomy. If he did permit himself really to listen to her, he fears, he could get swallowed up in her uncontrolled and uncontrollable affect. What he fears is not only her emotionality but also his own.

"Obsessional personalities, for a variety of personal reasons, have an especially strong propensity toward control both of themselves and their environment," Anthony Storr writes. "For them, as for the child who fears the dark, both the external world and the inner world of their own minds are places of danger. Only perpetual vigilance and unrelenting discipline can ensure that neither get out of hand." Such a person, as Storr observes, lives in fear of an unspecified yet imminent disaster—the emergence of a barely controlled wild beast that is straining at the leash within. This beast is, he suggests, "principally an aggressive animal." Often a compliant, pleasant-seeming person, an obsessive is sitting on a tinderbox of unacknowledged, unprocessed, unimaginable (to himself) rage. Like a ventriloquist, he often communicates that anger only through the medium of his more expressive, "histrionic" mate.

The obsessional person, although he has chosen a radically different form of psychological defense from that of his histrionic partner, has suffered from difficulties that are similar in kind. He, too, has been badly nurtured, and has had problems getting his developmental needs duly recognized and met. In his earliest adaptation his way of dealing with his parents was to become unusually attuned and highly sensitive to what they (or one of them) was feeling. He developed methods of placating the parental authorities—who may have demanded that he care for and comfort one or both of them—but avoided facing up to them directly or expressing his rage at never having gotten his own needs attended to.

Full of suppressed resentment himself, the obsessive

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fears confronting the resentment of others. In adult life, Anthony Storr observes, such people tend to "be authoritarian . . . or else unduly submissive. . . . Faced with possible hostility, one either conquers or submits. In neither case can one achieve equality and mutual respect." Such a person can relate to someone else in a superior-to-inferior mode or in an inferior-to-superior mode but has great difficulty relating to another person as an equal. This need for hierarchy makes the formation of an intimate relationship with a cherished peer an impossible—if not unthinkable—dream.

The obsessional person, disconnected from his negative thoughts and feelings, usually finds it difficult to deal with situations that elicit his anger, which are inevitable in life. Frequently, rather than experience his hostile emotions and respond to the real challenge, he will alter his mental processes.

He may, for instance, deal with a disturbing situation by pretending to himself that whatever upset him is actually unimportant (and therefore requires no reaction). Or he may question his own manner of looking at the incident so strenuously and meticulously that it becomes impossible to deal with it in a direct fashion. It is as if, when someone stepped on his toe, he were unable to respond with a straightforward "Get off!" but instead pondered the legitimacy of the other person's being there (even though he was suffering in the meantime).

Still another method for handling his anger might be that of thoroughly repressing it—failing to process the disturbing occurrence and thrusting it out of his conscious awareness completely. He might then react as if nothing whatsoever had happened—which would of course preclude his making the appropriately assertive or angry response that might bring him some satisfaction. This head-in-the-sand strategy, like the other ones, is a device for stifling the obsessional person's recognition of the intense rage against which he is so anxiously defended. But alas, trying to control emotion by exerting control over one's cognitive processes doesn't really result in the bad feelings going away. Anger, like nuclear waste, remains toxic. Unprocessed and undischarged, it simply remains where it is—but the threat of its emergence is constant.

While his partner has no control, he has nothing but control; each seems, in a way, to have brought to the other a missing segment of his or her personality. Together they have what each of them entered into the relationship needing—access to emotionality, and the ability to set reasonable limits upon it. The pair ought to live happily ever after. . . or so the observer would imagine.

Two people cannot, however, merge into a single undifferentiated being and remain in that state of fusion indefinitely. They may feel extraordinarily close at first, and their needs may fit together like the interlocking pieces of a puzzle. But inevitably that initial sense of relief—at having found the very person who makes it possible to establish contact with unacknowledged, repudiated, and thoroughly unintegrated aspects of one's own personality—gives way to alarm. There is a sense of not only fitting together but of also being *glued* there.

The bower of contentment, when the exit doors appear to have closed, starts feeling like a small, claustrophobic cell. The need for personal space inevitably asserts itself. In an effort to assert their separateness and distinctness, the mates begin to exaggerate those qualities that differentiate them from one another. Each moves in the direction of becoming as much unlike the partner as he or she possibly can—in technical terms, they polarize.

The rift between them yawns ever wider as she becomes more attention-seeking, childish, and theatrical, and he becomes increasingly withdrawn, unavailable, and isolated. Soon enough he begins to criticize in her the expressions of open feeling (especially anger) which he had once criticized severely in himself—so severely, in fact, that he had repudiated them completely.

She, in turn, criticizes in him the independent strivings and self-sufficiency that in her view make intimacy impossible—her underlying reason for having disowned such needs and wishes entirely. What was once unacceptable within the self is now what is so intolerable and unacceptable in the partner. The war within each member of the couple has been transformed into a war between them. And each believes that peace and harmony could be achieved, if only the other would change. □

This is the first part of a two-part article.

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A portrait of "the only free newspaper from Berlin to Vladivostok" and its editor, a hero of our time

SOMEONE FROM CRACOW

BY JUSTINE DE LACY

Jerzy Turowicz

A Different Kind of Catholic

DURING THE SOLIDARITY PERIOD, WHEN CENSORship was lax and even Poland's official press could tell a modicum of truth, Poles began lining up each day at 6:00 A.M. to buy newspapers, sometimes paying up to 300 times the usual one-zloty price. Today one of the few newspapers that Poles still line up to buy is *Tygodnik Powszechny* (*Everybody's Weekly*), the crusading Catholic newspaper from Cracow. At a time when many Polish papers have been either muzzled or forced underground by General Wojciech Jaruzelski's military regime, *Tygodnik Powszechny* is still displaying the quiet defiance that has led Poles to call it "the only free newspaper from Berlin to Vladivostok."

During martial law, a period that lasted from December, 1981, to July, 1983, *Tygodnik* boldly changed its logo from white to black in mourning for the freedom that died with Solidarity, the Eastern bloc's first free trade union, and it led each issue with the somber announcement "This is the *n*th week of martial law in Poland." *Tygodnik* published poems by a jailed Solidarity member and regular columns by interned dissidents. Few Poles had to look for a double meaning when the paper commemorated the first year of military control by devoting six of its eight pages to a new translation of the Book of Job. Censored, like all Polish newspapers, it was the first to dare to challenge the censors' decisions in court, a right acquired in 1981 during the Solidarity period.

"We are not free to write everything we think, but we have never been forced to write anything we don't think," says Jerzy Turowicz, the gentle, white-haired man who has edited *Tygodnik Powszechny* for more than forty years. "In the East bloc that's a great deal."

Much of the Polish people's devotion to this intentionally obscure, often esoteric newspaper stems from their immense respect for Turowicz. In a country where even the clergy often waits to see which way the wind is blowing before taking a stand, Turowicz has a reputation for never having followed any line—"not even the Church line," according to Slawomir Mrozek, Poland's best-known playwright. "He has shown that just because you cannot tell the truth, you do not have to tell lies. Because of Turowicz, Poles have a newspaper they can believe."

Turowicz has been a legend in Poland since 1953, when he refused to publish a eulogy to Josef Stalin. "They were shooting people just for telling jokes," says Maciej Kozlowski, a staff writer who specializes in historical articles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANISLAW MARKOWSKI

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that are thinly veiled comments on the present. "No one dared say no to the Communists but Cardinal Wyszynski. Cardinal Wyszynski and Turowicz."

In retaliation the Party closed *Tygodnik*. Several months later it handed the paper over to Pax, a pseudo-Catholic organization whose first leader had roots in the pre-war Fascist right, which sides with the most totalitarian elements in the Party and has been used by it against the Church. For two years, a period that Turowicz refers to as "the hijacking of *Tygodnik*," Pax published a near-facsimile *Tygodnik*, edited by the novelist Jan Dobraczynski, which toed the Party line; the Vatican, in a retaliation of its own, placed Pax publications on its Index of Forbidden Books. Following the October Revolution, in 1956, Turowicz went to see the Party's liberal new boss, Wladyslaw Gomulka, to ask for permission to reopen the paper. "He agreed that it was unfair that our *Tygodnik* had been stolen by the fellow travelers of Catholics of Pax," Turowicz explains. "In December we reopened with 50,000 copies, the same as before."

Thirty years later Turowicz is still saying no. Last October he refused an invitation from General Jaruzelski to join the Polish national assembly, the Sejm—the first such overture the government had made since 1976, when the Catholic contingent quit the Sejm to protest restrictive changes in the Polish constitution. Despite pressure on him to publicize the "elections," a ritual ratification of government-appointed candidates which is held every four years, Turowicz maintained the same principled silence he had observed on Stalin's death.

General Jaruzelski is eager for the support of artists and intellectuals, record numbers of whom have quit the Communist Party since martial law was imposed. His press secretary called Turowicz several times to ask him to change his mind about the Sejm, explaining that it needed people of credibility. "Turowicz told them that he wouldn't have any credibility if he had anything to do with them," Maciej Kozlowski says. Such steadfastness has made Turowicz a hero to many Poles. "Whenever anything happens, people wait to see what he will write," Kozlowski says. "He has become the moral arbiter of Poland."

As a result, like most good things in Poland, *Tygodnik Powszechny* is in short supply. Its circulation is currently limited by the government to 80,000 copies, all but 20,000 of which are sold by subscription. Five thousand copies are exported all over the world—Turowicz has had fan letters from as far away as Hong Kong and Venezuela—except to the other countries of the Eastern bloc, where it is banned. Copies occasionally manage to reach the Soviet Union, wrapped, like obscene literature, in plain brown paper. "We know it sometimes gets there, because an Orthodox priest in Leningrad lets us know when he receives it," Turowicz says with a grin.

For many Poles the only way to see *Tygodnik* is to get hold of one of the extra copies the printers sometimes run off. Early on Wednesdays, Poles often line up outside the paper's office, on Wislna Street, hoping that the printers have followed the local bakers' tradition and produced an extra batch. Others head for the black market, where current issues can occasionally be found among used carburetors, shanks of veal, and spare sewing-machine parts for several times the regular thirty-five-zloty price, the highest in Poland. Dog-eared copies are bartered and swapped like baseball cards. But most people who get copies save them. In cramped apartments where there is little room for the children, let alone a baby carriage, copies are stacked in hallways, piled under beds. One staff member has his cavities filled in exchange for keeping his dentist supplied. "For many years there was no underground press, nothing but *Tygodnik* to show us another way of looking at things," one Cracow priest says. "People remember. They have an emotional attachment."

JERZY TUROWICZ WAS BORN IN CRACOW ON DECEMBER 10, 1912, and studied philosophy at the Jagiellonian University. In 1938 he married a fellow student, Anna Gasiorowska, whose mother was one of Marshal Josef Pilsudski's adjutants. On September 1, 1939, Adolf Hitler's troops marched into Poland, and the war put an end to Turowicz's university career. Jerzy and Anna spent the war on her family's estate outside Cracow, raising three daughters. (Anna's family was so prominent that people in the village still remember the man she married as "someone from Cracow.") In March of 1945 Turowicz took the only job he has ever had, as editor of a weekly paper founded by Cracow's beloved Archbishop Adam Sapieha.

Turowicz could never have taken his bold stands without *Tygodnik*'s link to the powerful Polish Catholic Church, which for centuries has been Poland's main symbol of resistance to oppression. ("Without the Church," Poles say, "Poland would be Czechoslovakia.")

Yet from the beginning he has been a different kind of Catholic, often at odds with the extremely conservative Church, which, despite the wartime heroism of many priests, had been tainted by its anti-Semitic leanings. As a student he was greatly inspired by the French Catholic left, especially by the "personalism" of Emmanuel Mounier, the founder of the influential magazine *Esprit*. Personalism, which had a profound effect on Pope John Paul II and became a spiritual foundation of the Solidarity movement, was a commitment to the rights and dignity of every person. Equally critical of communism and capitalism, it sought to provide a "third way" for spiritual man depersonalized by the atheistic and the materialistic states. After the war personalism provided a commitment to the poor that was rooted in Christianity, which was particularly attractive to Catholics in Communist countries, where social justice had been the exclusive province of the government and had been equated with atheism. Yet the personalists, unlike the reactionary Polish and French Churches they criticized, believed in maintaining a dialogue with Marxism—and with all faiths—at the same time that they sought alternatives.

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As soon as Turowicz became editor, he began campaigning for Church reform. Two decades before the Second Vatican Council sanctioned open public debate of such taboo subjects as the Church's relevancy to the modern world and its estrangement from other faiths, these issues were regularly discussed in the pages of *Tygodnik Powszechny*. "Turowicz was avant-garde before anyone heard of avant-garde," says a Western diplomat in Poland.

Like Mounier, Turowicz did not want to be shut up in a "Catholic ghetto." Demonstrating the kind of openness in his newspaper that he longed to see in the Church, he turned *Tygodnik Powszechny* into a national forum for writers of all political and religious beliefs, a Catholic paper with a small *c* and the first to be widely read by non-Catholics. He once devoted an entire issue to a short story about morality by a Protestant. Questioned by the curia as to why a Catholic paper was devoting so much space to a Protestant writer, Turowicz replied, "The man is an interesting thinker."

During Poland's 1968 anti-Semitic purge Turowicz was one of the few editors to publish Jewish writers, and he and Anna, who are known for having sheltered Jews during the war, are frequently accused of "philo-Zionism." When the great Polish Jewish poet Antoni Slonimski was blacklisted for attacking official anti-Semitism, Turowicz invited him to become a contributing editor.

During the repressive 1960s and 1970s Turowicz was one of the few editors to publish dissidents, most of whom were agnostics. For many years *Tygodnik* was one of the few places where Poles could read the work of famous emigré writers, such as the Nobel Prize–winning poet Czeslaw Milosz, whom Turowicz during the Second World War brought to live in Anna's house in Cracow when he learned that Milosz's home in Warsaw had been bombed. (Milosz was published by the official press after he won the Nobel Prize.) "In the sixties, for the first time, intellectuals could leave the Party and still publish mainly thanks to Turowicz," says Alexander Leyfell, a historian now working on a Jewish history of Poland. He left Poland in 1967 and is affiliated with Harvard.

"Turowicz has always had a remarkable openness to those who believe differently than he," says Stanislaw Baranczak, an emigré poet also at Harvard, whose anti-regime collection of essays, *The Mistrustful and the Presumptuous*, was much discussed in the 1980s. "He published my poetry when no one would. Like so many others, I am indebted to him."

For years *Tygodnik* had only a handful of journalists on its staff and was so close-knit that it was referred to as the Mafia. Then, in 1982, Turowicz hired several ex-Solidarity journalists, leading the government to call the paper a "nest of Solidarity extremists," one of the most serious charges in Poland. "We hesitated," explains Krzysztof Kozlowski, a tall gaunt man who has been the paper's managing editor for thirty years. "But in times of flood we have to take all the animals on board." One of them was Krzysztof's cousin Maciej Kozlowski, who had spent two years and four months in jail for smuggling in books by banned emigré Polish writers living in France. Unable to find work as a journalist when he got out, he took a job as a guide at Auschwitz, the death camp nearby, learning French and English so well that he now acts as host to the many foreign journalists who consult Turowicz. "Everyone at *Tygodnik* has a story, everyone is a refugee from somewhere else," Krzysztof says. "Everyone but Turowicz and myself. It was obvious from the beginning that there was no other place for us."

As many a disappointed priest has discovered, being Catholic is no guarantee of being published in or hired by *Tygodnik*. One of the two priests on the staff, Father Andrzej Bardecki, is an enfant terrible of the Church. The paper's most popular columnist, Stefan Kisielewski, a well-known author and composer, who has been getting away with remarks like "Socialism is idiotism" in his weekly column for forty years, once created something of a scandal by publishing in Paris a political novel that contained erotic scenes. "I warned Turowicz when he hired me that I was only a half Catholic," he explains with a look suggesting that "half" may be a bit of an overstatement. "He said, 'Half is fine.'" Maciej Kozlowski says, "We are not like some papers that won't use pictures of divorced people. Here nobody cares if you have had three wives! What's important is in the writing, not the religion."

"Lenin Reads *Tygodnik*!"

THE PAPER HAS IMPORTANT LINKS TO THE CHURCH, all the same. One priest has long had a regular following among *Tygodnik* readers. Father Karol Wojtyla, today Pope John Paul II, became a regular contributor after he went to Turowicz in 1948 to ask if *Tygodnik* would publish his poems. Profoundly influenced by Turowicz's message of reform, Father Wojtyla became one of the main proponents of the sweeping Second Vatican Council reforms. In 1978 Turowicz found himself on Italian television telling the world about the surprise choice of a Polish Pope. Last year, on the paper's fortieth anniversary, Turowicz and fifteen staff members traveled to Rome for a private mass said by the Pope. In a speech following the mass, John Paul II acknowledged the importance of *Tygodnik Powszechny* in the development of his ideas. Turowicz, who loves to travel, has made twenty-four trips to Rome and has accompanied the Pope on official trips to Brazil, Spain, and the United States. "Turowicz always says how wise he was to put that young priest's poems on the front page," Maciej Kozlowski says.

Today jubilant color pictures of John Paul II adorn a wall of *Tygodnik*'s offices on the third floor of a once grand, lemon-yellow seventeenth-century building off Cracow's market square, and they are one of the few indications of the paper's religious affiliation. Not far from the pictures is a sign announcing "Lenin reads *Tygodnik*!" and a bulletin board displaying scantily clad maidens and caricatures of government officials.

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Conspicuously absent is a picture of Poland's late primate Cardinal Wyszynski, who for years was a vociferous critic of Turowicz's campaign for Church reform. (Karol Wojtyla, as Archbishop of Cracow, frequently had to intervene in the paper's behalf.) Wyszynski believed that reform was fine for the West but was a luxury that the Polish Church, which had to remain strong to fight communism, could not afford. One of Turowicz's editorials on the crisis in the Church prompted the Cardinal to riposte that the only crisis he knew of was in the press. Staff members love to tell about the time Turowicz was summoned by the Primate to be chastised and fell sound asleep in the middle of Wyszynski's lecture.

Obeying his unwritten rule "Don't ever let anyone tell you what to write," Turowicz severed the paper's official connection with the Church in 1956. Since then it has been an independent, private enterprise "in the service of the Church" but supported solely by its own sales and the sales of its monthly magazine *Znak* (*Sign*) and the books from the Znak publishing house. "We are one of the few papers in Poland not running at a deficit," Krzysztof Kozlowski says. "Private enterprise works."

Yet *Tygodnik*'s independence, like its freedom, comes with an asterisk in a country where the government can close all newspapers at a moment's notice. Reducing *Tygodnik*'s circulation has traditionally been the government's

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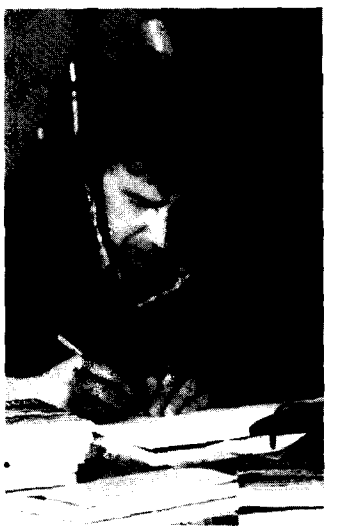
Jerzy Turowicz and his wife, Anna, in the offices of Tygodnik Powszechny *(left); Jerzy Kollataj, the chief copyeditor, and Tadeusz Szyma, a poet and critic, lay out a new issue (top); the newspaper's logo (above); Maciej Kozlowski, a staff writer (below left), and his cousin Krzysztof Kozlowski, the managing editor*



way of showing displeasure with the Church, even though the paper no longer has a direct affiliation. The number of copies the paper prints waxes and wanes with Poland's cycles of repression and liberalization. "Whenever they want to show how liberal they are, they make a concession to *Tygodnik*," the columnist Stefan Kisielewski says.

In a cycle of repression in the 1960s *Tygodnik*'s circulation was lowered from 50,000 first to 40,000, to punish Catholic deputies in the Sejm for voting against government appropriations of Church property, and then to 30,000 (the minimum it must sell to stay alive), in retaliation for Turowicz's signing a 1964 letter from thirty-four intellectuals protesting censorship. Turowicz especially angered the Party by trying to build bridges to other nations, as he had to other faiths. His attempt to arrange literary seminars with writers from Germany, Poland's traditional enemy, brought charges of "anti-patriotic behavior." For publishing a series of articles by Soviet dissidents—the censors had assumed that anything was all right if it was by a Russian—he was accused of "meddling in affairs of state." "We have many friends," Krzysztof Kozlowski says. "But the system depends on fueling paranoia, maintaining the impression that the enemy is at the border."

In 1970, when Edward Gierek came to power, promising reform as each Party boss had before him, Turowicz was again pardoned, and the paper's circulation was in-

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creased to 40,000 copies. Despite frequent petitions the circulation was not raised again until 1981, when steelworkers at the giant Nowa Huta foundry, near Cracow, demanded that it be doubled. To everyone's surprise it was.

No matter how many copies Turowicz is allowed to print, he can never be sure what will be in them until the censor's phone call on Tuesday. Legally the call is supposed to come by 4:00 P.M., but it rarely does, and the staff keeps a weekly vigil, waiting to hear how many pieces of the jigsaw puzzle will have to be rearranged. Krzysztof Kozlowski is often up all night performing the kind of emergency surgery most editors have to do only in the event of a war or an assassination.

The Last Thing You Want Is to Be Interesting

LIKE *TYGODNIK*'S CIRCULATION, THE DEGREE TO which the paper is censored is a political bellwether. In Stalin's time so much was cut that the paper did not appear at all on two occasions. Turowicz once devoted an entire issue to the scenic Tatra Mountains, south of Cracow, as a way of saying that he could say nothing more important. Today two or three articles per issue are jettisoned, and Turowicz often turns to religion for editorial as well as spiritual support, plugging the holes with diocesan reports and obscure church documents.

But more often than not these days *Tygodnik*'s staff manages to elude the paper's foes. Instead of putting important information up front, as Western reporters are taught to do, they bury what they want to get across. The pithier a story, the more easily the censor will get the point—and delete it. "The last thing you want is to be interesting," Maciej Kozlowski explains. "It's especially important to avoid clever, catchy writing. That might wake the censors up. The idea is to put them to sleep."

Maciej Kozlowski is known for convoluted historical allegories so full of linguistic minefields that they have been used as traps in U.S. State Department Advanced Polish final examinations. Poles don't seem to mind. Shortly after martial law was declared, Kozlowski became a hero with a now famous series on the January uprising of 1863, during which Poles took up arms to oppose the Russians' imposition of martial law. Despite the obvious parallel, it was passed by the censors. "We figure they fell asleep after the first paragraph," he says with satisfaction.

The paper often gets its points across with obscure allusions that keep Poles going over articles like children playing "Can you find the hidden squirrel in this picture?" When the government barred the press from covering the trial of three Gdansk dissidents, Ewa Szumanska, a popular radio commentator who quit in protest over martial law, devoted her *Tygodnik* column to a courtroom scene in Ghana, where a man was acquitted of murdering his wife after explaining that she had become a snake and bitten him. The title: "Ghanski Trial," just a letter away from the equally ludicrous Gdanski trial in the north of Poland.

Tygodnik often lends support to controversial people without mentioning the controversy. When children in Mietno went on strike to protest the removal of crucifixes from their classrooms, *Tygodnik* published an interview with the bishop, who backed the children but did not mention the strike. "Many times they can only hint and make allusions," the playwright Slawomir Mrozek says. "But to make hints that everyone understands is already very brave."

Paradoxically, the simplest way to confound the censors, Krzysztof Kozlowski has found, is to follow the advice all cub reporters receive: stick to the facts. His popular front-page column, "Obraz Tygodnia" ("Picture of the Week"), makes its point by strategically positioning national and international news items. When General Jaruzelski visited the United States, in 1985, the official press led all their front pages with the story, but it was two thirds of the way down in "Obraz Tygodnia," and below news of a meeting between the American and Soviet foreign secretaries. When the censors objected, in 1982, to his leading the column with the announcement of another week of martial law in Poland—the situation was *normal*, and therefore not news, the censors said—he replied with the standard reporter's alibi: "Just stating facts." But his real alibi is that most of his facts are painstakingly extracted from the government newspaper, *Trybuna Ludu*, making the column virtually censor-proof. "Every day I plow through its pages, sacrificing myself for the rest," he says. "Even in *Trybuna Ludu* there is a grain of truth. But no one knows it, because it is so terrible no one reads it. Not even the Party people can read it. Not even the censors can read it. I don't think anyone in Poland reads it but me! I take the grain of truth and throw the rest away. When the censors ask where I get my information, I smile and say, '*Trybuna Ludu*.' What can they do?" The censors recently won a round when they deleted his announcement that a new toy had appeared in Polish stores—plastic handcuffs.

Despite the arduousness of the dickering with the censors, Krzysztof Kozlowski says that he prefers it to the kind of self-censorship that is common in other Eastern-bloc countries. "There's a person there, so you have two sides. You can discuss. Maybe only a little discussion, but something. Under self-censorship the editor decides all by himself. Most cut more than the censors do, out of fear. Look at the Czech papers. Compared with them, *Trybuna Ludu* is a gold mine of information. And all because we have censorship!"

We Can Fight to Improve the System, But We Cannot Overthrow It

IN HIS QUEST FOR THE KIND OF FREEDOM THAT MOST Eastern Europeans have long ago resigned themselves to doing without, Turowicz is a true Cracovian. It was in Cracow, Poland's spiritual and intellectual capital, that the local nobles in the sixteenth century extracted from the Polish king the most advanced set of constitutional guarantees in the Western world, including freedom of

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speech, print, and worship, and freedom from unreasonable searches. Here Poland's first newspaper, the *Mercury*, began publishing. During the third partition of Poland, from 1795 to 1806, Galicia, as Cracow and the area around it were called by its Austrian rulers, enjoyed a measure of political and cultural freedom unheard of in the Russian and Prussian sectors. Polish plays were staged, Polish books were printed, and Poles who had grown up being required to speak Russian and German studied Polish at the Jagiellonian University.

Long before that, however, Cracow's Bishop Stanislaw became Poland's unofficial patron saint of civil rights when he was murdered, in 1079, for opposing the king's abuses. Lovingly carved statues of this Polish Becket on his white horse are on display in many Cracow shops. He is still such a potent symbol that in May of 1979 the Pope had to delay by a month his first visit to Poland as pontiff, which had originally been timed to coincide with the nine hundredth anniversary of Bishop Stanislaw's martyrdom. Only in Poland, one suspects, with its passion for historical symbols, could one have an eleventh-century political hot potato.

Spared many of the humiliations that their countrymen have endured, Cracovians have come to believe that they have a charmed fate, which seems borne out by the city's astonishing physical survival. Cracow is the only Polish city to have survived intact the Second World War bombings that reduced Warsaw to rubble. Despite scores of floods, invasions, sieges, and fires, its imposing Wawel Castle still sits proudly on its hill, and the Rynek, the lovely market square that is often compared to Saint Mark's in Venice, has remained virtually unchanged since the sixteenth century.

Because its history has been kind to Cracow, the city has a reputation for being as calm and circumspect as battered Warsaw is jittery and hasty. Patience and optimism are as much a part of its heritage as the Rynek flower-sellers hawking their blooms.

Like Cracow, Turowicz has always taken the long view, blending a mixture of courage and caution with a talent for not taking himself—or anything else—too seriously. For forty years he has remained immune to the Party's alternating attempts to bludgeon and seduce, as indifferent to the stick as to the carrot. "Almost every paper in Poland has changed at one time or another out of fear or fashion, especially during Solidarity," the playwright Slawomir Mrozek says with admiration. "All but *Tygodnik*."

Turowicz's own longevity is due in large part to a carefully maintained low profile. With few exceptions he has shunned direct action, which he feels leads to political tradeoffs, confrontation, and the breakdown of communication. For *Tygodnik* to continue its mission to educate its readers and seek the truth, he feels, it must remain aloof from partisan politics. Like the Church, *Tygodnik Powszechny* must be in the world but not of it; it must say but not do. Consequently, Turowicz is not a joiner and is careful about the causes he supports. ("We do not print declarations," Krzysztof Kozlowski says.) Turowicz is also careful to obey the unwritten rules: never directly criticize the Soviet Union and never mention Solidarity or "the simple citizen," as Poles call Lech Walesa, mocking the government's attempt to turn their hero into an unperson. A firm supporter of Solidarity, Turowicz was careful to distance himself from its extremist factions, and often urges moderation. ("Once Turowicz went to Rome for four months and warned us not to make trouble while he was gone," Maciej Kozlowski recalls. "'Can't we make a little?' we asked, and he said, 'Well, all right, but just a little.'") "We are realists," Turowicz says. "That means we accept Poland's geographical limits. We are in the Eastern bloc. We can fight to improve the system, but we cannot overthrow it. That is perhaps for our children, or our children's children."

Turowicz is a born negotiator with a reputation for listening to all sides before making a decision. "Milosz says, 'Jerzy always finds a solution,'" Anna says. "He embodies the Latin maxim *Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*, 'Strongly in action, softly in manner,'" Maciej Kozlowski says. "He never compromises what he truly believes, yet he gives the appearance of complete flexibility. What we like about him most is that he never acts like a boss. He is never angry, never in a hurry, and never raises his voice. If he wants something, he says, 'Oh, could you possibly find the time to do such and such?' No one can say no to him." Nor does Turowicz frequently turn people down. I asked if he was too busy to see me one more time before I left Cracow. "Busy?" he answered, mystified. "I've been busy since 1945."

Turowicz's low-key style is the result of a deep personal humility. Ask how he has endured for years the kind of pressure that would do in most editors in months, and he says simply, "I think it is because I am calm." Dismissive of his role as catalyst and conduit for some of the best minds in Poland, he says, "Probably I am not a bad editor. But I have many friends who are much more gifted writers than I."

Such unobtrusiveness has earned Turowicz the respect of his adversaries and the devotion of his staff. For Turowicz's seventieth birthday his staff commissioned a portrait of him crowned with laurels and had it printed on bogus postage stamps. On the paper's fortieth anniversary, last year, he was awarded an honorary doctorate by Yale University. To celebrate, the staff joined with Piwnica, a well-known Cracow satirical cabaret, in serenading him with the decrees of martial law set to music. Cracow takes its local fêtes seriously, and Turowicz, whose love of a good time is legendary, has rarely missed one. "I always imagine him toasting the crowd with one of his daughters on his arm," Maciej Kozlowski says. "When we heard he had fallen asleep in front of Cardinal Wyszynski, we just assumed he'd been to an all-night party."

About the only thing the staff seems to reproach him for is an exaggerated fondness for the printed word. "He snatches every newspaper in sight," Maciej Kozlowski complains. "Everything winds up on his desk." Anyone who visits Turowicz's home can see that the charge is justi-

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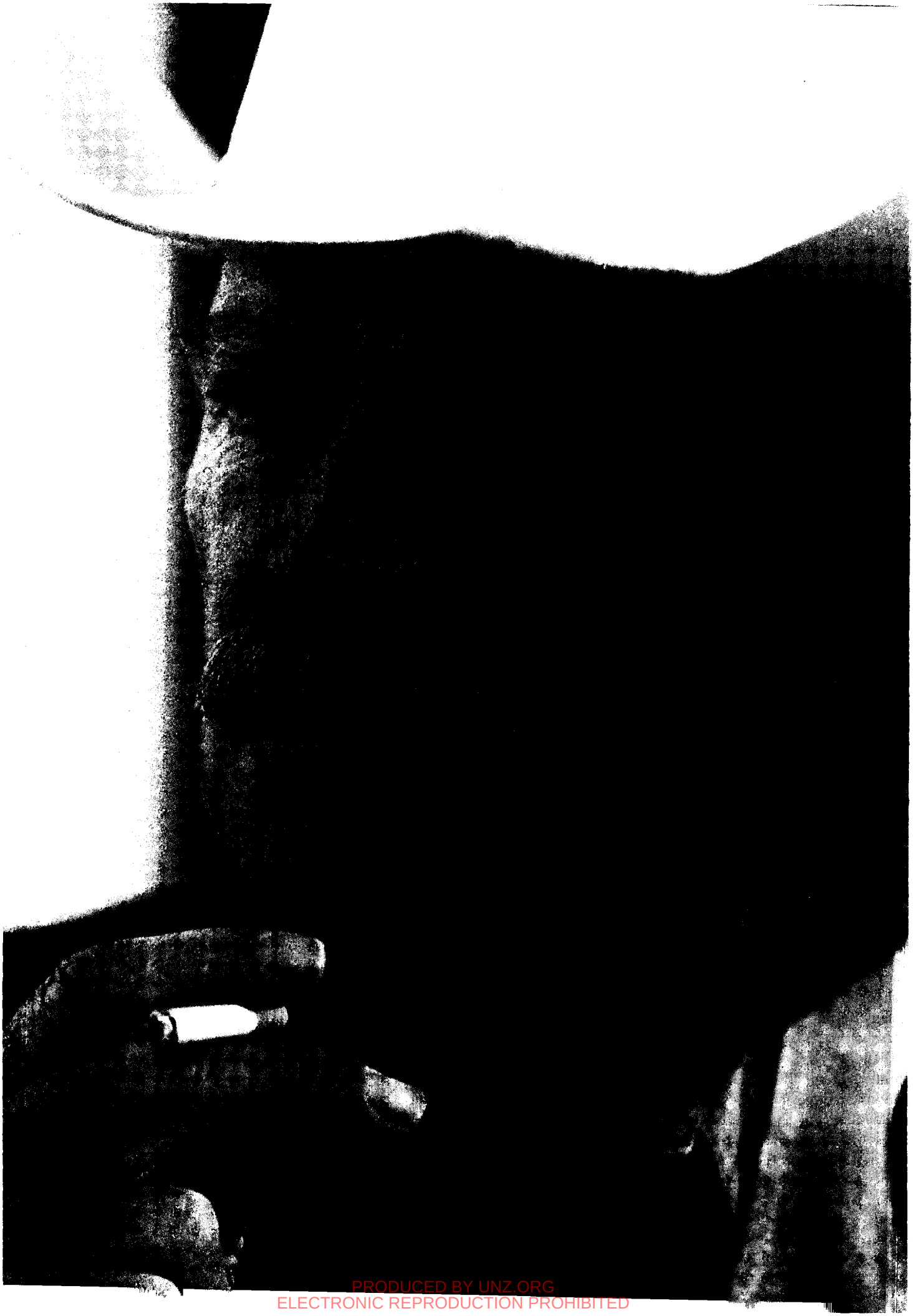

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fied. Now that his and Anna's daughters are grown, their apartment, a trolley ride from the Rynek, would be too big if it weren't for the newspapers that Anna only half-jokingly calls "the real inhabitants." Towering stacks of *Le Monde*, *Il Tempo*, *The New York Review of Books*, and *Osservatore Romano* keep the front door from opening all the way and jam the hall leading to the study where Turowicz writes many nights until 2:00 A.M. On a shelf, between photographs of the Pope and Lech Walesa and one of himself at work, taken with a fisheye lens to get in the mounds of papers, is a facsimile American license plate. Its message seems somewhat redundant, given the evidence: I LOVE MY FREE PRESS, says the gift from a friend on the staff of the *Detroit Free Press*.

Communism Fits Poland Like a Saddle on a Cow

TUROWICZ MAINTAINED HIS USUAL UNFLAGGING OPtimism even when *Tygodnik* was closed for three years. "I knew it would take time, but I always thought it would reopen," he says. Not until May of 1982, when the paper reopened after being closed for five months under martial law, did his spirits fail him. "We could say so little after the freedom of Solidarity that we wondered if it was worth saying anything at all," Turowicz recalls. Despite his discouragement, and in keeping with Mounier's philosophy of maintaining a dialogue with Marxists, Turowicz initially gave General Jaruzelski the benefit of the doubt. In 1982 he attended a government-sponsored editors' conference and was personally thanked by General Jaruzelski for coming, despite his outspokenness. Paraphrasing Stalin's famous "Communism fits Poland like a saddle on a cow," Turowicz told the General that Poles would never accept his brand of socialism.

In 1983, when the government press spokesman Jerzy Urban refuted a sharply critical editorial that Turowicz had written with an editorial of his own, and asked Turowicz to print it, Turowicz obliged, making it the first time in the Eastern bloc that opposing sides had appeared in the same publication. However, Turowicz exacted a price: in return he was allowed to print an uncensored reply that was twice as critical as his original editorial.

Today he is less cooperative. Like many Poles, Turowicz has been enraged by the repressive measures of the past three years, including the firings of university professors suspected of "disloyalty"; the government's attempt to supplant Solidarity with its own labor union and with PRON, the "Patriotic Movement for National Rebirth" (Turowicz's old foe Dobraczynski, the editor of the fake *Tygodnik*, was chosen to head it, which looked to many like an attempt to clone Turowicz); increased censorship; and the unusually severe sentences given several dissidents.

But Poles' rage did not turn to hatred until October of 1984, when the secret police murdered Father Jerzy Popieluszko, the Warsaw priest who had become a latter-day Saint Stanislaw to the 25,000 Poles who came to hear him inveigh against the regime during his special monthly masses for the fatherland. "The trial was so slanted in favor of the defendants that Poles began saying the only way to get a fair trial in Poland is to kill a priest," Maciej Kozlowski says. "It could have been a chance for national reconciliation if the government had made any effort to find the truth," Turowicz adds. "We might have begun to heal some wounds, but it was a complete sham. The trial was their last chance."

As a result, for the first time since the Stalinist years any form of dialogue with Poland's Communist rulers is out of the question for many Poles. Poland today is like a house occupied by a couple who have decided to separate but are still arguing over who should be the one to get out. "It has never been this divided before," Jan Josef Szczepanski, a novelist and former head of the writers' union, who now contributes to *Tygodnik*, says. "There are places we go and places they go. Before, no matter what side you were on, you still shook hands. Today no one wants to shake the hand of anyone who has anything to do with the regime."

The paper has begun demonstrating its determination to fight back by systematically challenging the bureau of censorship's decisions. No article has summed up Poles' feelings of betrayal by General Jaruzelski as well as a three-part piece by Maciej Kozlowski on the Confederation of Targowica, a group of Polish nobles who invited the Russians into Poland in the eighteenth century to help suppress a movement of national renewal not unlike the one that led to Solidarity. For centuries Poles had fought foreign occupiers, but not until the tanks rolled into Warsaw on December 13, 1981, had Poland been occupied by Poles. Despite the historical camouflage, it didn't take the censors long to get the connection. They cut the whole series, explaining that it was "too close to contemporary events." Kozlowski feigned shock. How could they possibly see any parallel? He suggested that the courts decide. "They were so horrified at the idea of explaining just why they objected that they let the whole thing drop," says Maciej Kozlowski, who had been looking forward to the courtroom scene.

When *Tygodnik* loses, it often prints the court's decision. One verdict took up an entire page. "Most of the time you don't even have to attack them," Maciej Kozlowski says. "You just have to show how stupidly they arrive at decisions."

Turowicz printed a favorable review of a book on Joseph Conrad by Zdzislaw Najder, who has been sentenced to death in absentia by General Jaruzelski after he took a job as the head of the Polish Service for Radio Free Europe in Munich. And Stefan Kisielewski, in a column called "My Guys," listed the names of the regime's most hated henchmen. Turowicz devoted twenty-five pages to the Popieluszko trial, many of which contained verbatim extracts of the priest's speeches, which the censors were evidently too ashamed to cut.

In March of 1985, on the occasion of the paper's fortieth

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anniversary, Turowicz published his most overt attack on the government yet. In "Church and Politics," a front-page editorial that launched a debate on the social role of the Church, he asserted that it is not only Christians' right but also their duty to criticize government infringements on human rights. Echoing many themes of John Paul II ("You can sum up the political philosophy of the Pope in three words: 'Don't be afraid,'" Maciej Kozlowski says), Turowicz directly challenged the Party, whose view since coming to power in 1945 has been that religion is harmless as long as it remains on the altar and doesn't interfere with real life. In retaliation the official press launched its most severe attacks on Turowicz, accusing him of "lying all his life."

In abandoning his nuanced stances for a more confrontational style, Turowicz is responding to Poles' current desire for more directness. "Before Solidarity, people were satisfied with any tidbit they could get," Maciej Kozlowski says. "No more. Perhaps the biggest change in Poland is that people aren't satisfied with crumbs anymore. They want truth."

Turowicz's effort to give it to them has put *Tygodnik Powszechny* in a special position as the paper of record in Poland today. It is the only newspaper outside the burgeoning underground press where actors and writers are not ashamed to have reviews appear. These days it is being flooded with the obituaries of Poles who don't want their names in the official press even when they are dead.

The current divisions in Polish society have produced some surprising new alliances. Legions of onetime atheists and agnostics who quit the Party are returning to their Catholic heritage. Even more surprising is the return to religion of many social positivists—including Adam Michnik, one of the founders of KOR, the workers' defense committee—who have traditionally been as hostile to the Church as they were to the regime. The only trouble, Krzysztof Kozlowski says, is that they all want to write for *Tygodnik*. "All Adam Michnik wants to write about is God!" Krzysztof Kozlowski says, incredulous. "I say, 'Adam, we have enough on God. Write something political,' and he says, 'No. We must concentrate on spirituality now.' Michnik wants religion! The priests want politics! We have only eight pages. How can we be all things to all people?"

Krzysztof Kozlowski worries that the workers who are now part of *Tygodnik*'s readership will be discouraged by the paper's intentional obfuscations. Thursday's staff meetings are often taken up with debates over whether to use cartoons. "We are hesitating because our favorite cartoonist has also done pornographic drawings, and it could be a bit of an embarrassment," Maciej Kozlowski explains.

Lately the paper has been besieged by so many requests to write for it that staff members have almost given up hope of getting into print. But *Tygodnik*'s reporters are asked to lecture all over Poland. "I know I am writing for the nation, for the Pope, when I write in *Tygodnik*," says Maciej Kozlowski, who considered emigrating ten years ago. "This is the best job in Poland."

In the current climate of suspicion *Tygodnik*'s offices are one of the few places besides church where Poles feel safe talking openly. On Wednesday, publication day, the office becomes something of an impromptu literary salon, as many of Poland's intellectuals and writers stop by for the paper and linger to chat. One week the literati were joined by a peasant woman in a babushka selling veal. "You see," said Jan Josef Szczepanski, who times his weekly shopping trip to Cracow from his home, fifty miles away, to coincide with *Tygodnik*'s publication, "you can get everything at *Tygodnik Powszechny*."

As a result of Turowicz's steadfast determination and his recent refusal to join the Sejm, however, relations with the government have worsened considerably. The government has threatened to cut newsprint to the Catholic press by 20 percent and intermittently intervenes to stop *Tygodnik*'s printers from running off extra copies. But Turowicz refuses to be intimidated. "They have threatened us before," he says. "We are not so easy to kill." Indeed, many people feel that the fact that *Tygodnik* has not been closed again is proof that in effect General Jaruzelski's hands are tied. "They need us," Maciej Kozlowski says. "They have no credibility whatsoever." Stefan Kisielewski adds, "They might be able to close us down with another Pope, but not with this one."

Turowicz is keeping up pressure on the government by fastidiously marking censored passages with dashes. A concession won during the Solidarity period, the dashes are considered so important to freedom of the press that during 1981 Poles wore buttons with nothing on them but four dashes. "Being able to say we are not free makes us much freer," Maciej Kozlowski explains.

Listening to Maciej, I thought of a story I had heard about a blind man who had lost not only his sight but also his memory of seeing. In using dashes to mark their blind spots, Poles are remembering what it means to see. Each dash increases their ability to distinguish darkness from light.

Only a handful of Catholic papers have dared to use the dashes. As usual, *Tygodnik Powszechny* makes up for the rest. At one point the front page had so many dashes that it resembled a fill-in-the-blank quiz. Embarrassed, the government limited the use of dashes to four sets per article.

The only time I saw Turowicz worried was when the editor of another paper almost succumbed to pressure to stop marking censored passages. Turowicz was quick to urge him to keep using the dashes. "The danger with censorship is that people get used to it," he explains. "They come to see it as normal. With every dash we use, we are saying, 'This will never be normal.'" □

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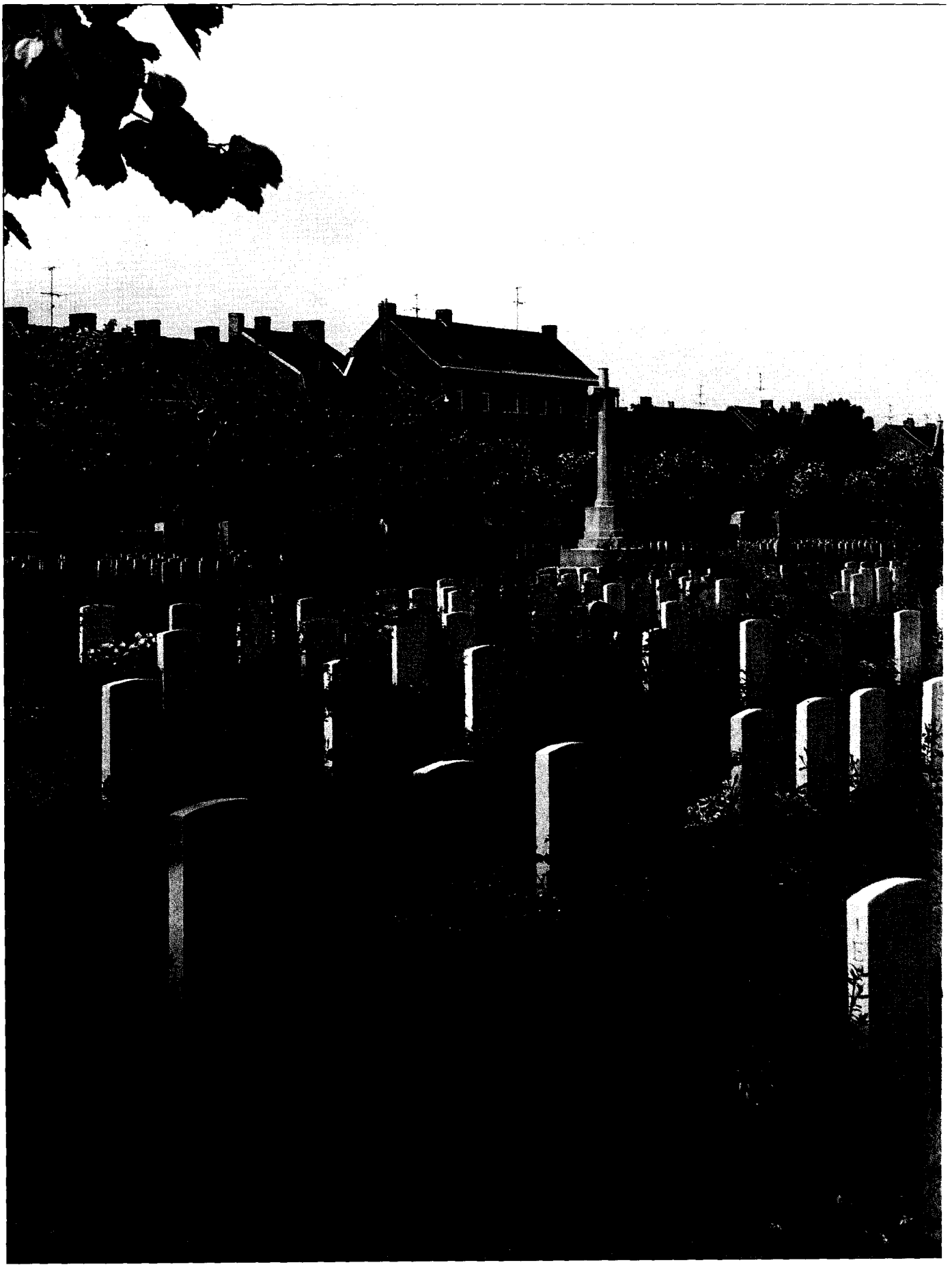

COURTESY VETERANS AFFAIRS CANADA

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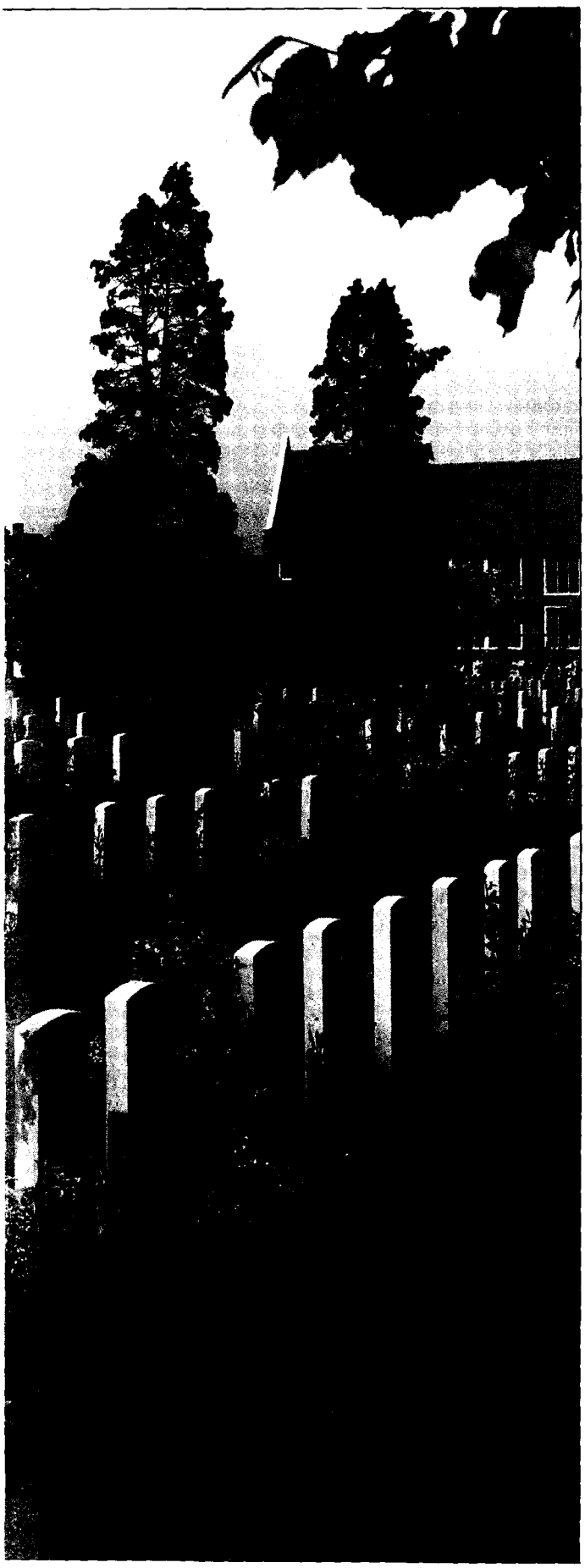

A visit to the shrines and battlefields of the war that ended on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month

ALONG THE WESTERN FRONT

BY JACK BEATTY

THE WESTERN FRONT OF THE 1914–1918 WAR stretched 466 miles, from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier, forming a scar across the face of Europe. On summer vacation, with my wife and young son, I toured the front. It proved a strange vacation: an excursion across a deathscape.

The war on the Western Front began and ended as a war of motion, with the two great German offensives of late summer, 1914, and spring, 1918. In the years between, it was a static war, with only little mockeries of movement here and there along the whole expanse. Imagine a giant *S* inscribed across the top of France, its tail grazing a corner of Belgium: the Germans held the north and east side of this curving line, in places just yards away from the Belgian, British, and French troops facing them on its south and west. The line had no strategic significance whatsoever; it was simply where the million-man armies had wound up after Germany's failure to destroy the Allies in the quick war-opening battle of annihilation that its General Staff had been planning for years. A complicated series of actions beginning on September 5, 1914, known to history as the Battle of the Marne, had checked the German drive just short of Paris. Thereafter the armies had tried to outflank each other in a weeks-long "race to the sea." At the Belgian coast they ran out of room to maneuver and, exhausted, dug in. The Western Front was born of their digging.

The first section of the front lay in Flanders, and there, in the tidy Flemish city of Ypres, we began our tour.

Ypres was not the actual start of the front; that distinction belongs to Nieuport, a city on the North Sea twenty-odd miles down the river Yser from Ypres. Belgian troops held the line of the Yser between the sea and Ypres, where the British sector began. Ypres is pronounced *Eep*, but in the doggerel the British Tommies wrote about it they dubbed it "Wipers":

A British military cemetery in Ypres, Belgium

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Far, far from Wipers I long to be,
Where German snipers can't snipe at me.
Damp is my dug-out,
Cold are my feet,
Waiting for the whizz-bangs
To send me to sleep.

Whizz-bangs were a species of shell that came in on a flat trajectory and made no sound warning of their approach.

The British position at Ypres was an exposed one; it lay in a salient, or bulge, of the front that was enclosed on three sides by German troops, who, to make matters worse, occupied the high ground. Despite its precariousness the British held fast to the salient for the duration. They did so for political reasons. In a treaty signed in the nineteenth century the British had pledged themselves to defend Belgian neutrality, and they had declared war on Germany because, by invading Belgium, it had violated that neutrality. Thus Belgium furnished the British with their *casus belli* in the First World War. That is why they were reluctant to quit the small slice of the country they held for more defensible positions just across the border, in France. It was a matter of British honor. You can see what it cost in the fifty-odd cemeteries around Ypres, as well as at the single most affecting monument we saw on our trip, the Menin Gate.

We arrived in Ypres (a four-hour drive from Paris) at dusk. After checking into an inn we had dinner in a restaurant on the town square. We were almost finished when we noticed a stirring among the diners at the other tables. To judge by their accents, they were British tourists, and they were on their way to the Menin Gate. We paid our bill and followed them.

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Memorial observance at the Menin Gate, Ypres

The Menin Gate is a massive arch that spans the road leading out of the town center. Built by the British in the late twenties, it is inscribed with the names, ranks, and regiments of more than 50,000 British servicemen who, in the words of the dedication, "fell in the Ypres salient in the 1914–1918 war and who have no known grave." As my son and I climbed the stairs leading to the park above the monument, the sounds of British accents filled our ears. "Look, Tom, isn't that Da's lot?" an elderly woman asked her husband as she pointed to a list of the Manchester dead. "Da," it turned out, had belonged to a different unit.

It was almost eight o'clock when the little knot of people in the park started to file down to the sidewalk beneath the gate. A last car drove by. Then two Belgian policemen appeared at either end of the gate and held up their hands. All traffic stopped. A man (we later learned that he was a town fireman) detached himself from the crowd, walked into the middle of the road, and raised a bugle to his lips. Mothers shushed their children, a couple in front of me clasped hands, an old man doffed his cap and held it to his breast. Silence. Then, under the echoing arch, the bugler commenced to play.

The tune was "The Last Post," the British version of taps, and it went on and on, filling the gate with a keening sound that stretched our emotions taut until, at last, it quavered and broke. For long seconds no one moved. Then, with the men turned away from their families to hide their tears, the little crowd of military pilgrims slowly dispersed.

The ceremony at the Menin Gate is a gesture of perpetual remembrance from the Belgian people to the British, New Zealand, Australian, Indian, Maori, Canadian, and South African troops who fought and died here to make good on Britain's promise to Belgium. From 1940 to 1944 Ypres was occupied by the Germans, who forbade any show of piety toward their British enemy. But at eight o'clock on the evening of the day the Germans left, "The Last Post" was played at the Menin Gate, and it has been played every evening since.

In a book kept in a kind of tabernacle inside the gate, visitors are invited to leave their names and nationalities and to comment on the ceremony. Not all of the visitors are British, and indeed I saw some German names, but most of them are. A Graham Vincent, of Edinburgh, wrote this: "Let us remember not so much those who gave their lives here as those whose lives were *taken* from them, and from that learn a lesson for the future." Many visitors found that Kipling summed up their feelings; "Lest We Forget" appeared regularly in the comments column. But the mood of Menin was perhaps best caught by a woman who wrote, "Words are few, thoughts are deep."

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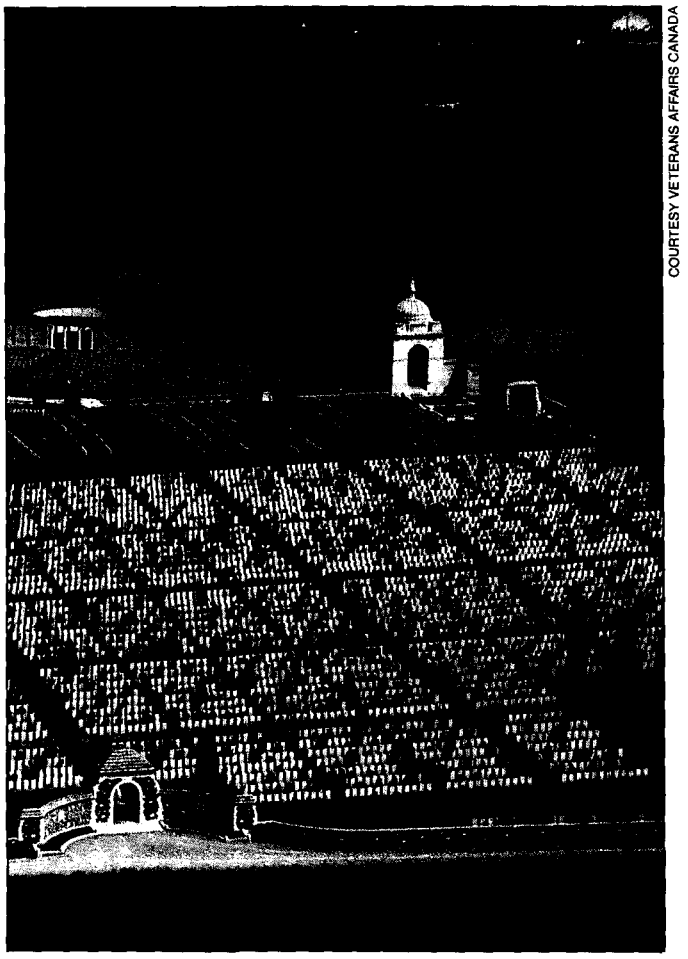
THERE ARE NO TRENCHES AROUND YPRES, BUT SHELL craters pock the wooded hills, and at intervals on the low Flanders plain, pillboxes loom up like so many cement haystacks. The Salient War Museum is on the town square, in the Cloth Hall, which was built between 1260 and 1304, destroyed by German artillery between 1914 and 1918, and rebuilt with German reparations, mostly between the wars. There the visitor can obtain maps showing him what to see in the Ypres area. He can also buy a copy of *Before Endeavors Fade*, by Rose E. B. Coombs, M.B.E., an invaluable guidebook not only to Ypres but also to many other battlefields on the Western Front. We tried to follow Coombs's detailed itineraries ("To return to the Ramparts and the moat; just beyond the cemetery, the walks meander over the corner bastion known as the Lion Tower which like the Lille Gate . . .") but, frustrated, failed. Thereafter we confined ourselves to visiting the places where the soldiers fell—Polygon Wood, Messines Ridge, Mount Kemmel, Pilkem Ridge, and New Irish Farm, where "a number of Chinese Labour Corps are buried beneath the chestnut trees," according to Rose Coombs. The British lost 908,371 men in the Great War, and most of them are buried in these Flanders cemeteries. By far the largest is Tyne Cot, a twenty-minute drive northeast of Ypres, near a village called Passchendaele.

Passchendaele "has come to be . . . a synonym for military failure—a name black-bordered in the records of the British Army," Basil Liddell Hart wrote of the British offensive fought between July 31 and November 4, 1917, and named for the village where, "in a porridge of mud," it stalled. The motives behind the offensive give it a patina of plausibility. The French Army was near mutiny, having been pounded for nearly a year at Verdun and then decimated in a foolhardy April attack across the Chemin des Dames, far down the front from Flanders. A British drive out of the Ypres salient would lift enemy pressure on the French, giving them time to save their army before it melted away. Also, it would give the British the chance to seize the Belgian ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge, where there were large German submarine bases. Since the previous February the Germans had been conducting unrestricted submarine warfare from these bases—sinking one of every four ships leaving England—and the Admiralty feared that Britain might not be able to hold out through 1918 unless, somehow, the submarines were stopped.

Initially the British met with success. The longer the battle lasted, however, the more thoroughly did their artillery destroy the dikes and drainage systems of the tenuously reclaimed fields over which their infantry would have to attack. Worse, fall is the wet season in Flanders, and the sky poured rain. Under such aquatic conditions the offensive slowed to a crawl and then stopped altogether. Seven miles of mud had been taken, at a cost of 300,000 casualties. "Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?" a British general exclaimed upon seeing the swamplike condition of the battlefield. Liddell Hart's lapidary judgment on that comment applies equally to many other generals of the Great War: "If the exclamation was a credit to his heart it revealed on what a foundation of delusion and inexcusable ignorance" the British plan had been based.



COURTESY VETERANS AFFAIRS CANADA

At Tyne Cot, some of Passchendaele's dead

"They died in Hell, they called it Passchendaele," Siegfried Sassoon wrote. Tyne Cot, once a suburb of this hell, is today a garden of death. Red and pink roses, lavender hydrangea, livid monkshood, exuberant daisies, orange gaillardia—each of the 12,000 gravestones is flanked by these or other flowers. Behind the cemetery is a wheat field, across from it the first of many farms extending over the plain to the horizon, and the spire of Ypres Cathedral poking over the last hill. We got there in the late evening of a rain-washed day and watched as the westering sky turned a tortured red, with bruises of black and flashes of yellow showing through. To stand amid those flowers in that perfumed air and watch the slow guttering of the daylight made one feel as if Nature were in a conspiracy with Man to deny what had once gone on here. The loveliness of Tyne Cot is a sort of reaction formation against the memory of hell. That is the aesthetic principle behind these British War Graves Commission cemeteries, or so I came to conclude. They are transfigurations of the terrible. They serve to remind us that the civilization said to have been destroyed by the Great War, that "old bitch gone in the teeth" of Ezra Pound's bitter postwar poem, still remembers how to mask death with beauty.

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That is one face of our civilization; the back wall of the Tyne Cot cemetery recalls another. It is a big wall, and it is inscribed with the names of thousands of soldiers to whom, in the words of the dedication, "the fortunes of war denied the known and honored burial given to their comrades in death." That stately language is another mask. Those men have no individual graves because they were killed by means that obliterated them. What Wilfred Owen called "the monstrous anger of the guns" claimed far more victims than did bullets in the Great War. At the start of the Passchendaele offensive, for example, the British fired 4,500,000 artillery shells, and the German guns replied with a comparable prodigality. Men were dismembered, cut in half, punched into the earth by shells they often could not hear coming, fired by gunners they could not see. It was a spectacle of mass technological death, and it made courage as meaningless as mercy. The memory of this impersonal, inconceivably destructive violence is one of the Great War's legacies—a permanent shudder in history.

In the visitor's book at Tyne Cot someone has written, "If ye break faith with us who die/We shall not sleep, though poppies grow/In Flanders Fields." But how, after all this time, can we keep faith with them? John McCrae's poem, from which those lines are taken, also bids its readers, "Take up our quarrel with the foe:/To you from failing hands we throw/The torch. . . ." That appeal meant something while the war still raged, but not now. What foe should we take up arms against? And what are we to do with the torch?

WE CAME TO EUROPE TO SEE "THE TRENCHES"; I even had the droll notion of spending a day walking a length of them. That, I discovered, is not possible. Seventy years of farming in the meticulous French manner, of road-building and town-extending and city-reconstructing, have combined with the destruction wrought by the tank battles and the aerial bombings of the Second World War to expunge the trench system of the Great War. Still, in a few places bits of the trenches have been restored—at Vimy Ridge, for instance.

Vimy Ridge is a spectacular and, for parents traveling with a small child, frightening battlefield to visit. It lies perhaps thirty miles down the front from Ypres, just north of Arras, in the department of Artois. To quote Rose Coombs, Vimy Ridge is today "preserved and owned in perpetuity by Canada," for it was Canadian troops who, on April 9, 1917, stormed and seized it.

Vimy Ridge nicely illustrates the strategic problem faced by the Allies from November of 1914 to March of 1918, when the Germans stood on the defensive and the Allies mounted attack after attack—at Ypres, Loos, the Somme, Lens, Arras, La Bassée, Neuve Chapelle—against a trench barrier that daily grew thicker, as more and yet more trenches were dug behind the front line. During an Allied bombardment the Germans would withdraw from the front trenches by means of communications trenches and scuttle to the comparative security of the rear trenches, or they would burrow into dugouts thirty feet deep and wait out the shelling in safety. The shelling over, they would clamber up from the dugouts or race down the communication trenches and be ready to machine-gun the advancing waves of British infantry. Thus the pattern of stalemate—and slaughter.

Winston Churchill summed up the Allied dilemma in a war memorandum: "We must, therefore, either find another theatre or another method." That is, either the Allies had to go around the trench barrier or they had to devise a way to break through it. Churchill's Dardanelles expedition was an attempt to find another theater; it failed. So did the new method of poison gas. Introduced by the Germans at Ypres in 1915, it was quickly copied by the British and as quickly neutralized by their enemy. The method that finally broke the trench barrier was, of course, the armored tank. But that deliverance was not fully matured until 1918. Meanwhile, other methods were tried.

At Vimy Ridge the Canadians had miners dig up to the German front trench, place heavy explosives beneath it, and then blow it up at the moment of attack. The mining worked: the Canadians achieved a complete tactical victory (which they were unable to exploit into a strategic breakthrough, however). Today two enormous mine craters, perhaps fifty feet deep and a hundred feet wide, testify to the success of this new method. My son and I scrambled up and down those craters for what seemed like hours one hot August afternoon. From then on, for the rest of the trip, at the most inconvenient times, he would demand to see another "craber," until, exasperated, I gave in.

Vimy Ridge can also be recommended for its opposing rows of restored trenches, so close that you could hear your enemy sigh, and for the Canadian Memorial on the flank of the ridge opposite the trenches, an easy ten-minute walk away through the intervening Memorial Park. To keep the grass in the park clipped, the Canadians allow goats to roam free behind a wire fence. Do not try to feed the goats—the fence is electrified. "It's raining," my son said as he felt the mild charge of the wire against his flesh. We didn't know what he was talking about until we brushed against it ourselves.

But that is the least of the dangers in the park: the woods are liberally strewn with unexploded gas and artillery shells, and red signs phrased in the imperative mood of several languages warn visitors to stay on the road. "To you . . . we throw/The torch"—but who would have guessed that the flame would still be burning so many years later?

The Canadian Memorial is a huge, grandiloquent sculpture. Part abstract design, part figurative rendering, it shows the Spirit of Canada weeping for her dead sons. Placed at the crest of a bare, steep ridge, the memorial commands panoramic views of the Scarpe Valley, the Douai Plain, and the coalfields and slag heaps around Lens. It is girdled by an ample meadow pocked with shell holes

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—and is out of bounds because of unexploded shells.

One of Kipling's "Epitaphs of the War" is a memorial to Canada:

> From little towns in a far land we came,
> To save our honour and a world aflame.
> By little towns in a far land we sleep;
> And trust that world we won for you to keep!

Again that familiar note: *We* must give meaning to *their* sacrifice.

Canada lost 66,655 men in the Great War. Kipling lost his son.

grave/Remember too the German soldiers/Who were loyal and brave."

Indeed they were. Germany had staked everything on the one big war-opening battle. When that failed, its chances of winning disappeared. It could not hope to prevail in a prolonged two-front war (Russia was a combatant right up until 1918), for the Allied blockade would slowly cut the muscles of the German war effort. Yet the soldiers held on, serving with a loyalty that their leaders, the criminally stupid Kaiser, and Ludendorff the Nazi-to-be, did not deserve. Germany lost 1,800,000 men in the Great War.

COURTESY VETERANS AFFAIRS CANADA

The Canadian Memorial at Vimy Ridge, France: the spirit of Canada weeps for her fallen sons

THE CANADIAN DEAD WERE IN OUR THOUGHTS AS WE drove away from Vimy Ridge, and so were those Germans blown out of an April morning by the Canadian mines. Earlier we had visited the German cemetery at Neuville St. Vaast and looked out over 37,000 graves, rows of black metal crosses with many Stars of David breaking the symmetry. Less than a half mile away was a British cemetery; beyond it a billowing tricolor marked the location of a French cemetery. Divided in life, united in death—you couldn't help thinking in such Family of Man clichés; you couldn't help being moved, either.

In the visitor's book at the German cemetery someone had written: "When you are visiting your dead hero's

IN F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S *TENDER IS THE NIGHT*, DICK Diver and some of his friends take time out from their strenuous dissipations in Paris to drive to a Great War battlefield far to the northeast of the city. Caught up in the mood of the still-ravaged land (the time is the 1920s), Diver delivers himself of this remarkable speech:

> See that little stream—we could walk to it in two minutes. It took the British a month to walk to it—a whole empire walking very slowly, dying in front and pushing forward behind. And another empire walked very slowly backward a few inches a day, leaving the dead like a million bloody rugs. No Europeans will ever do that again in this generation. . . . This western-front business couldn't

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be done again, not for a long time. The young men think they could do it but they couldn't. They could fight the first Marne again but not this. This took religion and years of plenty and tremendous sureties and the exact relation that existed between the classes. The Russians and Italians weren't any good on this front. You had to have a whole-souled sentimental equipment going back further than you could remember. You had to remember Christmas, and postcards of the Crown Prince and his fiancée, and little cafés in Valence and beer gardens in Unter den Linden and weddings at the mairie, and going to the Derby, and your grandfather's whiskers. . . . This was a love battle—there was a century of middle-class love spent here. . . . All my beautiful lovely safe world blew itself up here with a great gust of high explosive love.

Notice the distinction Diver makes between "first Marne" and "this western-front business." The former belonged to the brief weeks of the war of motion, the latter to the four years of the war of stalemate. In Diver's mind the essence of the Great War lies in the classic Western Front battle fought in the place that he and his friends have driven to visit. It began on July 1, 1916, and though its official designation is the Battle of Albert, to almost everybody by now it is known as the Somme, after the river that flows nearby.

Dick Diver lays a rare stress on the affective psychology of the soldiers who fought in the Somme, on their capacity to be linked by memory to love. He is on to something big here, another legacy of the Great War. Students of mass conformity, of fascism and totalitarianism, of nationalism and patriotism, could profitably confront the Somme with a disturbing question: What made them do it?

"It" was to march, in an orderly way, rank by rank, column by column, to their death. That is what 20,000 British soldiers did on July 1, most of them falling between 7:30 and 8:30 A.M., the taste of tea and bacon still fresh on their lips. They got out of their trenches and marched to their death, or to some form of mutilation—total casualties

SINEW

The girl minding the store.
She stands at the window
picking a piece of pork
from her teeth. Idly
watching the men in serge suits,
waistcoats, and ties,
dapping for trout in Lough Gill,
near the Isle of Innisfree.
The remains of her midday meal
congealing on the sill.
The air is still warm.
A cuckoo bird calls.

Close in, a man in a boat,
wearing a hat, looks
toward shore, the little store,
and the girl. He looks, whips
his line, and looks some more.
She leans closer to the glass.
Goes out then to the lakeside.
But it's the cuckoo in the bush
that has her attention.

The man strikes a fish,
is all business now.
The girl goes on working
at the sinew in her teeth.
But she watches this well-dressed
man reaching out
to slip a net under his fish.

In a minute, shyly, he floats near,
holds up his catch for the girl's pleasure.
Doffs his hat. She stirs and smiles,
a little. Raises her hand.
A gesture which starts the bird
in flight, toward Innisfree.

The man casts and casts again.
His line cuts the air. His fly
touches the water, and waits.
But what does this man
really care for trout?
What he'll take
from this day is the memory of
a girl working her finger
inside her mouth as their glances
meet, and a bird flies up.

They look at each other and smile.
In the still afternoon.
With not a word lost between them.

—Raymond Carver

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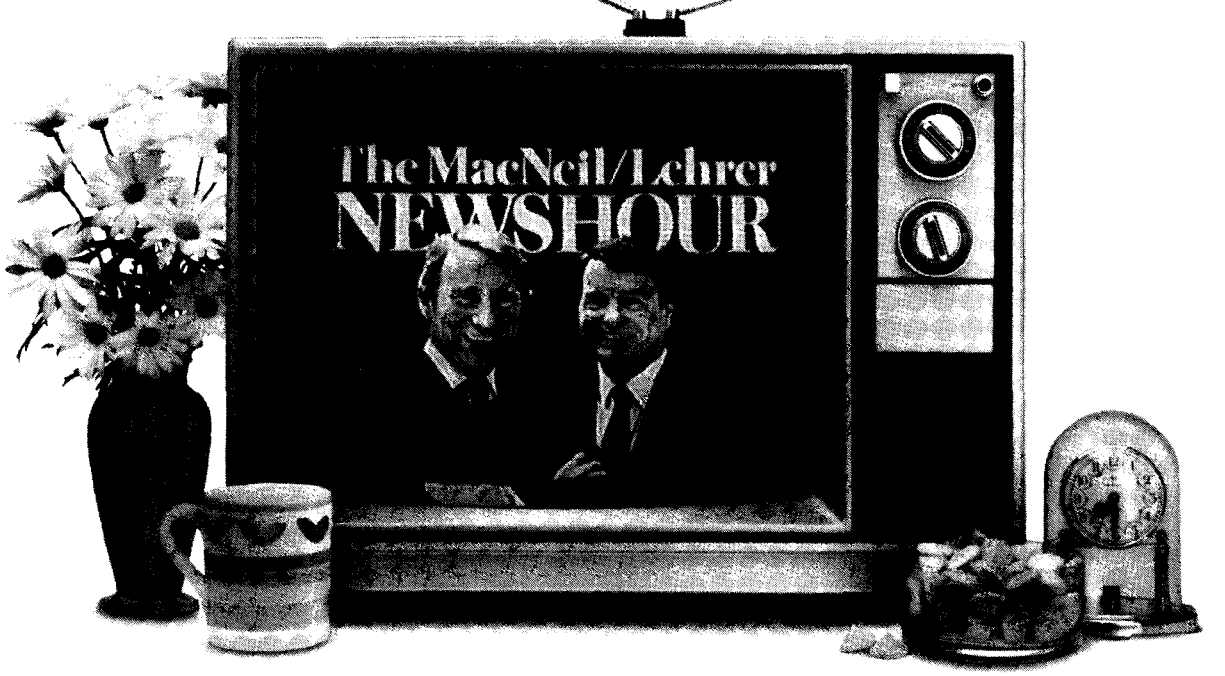

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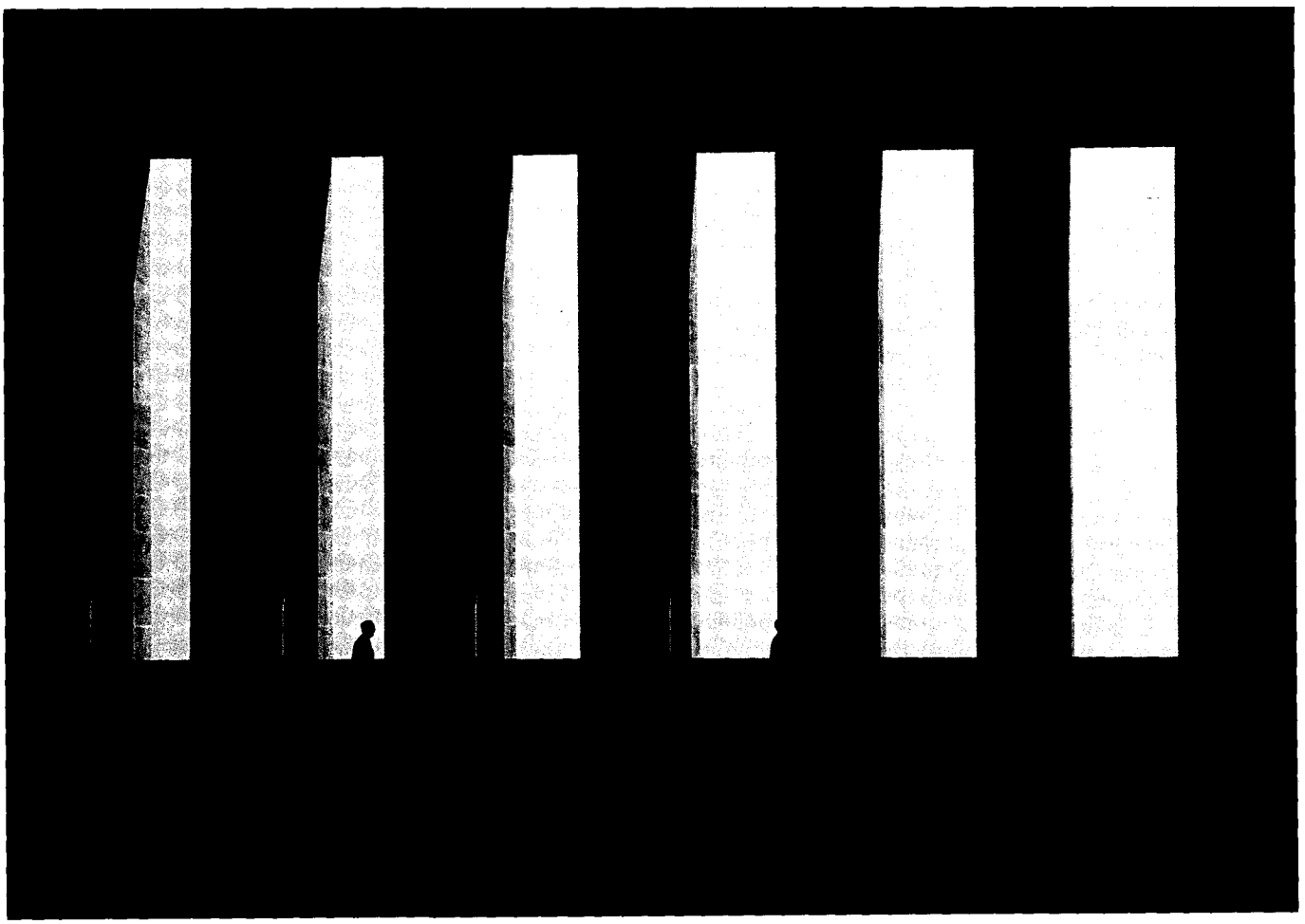
for July 1 came to 60,000. They had been told that the German trenches facing them, uphill, in the hard clay ground of Picardy would be cleared of the enemy. At worst they would be lined with dazed and dying soldiers, victims of the tremendous, days-long British artillery barrage. Instead the trenches were full of machine gunners, who had sat out the barrage in deep "bomb proofs." Methodically these gunners raked the British formations. Methodically new formations set out, were shot down in no-man's-land, were replaced by other formations, and so on, turn and turn about, through the long day.

North of Albert, near the village of Beaumont-Hamel, is the Newfoundland Memorial Park. You can stand in the restored British trenches there, look 500 yards across to the German trenches, and ask yourself if you could do what the 752 members of the Newfoundland regiment did on July 1—attack across that piece of ground. Private F. H. Cameron, of the 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers, who had been wounded in an earlier assault on the German position, lay in no-man's-land watching the regiment attack. "On came the Newfoundlanders, a great body of men, but the fire intensified and they were wiped out in front of my eyes. I cursed the generals for their useless slaughter." The attack lasted forty minutes, and fully 91 percent of the Newfoundlanders were shot down in it.

"You had to have a whole-souled sentimental equipment"—that or be mad, I thought, as my son and I scuttled across no-man's-land at the Newfoundland Park one afternoon. We got halfway, climbing up and down the gulleys and shell holes and swales where the Tommies had tried to hide from the killing fire, and then started back, my son waving to my wife, who sat on the parapet of the German trenches, waving back. We mix love and obedience in our children's psyches, making them susceptible to authority—fearing it, identifying with it, wanting its approval. So it's no use putting all the blame for a slaughter like the Somme on the State; we soften our children up for the kill by weakening their will to rebel with mithridatic doses of guilt. Obedience to authority is a liability of our natures, and the Newfoundland Memorial is one of its monuments.

We drove away in low spirits. Next stop, Château-Thierry.



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The American Memorial at Château-Thierry: where the doughboys stopped Ludendorff in his lunge for Paris

TO GET TO THE AMERICAN SECTOR OF THE WAR from the Somme battlefields you drive east and then south, down the valley of the Marne. The drive east, from Albert to Péronne, is very beautiful. The road runs along the high ground and offers generous views

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of the French countryside. Every few miles you pass a British cemetery. The introductions to the registers of these cemeteries, it is useful to know, contain brief histories of the fighting in the area. Some of the funerary monuments are impressive, others "hideous, but done in good faith," as one visitor wrote of the Thiepval Monument.

From Péronne you drive through St. Quentin, with its monuments commemorating the American assault on the Hindenburg Line; past Laon, where you can still see the emplacement of the great German gun that lobbed shells over fifty air miles into Paris; and then through Soissons and on into Château-Thierry. Here in June of 1918, in front of this provincial city nestled in a bend of the Marne, the raw American Army and Marines stopped Ludendorff's lunge for Paris. Of 310,000 U. S. soldiers engaged, 67,000 became casualties. A rather fascistic white monument, but done in good faith, honors the American dead. Set on a bluff overlooking the Marne Valley and the Champagne country beyond, it includes a relief map depicting where the fighting took place. The names of the battles—Crimpetes Wood, Vaux, Fismes, Missy-aux-Bois—were all unfamiliar to me, except one.

The Bois de Belleau—Belleau Wood—ranks with Gettysburg and Omaha Beach as one of the great place-names in American military history. Lying perhaps a dozen miles outside of Château-Thierry, deep in the country, Belleau Wood is today the site of a surpassingly lovely cemetery, its large white crosses and Stars of David arrayed in graceful curving lines, its grass rich and well cared for, its stands of roses huge and, against that white and bright green background, passionately vermillion. Behind the cemetery one can walk in the Bois, which contains numerous guns and plaques recording acts, usually fatal, of Marine valor. Altogether, the cemetery makes one proud to belong to a country that can afford to honor its dead with such tasteful munificence.

Just down the hill is the hamlet of Belleau, and there, on the lawn of a tiny park across from the *mairie*, we had a picnic. The scene was beckoningly pastoral. Five or six dun-colored stucco farmhouses, with red tiled roofs and green shutters, filled the foreground. Behind us was an apple orchard, in the middle distance a hill speckled with black and white cows. It was as if we had stepped out of history and into art—a painting by Cezanne, say.

By the side of the road was a rustic water pump, the sort of humble prop that lends pathos and authenticity to French landscape paintings. Close inspection revealed it to be a gift to Belleau from a Pennsylvania regiment. So much for escaping from history.

North from Château-Thierry, on Route 380, the views are delightful, the tiny *villes* so many brief and charming anecdotes. On one side for much of the trip is the valley of the Marne, steep and serpentine; on the other are the lush wheat fields and arching arbors of the Champagne country. On a high point of the road just beyond Bligny sits a rare sight on the Western Front—an Italian cemetery. Buried there are 5,000 Italian soldiers who, in the words of a nearby monument, died *"pour la France 1914–1918."* The main pathway through the cemetery, paved with round white pebbles and bordered with tall cedar bushes, might be an old Roman road. The setting is deeply Italian in feeling. Across Route 380 are more graves and another novel sight. Walking through this cemetery annex, I noticed the familiar shell welts scalloping the surrounding ground. A vagrant impulse led me to leap the wall and make my way to an adjacent copse. There I was startled to find an old rusting cannon: "1916 Fried. Krupp," it said on the breech. The barrel was grotesquely bent back, the way gun barrels are in cartoons. Had a shell hit it head on, or had it been spiked by the Germans to keep it from falling into enemy hands?

In Reims there is the cathedral to see, the champagne cellars to tour (no samples), and the military museum at Fort Pompenelle to visit. West of Reims is the battlefield of the Chemin des Dames, scene of epic butcheries; east of it the Argonne Forest and Verdun. We took the road east.

THE SHOCK OF THE LUDENDORFF OFFENSIVE IN THE spring of 1918 caused the Allies to reform their command structure. A generalissimo of all the armies was appointed to coordinate the Allied counteroffensive. He was Marshal Foch, and it fell to him to give orders to the British and American generals under his command, John J. Pershing among them. The relationship of these two commanders did not go smoothly.

Pershing wanted to command an independent American army in the field, Foch to parcel out the American divisions to fill the gaps in the French ranks. Foch's motivation, historians speculate, was as much political as military. In the summer of 1918, with Germany's defeat now only a question of time, the French feared that an American army crowned with triumphs might enhance President Woodrow Wilson's bargaining position at the inevitable peace conference—might even give him the leverage to write his too-generous Fourteen Points into a treaty with the hated Boche. In the event, Pershing won the argument with Foch, but only after agreeing to attack with his independent army at a site of Foch's choosing. This was the Argonne Forest, where Pershing's army came to grief.

Driving into the Argonne off the A-4, which runs between Reims and Verdun, you can glimpse something of Pershing's problem. Here is no *bois* but a teeming fecundity of tall trees and dense undergrowth. The Allies had never dared to attack through the Argonne, leaving the Germans four unharassed years to construct defenses twelve miles deep. It is no wonder that the cemetery at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, deep in the Argonne, is the largest American military cemetery in Europe, containing the remains of 14,246 soldiers.

Opened on September 26, 1918, Pershing's attack soon stalled. His troops, most of whom had been drafted just two months before, were so green that old-timers were charging as much as five dollars to show them how to load their rifles.

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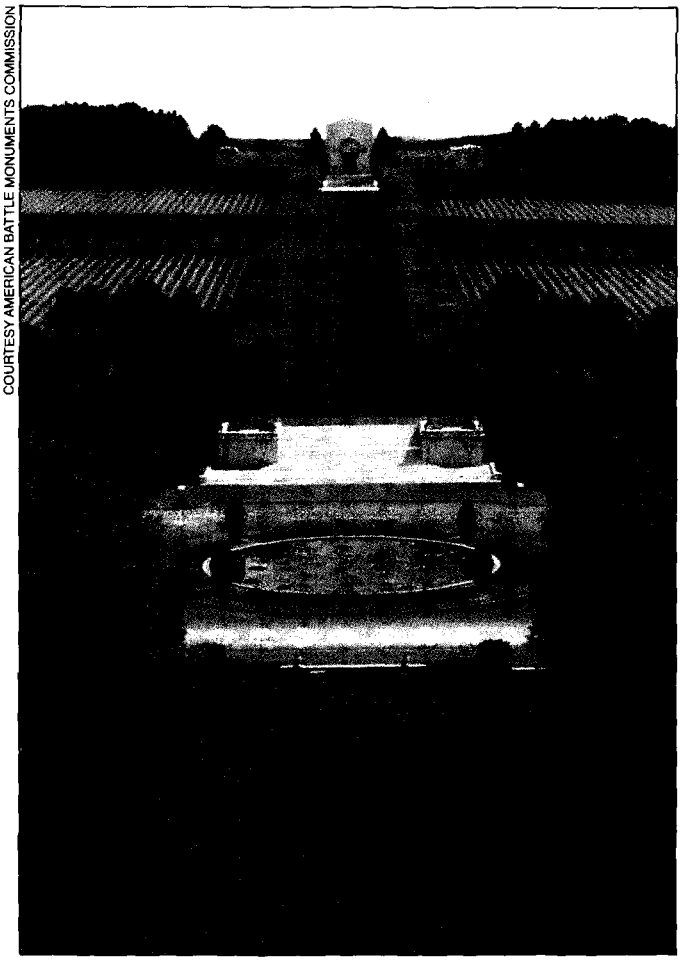

COURTESY AMERICAN BATTLE MONUMENTS COMMISSION

An American military cemetery in the Argonne Forest

In the dark woods, following Pershing's order to push ahead "without regard of losses and without regard to the exposed conditions of the flanks," units quickly became cut off from each other. One, the 1st Battalion of the 308th Infantry, was lost for five days. After word leaked to the press, "The Lost Battalion" became front-page news in America, as well as an embarrassment to Pershing. Subject to ferocious German counterattacks—spearheaded by flamethrowers—the battalion held its ground, encircled and depleted but game. Through a captured doughboy the Germans demanded the battalion's surrender. Its commander, Major Charles Whittlesey, refused. Immediately he did so, a shout went up from the American foxholes: "You Heinie bastards, come and get us!" Which they did. However, thanks to the flight of its only remaining carrier pigeon, Cher Ami, the lost battalion had at last been found, and relief was quick in coming.

Cher Ami became a national hero; after his death, a year later, he was stuffed, and today he is on exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution. Major Whittlesey was awarded a Medal of Honor, but that was not enough to heal his scars. In November of 1921 he jumped off a ship headed for Cuba. One of his business associates later told reporters, "He was a victim engulfed in a sea of woe. He would go to two or three funerals every week, and visit the wounded in the hospitals, and try to comfort the relatives of the dead."

Not all went badly for the Americans in the Argonne, and closer to the Meuse River you can see plaques and monuments to their victories; the roads secured, bridges taken, villages liberated—Varennes-en-Argonne, for example. A tank attack led by the young George Patton freed this village in September, 1918. Varennes now boasts a first-rate military museum, featuring photographs of the Argonne fighting and, in a cabinet of curios, a snapshot of Captain Harry Truman, who commanded an artillery battery here. Outside the museum is a bosky park leading to a modest yet majestic plaza, through which we had to walk to get to our car. Children rode their bicycles in circles on the plaza while their parents and grandparents sat on its walls talking and laughing—and our hearts swelled when we saw a plaque saying that the plaza was a gift from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Surely these Ardennois, happy and free, are what men like Major Whittlesey were fighting for. If only he could come back today to see what their suffering had made possible—the tranquil life of this forest village—the demons of his memory might be stilled, allowing him, a very old man, to die at peace with himself. Peace: Varennes-en-Argonne reminds us that sometimes it must be won.

WE PICNICKED IN THE TOWN FOREST OF VERDUN, in a little clearing between the road and the woods. My son had no appetite for lunch. He preferred to climb up the bank leading to the woods. I ran after him—and shivered at what I saw. Beneath the thick overhang of branch and bush the ground was gouged with deep holes, like the face of a leper under his beard. The holes were filled halfway up with stagnant water, and trees grew out of them at grotesque angles. Seventy years ago this forest was cruelly punished in a ferocious battle from which neither it nor the French nation has fully recovered.

I make a poor guide to Verdun. The place depressed me. You have to be French to know how to respond to it. Or so I concluded as I watched the French tourists who swarmed over its monuments and crowded its museums.

They seem awestruck, as if Verdun were a kind of Lourdes without the miracles. In the hallways of Fort Douaumont, windowless and lit by yellow light, they shuffle by with the stricken air of mourners at the funeral of someone very dear. They mourn the death not so much of heroes as of heroism. Brave men fought and died here, *pour la France*. From the observation tower on Fort Douaumont you can look down on the forested hills to where the noble Colonel Driant held out to the last against the Germans' savage opening attack. For generations after the battle every French schoolboy honored his name. To the west lie the ruins of Fort Vaux, where Commandant Raynal and his few-score men fought for days against thousands of storm troopers. Raynal, too, is a national hero. Perhaps because the commanding general at Verdun was Henri Pétain, who dishonored his fame by collaborating with the Nazis during the Second World War, Verdun is remembered not for its commander but for the valor and more: the stoicism in adversity of its ordinary soldiers. Yet the

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cult of Driant, Raynal, and the others like them serves less to reveal what life was like for the *poilu*, the common French fighting man, than to mask the reality of Verdun. More than Passchendaele, more than the Somme, Verdun shows the essential irrelevance of the martial ideal in the world of industrial warfare. It was shell against flesh here, and the bodies lay thick upon the ground. In his splendid book *The Price of Glory: Verdun 1916,* Alistair Horne wrote: "The compressed area of the battlefield became an open cemetery in which every square foot contained some decomposed piece of flesh." A nation can't raise its sons to courage on such images. Hence the necessity of men like Driant and Raynal. If they did not exist, France would have had to invent them.

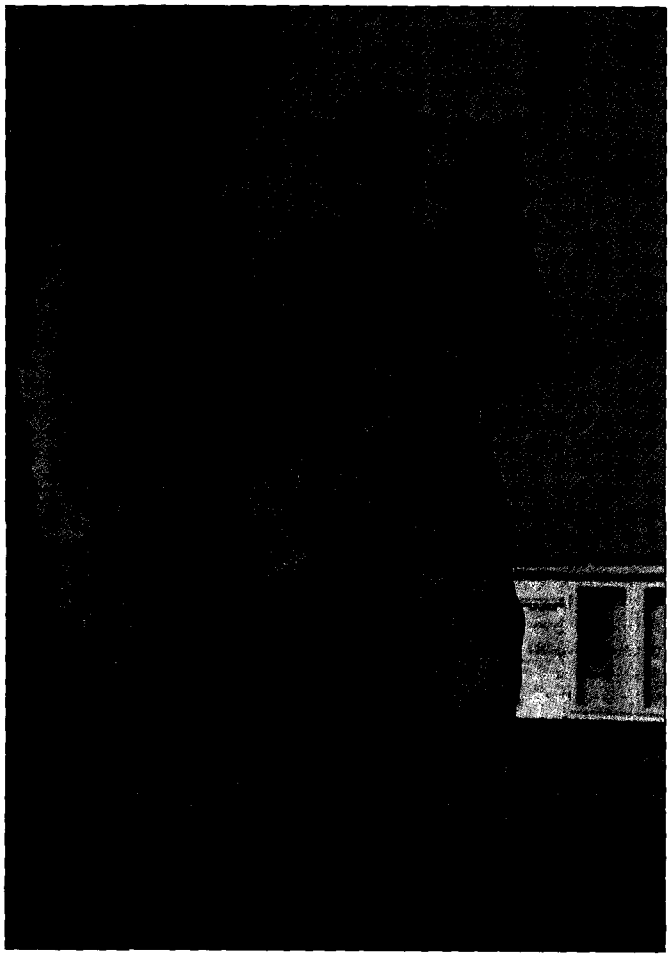
An infernal strategic logic lay behind the carnage of Verdun. In December of 1915 Erich von Falkenhayn, the German commander on the Western Front, submitted a memorandum to the Kaiser sketching out a plan of victory. Germany would lure the French Army into defending a position "for the retention of which the French General Staff would be compelled to throw in every man they have. If they do so the forces of France will bleed to death. . . ." Since France was "England's best sword," a defeat of France would compel England to capitulate. Alistair Horne wrote: "Falkenhayn's memorandum made military history. Never through the ages had any great commander or strategist proposed to vanquish an enemy by gradually bleeding him to death." The old fortified city of Verdun was picked for this macabre experiment because it lay in a salient all but surrounded by German forces. Also, because its forts were thought to be impregnable, French morale would be irretrievably dashed if Verdun should fall.

Falkenhayn's strategy nearly worked. The French rotated seven tenths of their army through the meat grinder of Verdun. A colonel's order to his regiment gives the death-heavy flavor of the battle: "You have a mission of sacrifice. . . . On the day they want to, they will massacre you to the last man, and it is your duty to fall." The losses on both sides were appalling—perhaps a million and a quarter casualties in all. (The *ossuaire* at Verdun is full of the bones of the 150,000 unidentified and unburied corpses.) In short, Verdun was a demographic catastrophe for France. Yet, following Pétain's famous order "*Ils ne passeront pas!*" the French Army held Verdun for the ten months of the battle—an epic of courage and endurance but not of victory. The standoff of Verdun, in the words of Alistair Horne, "was the indecisive battle in an indecisive war; the unnecessary battle in an unnecessary war; the battle that had no victors in a war that had no victors."

We traveled beyond Verdun, down into the plains of Lorraine, which, in the summer of 1914, were carpeted with the corpses of French soldiers; following the doctrine of "*offensive à outrance*," they had charged the hungry German machine guns with their bayonets fixed, their scarlet pantaloons billowing in the breeze of their rush. We had thought to drive on, through the high Vosges, where French chasseurs and German Alpine troops had fought a mountain war, and then down the valley of the Moselle, past the strong points of Epinal and Belfort, which Falkenhayn had considered attacking instead of Verdun, to Besançon and the end of the front at the Swiss border. That was our plan. But time pressed, the skies poured rain, and the grim spell of Verdun failed to release us from its grip. We cut short our trip and returned to Paris. Before we left France, I wanted to tour Versailles, where the Allies wrote the script for the Second World War, the vilest legacy of a Great War so ripe with evils.

We share a kinship of hazard with the soldiers of the trenches, living as we do under what President John F. Kennedy called a "nuclear sword of Damocles," which may fall on us at any moment as the shells fell on them. Their helplessness before their fate prefigures ours, or so we brood when we despair of ever making the world safe not for democracy but, this time, for life itself.

"On or about December 1910 human nature changed." The date is off by four years. Still, Virginia Woolf's pensée captures the sense of one world dying in the years of the Great War and another being born—one crueler and without security. Only a year into the war a Belgian poet, speaking of himself in the third person, dedicated a book on the invasion of his country with these words: "With emotion, to the man he used to be." He changed, we changed, somewhere along the Western Front. □



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Honoring victims of the war's bloodiest battle: Verdun

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A Short Story

THE QUALITY OF LIFE

BY SUE MILLER

ALAN WATCHED JODY BEND TO GET SOMETHING OUT of the refrigerator. As she straightened up, their eyes met and she smiled at him. "So it'll be one big happy family, hmm?" she asked.

Alan nodded. He'd been married to Jody until two years earlier, and he still felt an odd sense of comfort when he sat in the kitchen of the house they'd shared, the house she still lived in. She had poured them both some wine while the children—the young people—finished getting their stuff together. He was taking them for the Christmas holidays.

"All her kids, too?"

"What do you mean,'all,' Jode? She's only got three. Same as us."

She grinned. "It never seemed like *only* to me. Course in those days men weren't into all this *sharing*, all this communicating with their offspring. Weeks could go by . . ."

"Let's not," he said. She'd been mocking herself, her complaints at an earlier stage in their lives, but it made him uncomfortable.

She looked at him quizzically. "What is it with you? You used to be good for a few laughs, anyway."

He shrugged.

She sipped at her wine and then bent over the sink. Her hair, that even chestnut brown, fell forward and hid the side of her face. He wondered suddenly if she was touching it up now.

"What're *you* going to do?" he asked.

She swept her hair back with one hand and stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"For Christmas. For the holidays. Anything special?"

She smiled. "I'll think of something." She turned and started fussing with whatever was in the sink. She was wearing a short-sleeved shirt, and he watched her bare arms move quickly, gracefully, the skin at her elbows creasing and puckering with her motion. Claudia's arms weren't like that. Not yet. He felt a sudden pang for Jody.

"*Mom.*" It was Andrea, their youngest, calling from the second floor.

Jody put her hands on her hips and arched her back slightly, a familiar, exaggerated posture of irritation. He watched the cords in her neck tighten as she yelled back with slow and precise diction, "If you want to talk to me, please come to where I am so I *do* not have to shout to be heard."

"Oh, God!" came the reply; but after a moment Andrea thundered down the stairs. Her hair flew in all directions. She ignored her father. She had greeted him when he arrived, and she wasn't able to sustain a conversation with both parents at once anyway. Her voice boomed. "For Christ's sake, Mom. All I have is one little question and I've gotta come all the way down *here*?"

Alan stared at them. Even though the girl was bigger than her mother, she was narrow and snaky through the hips. Slender Jody, her eyes steady on her daughter, conveyed the mysterious massiveness of a grown woman.

"I mean, doesn't it strike you as un*reas*onable?"

Jody didn't answer.

"Doesn't it?" Andrea persisted. She looked nervously at her father.

"What's your question?" Jody asked.

"Aaaah!" Andrea shook her wild hair and stamped her foot in protest. Then she asked her question. "Where are my painter's pants?"

"Check the dryer," Jody answered, and Andrea flung herself at the basement door and down the stairs.

"How'd her hair get like that?" he asked.

"Like what?"

"God, it's so . . . bushy. So fanned out."

"Oh. She braids it wet. Tiny braids all over." They could hear Andrea in the basement, banging the dryer shut. She started up the stairs. "Our own sweet pickaninny," Jody said loudly. Andrea emerged with the painter's pants. "And when she wakes up and brushes it out . . . magic!"

Andrea scowled at her mother as she crossed the kitchen. She stopped at the doorway to the back hall. "And you know what else I wish, Mom?"

Jody looked at her. "No. What?" she asked calmly.

"I wish you would not talk about me in the third person, as though I wasn't even *there*. It's just totally *rude*, that's what it is." She left the hall, and they could hear her, heavy-footed, on the stairs.

Jody sighed. "Sometimes I wish we had some sort of neutral drop-off point. An Ellis Island. A no-man's-land or something. Where we could work these exchanges better."

"Is that what's eating her?"

"I *think*. At any rate, she's usually actually kind of lovely. Foul-mouthed always. But really, the light of my life."

He looked up at her. She seemed to mean it. Behind the fall of her hair, she was chewing her lower lip. "She's the only one who touches me anymore," Jody said abruptly.

His younger son, Steve, a senior in high school, walked

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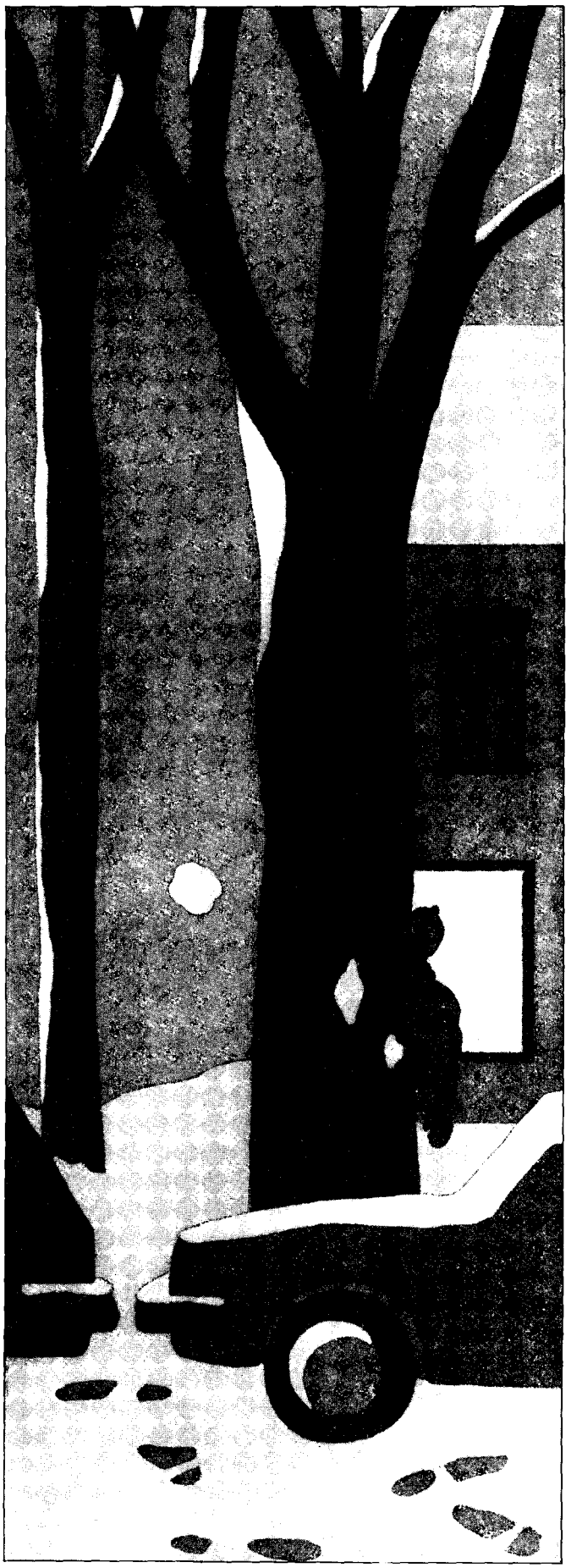

in. "Let's get this show on the road," he said. "It drives me nuts how long it takes to get anything to happen in this house."

"What's your rush?"

"Well, I don't know. I thought we were trying to go or something. Wasn't that the idea?" He looked at his father, who sat sprawled at the kitchen table, his legs stretched out in front of him. Alan had taken off his boots by the front door, and he wore wool socks of two different colors.

Jody went back to her work at the sink. Washing lettuce, that's what she was doing. She shook a packet of the wet green leaves and started to spread them on a cloth on the counter top.

Alan picked up his glass. "David's not ready anyway, is he? I haven't seen him."

"He's in the car," Jody said.

"What?"

"He's in the car. He was all packed when you came, and he took his bag out right away, and he's sitting in the car. Come look."

He went over to the sink and stood next to her. His older son had the interior light on in the car, probably to read by. At any rate, his head was bent down, and he sat motionless in the little yellow world. Jody was watching Alan's face, he could tell, and when he looked at her, she shrugged and grinned, as though embarrassed.

"Yeah. So all we need is Andrea," Steve said. He went out into the hall and up the stairs, calling for her.

"Why is he *like* that?" Alan said, gesturing out the window with his wineglass.

"There's nothing wrong with being like that," she said. "I used to be like that when I was a kid too." She was bent over the sink again, rinsing the lettuce. It was escarole, and the frilled green edges made it look as if she were working with some delicate fabric. "I just couldn't *stand* the amount of fussing it took to get us all aimed in one direction, so I'd go sit by the front door till everyone was ready." Jody was one of four sisters, daughters of an Episcopal priest. Alan had actually dated another one of them, Christine, before he'd met Jody. She was tall and stately, beautiful. But tomboyish Jody, who then still chain-smoked Camels and had a reputation for being wild, was the one Alan felt relaxed with and finally chose. Christine had married a clergyman and moved to Minnesota.

Jody set more lettuce on the cloth and tore off several paper towels to pat it dry with. "It's like on an airplane," she said. "You can rush and get all your stuff together and fuss around, and then stand in the aisles for ten minutes. Or you can just sit and read in comfort until the door is open and the aisle is clear."

"You're so smart," he said.

She grinned at him. "Me and David," she said. "It's amazing, the persistence of family characteristics."

"Since you're so smart," he said, "why don't you get one of those twirling baskets that dry the lettuce off in a second, instead of using up all these paper towels?"

She looked at him a long moment. "I don't know what

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I'm supposed to hear," she said. "Is this the story of your concern about my finances? Or is this the story of how in later life you've become domestic, of how someone else has managed to do what I couldn't?"

"Oh, Jody," he said wearily. "You're not supposed to hear anything."

After a minute she said, "I'm sorry. It's just that there was a time when you wouldn't have noticed *what* I was doing with the goddamned lettuce. It's just so odd to me that now you do."

They could hear Steve and Andrea on the stairs.

"It's easier to notice everything now," he said. "Now that I don't live here anymore."

Steve was in the doorway. "We're ready. I think we're ready. I think we're really really ready."

"Let me come out and say good-bye," Jody said.

He felt an odd sinking, a sense of apprehension at leaving. He'd felt it before. Somehow, when he had the children, he didn't see them as clearly as he did when he was with Jody. It seemed that she knew them in a way he couldn't by himself, hadn't been able to since the divorce. Or maybe it was the house, their own house, and something about the way they felt free to move around in it, to yell up and down the stairs, to walk around carrying plates of food. They didn't do that in the house he lived in with Claudia and her children, the expensive, carpeted house that was hers from her first marriage. When he had been married to Jody, he had been made miserable by the confusion, the lack of grace in his family life. But that disarray seemed elemental to his kids, and Alan had found nothing to offer them as a substitute.

He followed Jody into the hall, pulling his coat on. Andrea was cool to her, let Jody kiss her on the cheek. But Steve made noise the whole time—thank God for Steve!—and so it felt like a cheerful good-bye.

After Alan tied his boots, he turned to Jody. Steve and Andrea were outside. They could hear Steve singing a Christmas carol. "And David?" he asked. "Did you say good-bye to him?"

She nodded. "He did everything absolutely correctly. A kiss, a Christmas present, the works."

"Well, then, Merry Christmas," he said.

"To you, too," she said. "I hope it's great fun."

"Thanks," he called back, already walking to the car.

He got in and started the engine. Andrea and Steve had gotten into the back seat, their bags between them. As he turned out of the driveway, Andrea rolled down her window and called, "Bye, Mom! Bye, Mommy!"

He looked back. Jody was silhouetted in the doorway, and her hand came up to wave.

There was silence in the dark car. He said, "I feel a little bad for Mom, taking all you kids away from her for the holiday."

"I wouldn't," Steve said. "She'll have a great time."

"What do you mean?"

Andrea piped up, "She gets to go to the Carib*be*an with that guy, and we all have to stay around *here*!"

"It's Ca*rib*bean," David said in his flat voice, without turning.

"Who cares?" Andrea said. "I don't care."

"I think you can pronounce it either way, Dave," Steve said.

David shrugged. "*Eye*ther way," he said.

"Wait a minute. She's going away?" Alan felt a sense of indignation rising.

"She's going to the Carib*be*an with this guy she's been *dat*ing," Andrea said. She pulled herself forward behind him, and he could feel her damp breath on his neck. "She's going to be all warm and come back tanned and . . . "

"But she didn't tell me," he said. "I mean, what if something happened? If we needed to get in touch with her?"

"We've got her address, Dad," David said. "In fact, she gave each one of us the name of the hotel and the telephone number, in case one of us lost it."

Alan looked over at David, who stared levelly back.

"She's going with a guy named Fred Hutchinson," David said. "He's a developer. Big bucks." David was watching him, he could tell.

His voice was casual. "Nice guy?" he asked.

"Who *cares*?" Andrea said. "She's going to be warm, and we have to stay here in this crummy winter and *freeze* for ten days."

In his mind's eye Jody washed the pale green escarole, sometimes pausing to hook her falling hair back over one ear. He should have thought. You didn't make fancy salads just for yourself. Jody didn't, anyway. Sometimes during their marriage he had accused her of having forgotten how to cook altogether. Often, if she was engrossed in a book, she'd just open a few cans of soup for dinner and tell the children they could read at the table too. Alan had hated that, those silent meals with bread and sandwich fixings not so much arranged as *tossed* onto the table, and the intermittent sibilant flip of someone's page the one human noise besides chewing, swallowing.

He had wanted the divorce. Jody had argued against it, but most of her arguments had to do with the children. He had pointed this out to her, told her it was part of the problem as far as he was concerned. She had conceded, finally, that she didn't have much energy for him. "But it's not all *meant* to be fun," she had said. "There's got to be some pain, too, if it's real. I saw this as part of the long haul." Tears were running down her face. Several times he'd had to get her to lower her voice so that she wouldn't wake the children, who were sleeping upstairs. "For this bunch of years it's the kids, the jobs. *Later* I thought maybe we'd be sexy again."

Later was too late, he told her. And then he told her about Claudia.

She was angry. She threw a salt shaker at him. She called him a bastard, an idiot. She predicted that the same thing would happen to him and Claudia as soon as they were living together with her children. "You wait," she'd said. "Pretty soon all *you'll* be talking about is money and the kids' grades. And they won't even be your kids."

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She started to cry again, her voic loud, edging toward hysteria. He tried to touch her, but she pulled away and stood panting by herself next to the efrigerator. Suddenly David was in the doorway. He looke t at his mother, tears coursing down her face, her hair dis eveled. He was sixteen.

"I just thought you ought to know. he said. "You've got the whole second floor wide awake o."

She looked back at him a mome t. He was the most beautiful of their children, the mo self-contained. He seemed utterly calm in his striped p amas. Suddenly she wailed and charged at him, her arms f iling. "You! You . . . twerp! You little know-nothing!" S e belted him twice, and the sound of flesh smacking fles was horrible. David turned and covered his head. Alan h ard him say, "Don't, don't, Mom." but his own response were slow, too slow, and by the time he had risen to prote t his son, David had turned again, had opened his arms t embrace his mother, and she covered her face with her h ds and let him hold her.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he said. Jody wa saying, "Oh, David, oh, David." over and over. David s emed to be crying a little too.

Then Andrea came to the door to e what was happening, and in a fog Alan began to try to xplain. Steve's voice shouted down the stairs, "Will son eone please tell me what's going on down there?"

Jody and David were still apolo zing to each other, laughing breathlessly in relief now. J dy pulled away and got a beer for each of them, and Steve shouted again, "Will somebody just tell me who the survi ors are, anyhow?"

Andrea went to the foot of the st irs and shouted up, "Mommy and Daddy were having a t rrible fight over if he was moving out, and Dave told Mom y she was too noisy, and she hit him. But now it's okay."

"Oh," Steve said. Then he said, And *is* Dad moving out?"

"I don't know," Andrea called up. he came back to the kitchen doorway. "Are you moving o t, Daddy?"

He looked at her. He looked at J dy and David. Jody nodded her head yes.

"Yes," he said.

"You *are*?" Andrea said. "Is he *real* , Mom?"

"Yes, baby," Jody said.

"Oh, God," Andrea said, and ther she burst into tears. "Why does everything have to happe to *me*?"

NONE OF JODY'S PREDICTION ABOUT ALAN AND Claudia had come true. If an hing, in fact, things had stayed too intense betwe n them. Sometimes an image of Claudia during sex woul come to him in the middle of some ordinary task at wor and he would feel, embarrassed even if he was by himse , the stirrings of desire. He hadn't been able to relax wit his new family. He seemed to be waiting every night for he kids to go to bed so that he could be alone with her. H found himself staying later at the clinic than he had to, sometimes missing dinner so that he wouldn't have to pass the long evenings pretending to be a father, watching her be a mother. It was, oddly, a repetition of the pattern of turning away that had marked his first marriage—but for entirely different reasons, Alan reminded himself.

During the school year it was better. Her oldest child was in college, and her ex-husband paid for Carol, the middle child, to go to boarding school. Just the youngest, a girl two years younger than Andrea, was at home. But this child, Stephanie, was the one he felt least comfortable with. He couldn't remember how Andrea had been two years earlier, but it seemed to him that Stephanie was utterly artificial. Much of her conversation consisted of imitations she did of other people's tones of voice, ways of thinking. They'd drive past someone roller skating and she'd make her voice dopey and say, "Duh, yeah. What I like to do is, unhh, *roll*er skate, yuh. Don't like to read much. Nope. Or talk to much of anyone. Just *wheel* along here." Or, in line at a movie, she'd point to a studious-looking kid with glasses and say, "Well, yes, from time to time I like to take in a movie. Of course, it's not as intellectually *stim*ulating as reading phi*los*ophy, but even *I* have to relax *some* time."

When they passed chain restaurants, she'd do commercials for them verbatim, in a mocking tone. And she quoted her father to Alan constantly. He understood that this was partly because she was anxious about how she might be betraying him by living with this new father, himself; but he sometimes felt like slapping her when she commented about the way he was doing something by comparing it with the way her father did things.

ALAN WAS A VETERINARIAN. HE'D MET CLAUDIA WHEN she'd brought her dog to his office. It was an emergency, and he'd driven in from home to the clinic when the answering service called him. Claudia was parked outside in a big new-model station wagon. He had helped her carry the injured dog inside. It had been hit by a car. Claudia stood by the examining table. "Is she going to die?" she asked Alan. She was wearing a pretty flowered sundress smeared with the dog's blood, and she clutched the stained blue bedspread they had used to carry the dog in. The dog lay panting, in shock, on the glistening stainless-steel table.

Alan could see that if the dog survived at all, it would be severely damaged. But he was careful with Claudia, as he usually was with pet owners. He felt they had to make the final decision, to weigh the pain against what pleasure might remain in life for the animal. "Well, I think we can save her," he had said. "But it depends on what you want. I mean, there are some people, they have a dog that's maybe blind in one eye, or limps, and they feel like it's nothing, she's fine, she's still getting a lot out of life. And other people feel differently. You just have to decide."

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"So she might limp?"

"Minimally, she'll have a limp. We might actually have to amputate in the end. And the eye's gone, that's pretty clear."

Claudia turned away for a moment. Alan watched her throat try to swallow. Her face averted from him, she said, "Well, I think I'd like you to put her down, then."

Alan's heart went out to her. "You're sure?" he asked.

Now she nodded firmly. "I guess I'm one of those people who's more concerned, I think, with . . . the *quality* of life, or something."

ALAN LAY ON HIS BACK, WATCHING CLAUDIA UNDRESS. She was talking animatedly about their children, and how the evening, their first evening all together, had gone. The year before, the two of them had been alone at Christmas. Her children had gone to their father's, and Jody had had his three at home. This year Claudia, who didn't work, had spent weeks preparing for a real family celebration. She had brought to it the same painstaking, passionate energy she invested in everything she did, from sex to cooking. She had even conferred with Jody several times about what the kids might need or want for presents.

Now, even though the talk was of the series of inconsequential events that had made up the evening, Alan felt that her gestures, her motions, were all directed at him. He couldn't help thinking for a moment of Jody, her exhausted collapse into bed at the end of the day, often still wearing half the clothes she'd had on all evening. What she did take off, she dropped on the floor around the bed. Coins sometimes rolled noisily out of her pockets to the corners of the room and stayed there weeks, months, before she picked them up. Alan could remember the way they had felt when he'd stepped on them unexpectedly—so cold that he would think for a minute that he'd burned himself on something. In the mornings all Jody had to do to get dressed was swing her legs out of bed and pull on the jeans she'd left on the floor the night before.

Claudia made a ritual of removing her clothes one item at a time and putting them carefully away. She had delicate underwear and lacy brassieres. Sometimes she wore a garter belt and stockings, and even though they still made love almost every night, she always wore a nightgown when she came to bed. Lifting the hem of the gown and pushing it above her breasts were gestures that never failed to trigger a sexual response in Alan.

Now she sat at her dressing table, wearing a fragile-looking robe and brushing her hair. With every stroke her breasts bobbled gently. From the living room, where several of their children were still talking, came dim music, a felt bass line rather than a heard melody.

"Marie France seems sweet, doesn't she?" Claudia said.

Marie France was an exchange student, a friend of Claudia's older daughter, Carol. She was staying with them through Christmas Day. Then she'd go to another friend's house for New Year's. She was grave and pretty. She spoke with a thick French accent, and perhaps also a slight lisp. Twice during the evening she had excused herself to go out to the front steps to smoke a cigarette. Both times Jeremy, Claudia's son, had gone with her, saying that he needed the air.

Alan had noticed that both of his sons had also sprung to a kind of attention around Marie France, but this was marked, in David anyway, by a resolute turning away from her, a lack of focus. Alan had found himself irritated with David because of this. Why couldn't he try harder to get what he wanted, to fight for it a little? It was as though he thought he could protect himself from pain by not wanting anything. He ought to have outgrown that idea by now. What was it they said: No pain, no gain?

Alan couldn't remember whether David had been so self-protective before the divorce. But once, shortly afterward, Jody had called him at night, after an evening he'd spent with David. He and Claudia weren't married yet, but her kids were with their father for the night, and he had called and asked her to come over as soon as he'd returned from dropping David off. When the phone rang, he'd reached for it with hands that smelled of her, and throughout his conversation with Jody the air he breathed was weighted with the scent of Claudia's sex.

"How come you brought David back so early?" Jody had asked.

"We had dinner," he said.

"I thought it was dinner and a movie, or some *time*, any-

IN MEMORY OF MRS. SNOW, MY FIRST PIANO TEACHER

Busts of the great composers glimmered in niches,
Pale stars. Poor Mrs. Snow, who could forget her,
Calling the time out in that hushed falsetto?
(How early we begin to grasp what kitsch is!)
She loomed above her pupils like an alp;
We little towns below could feel her shadow.
And yet her nods of approval seemed to matter
More than the stray flakes drifting from her scalp.
Her etchings of ruins, her mass-production Mings
Were our first culture: we felt her awe of things.
And with her help once I composed a waltz,
Too innocent to be completely false,
Perhaps, but full of marvelous clichés.
She beamed and softened. Ah, those were the days.

—Donald Justice

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way. Some time alone with each of them, each week, you said."

"He didn't seem to want to go to a movie, Jode." He tried to keep his voice from sounding defensive.

"What do you mean, 'didn't seem'"

"I mean, I read him the list, and about all he said after each one was 'Uunh-huh.'"

Jody was silent a moment. Then she said, "Well, *you* know David." And suddenly Alan was flooded with guilt. As soon as she said it, he *did* know David. He remembered that David would have needed his sheltering enthusiasm in order to risk wanting to go to a movie. And he'd had it in the back of his mind all evening that if he could just get away early enough, he could be where he was now: in bed with Claudia.

Now Claudia lowered the hairbrush to her lap. "I think Jeremy's madly in love with her," she said.

"With Marie France?" he asked.

"Yes. Apparently he's been to visit her a couple of times at school. He took her out to dinner once, Carol said. And he was sure pretty obvious about it tonight."

"Steven, too," Alan said. But he was thinking of David, who had talked patiently and attentively to Claudia and Stephanie through dinner, and had been awkward whenever Marie France spoke to him.

"But that's different," Claudia said. "He knows he's too young for her." And then she frowned abruptly. "You know, I'm never going to be able to sleep with that music going. Can you get them to turn it down?"

Alan stiffened slightly. He knew Claudia was speaking of his kids. On their own, Jeremy and Carol rarely used the stereo. Claudia had given all her children Walkmans several years earlier for just that reason. Sometimes in the evenings when they were home, they would all sit in the living room with their earphones on, in a silence broken only occasionally by their little moans as they hummed along for a second or two.

He got out of bed, put on his robe, and moved noiselessly down the carpeted hall to the top of the stairs. As he passed the open door to Stephanie and Carol's bedroom, he could hear Stephanie doing one of her oddly inflected imitations: "Yes, I just *love* my hair this way, sticking out all over like I've had some e*lec*tric shock. And I just love pretending it's super-curly when everyone *knows* it's not."

His throat cottoned—he had to clear it several times at the top of the stairs before he called out, "Dave. David."

His son swung around the corner from the living room, his face lifted and, with the angle up, uncharacteristically open. Alan's heart caught for him, his voice softened. "Turn it down a bit, would you, son?"

"Sure," David said, and disappeared. The music quieted nearly instantly and Alan could hear Marie France's thick accent: "But, David, it was just my turn to dance with you."

On the way back to Claudia, Alan stopped at Stephanie's door. She had heard him on the stairs and was turned to him, her round face whitened with embarrassment.

"And can you girls hold it down too," Alan said loudly. His heart was pounding. "Your mother and I are trying to sleep."

When he got back to the bedroom, Claudia had turned off the light. He put his robe on the chair in the dark and slid into bed next to her. She stayed turned away from him, and Alan knew she had been hurt by his tone in the hall when he spoke to her daughters.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, CHRISTMAS EVE, IT STARTED to snow. Claudia had taken all of her children on a last-minute shopping trip. Through the afternoon the thick flakes fell steadily. By five it seemed to have slowed a little, and Alan asked David to shovel the walk. Andrea went out to help him for a while. Alan was in the kitchen making oyster stew, something he'd always done on Christmas Eve at home, and he could hear Andrea's shrill voice outside as she badgered David. After twenty minutes or so he heard the front door bang shut, and then she stood in the kitchen, her long hair limp and wet, her cheeks flushed.

"He's no fun, Dad," she said. "Will you come out and have a snowball fight?"

Alan looked at the little pools of water collecting at her feet. "Why isn't he any fun?"

"Cause whenever Marie France is around, he gets all *serious*. It's boring. He never wants to do anything."

"Marie France is outside?"

"Yeah. She's helping him shovel."

Alan went into the dark dining room and looked out the window. Against the whited ground the two figures moved side by side. Marie France seemed delicate, female, in her wool winter coat, like the girls of Alan's youth. Every fourth or fifth shovelful she and David stood and faced each other for a moment, talking. Their voices were audible only as a murmur, but Marie France gestured with both hands dramatically when she spoke. Then she'd hook her hair back over her ears and they'd bend to work again; the distant ringing of the shovels' alternating music would float once more into the warm house.

He went back to the kitchen and told Andrea they could have a snowball fight after dinner.

Claudia and her children came back about six, and the younger girls began setting the table for dinner. Alan and Claudia were sitting in front of the fireplace in the living room with cocktails when Jeremy walked in. Alan offered him some wine or beer, but he refused. He seemed distracted. He sat down and started leafing through a magazine. His mother began to tell him where the wrapping paper was for the presents they'd bought that day. Steve and Carol came in; Steve had challenged her to a game of backgammon before dinner. He was enthusiastic about Alan's offer of a beer. He went to the kitchen and returned with two bottles, one for Carol.

"Glasses, too, please, Steven," Claudia said.

"Oh, right," Steve answered cheerfully. And he got up

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again while Carol set up their game. Alan felt a momentary jealousy at Claudia's ease with his children. He wondered why he couldn't feel that comfortable around hers.

Only a few minutes before Alan was going to get up to serve the stew, the front door opened and Marie France came in, followed by David.

"Where have you *been*?" Andrea brayed from the dining room. "You're supposed to be *helping*. It's not fair."

Marie France laughed and began to take off her coat. "I'm coming immediately," she said.

Jeremy stood and walked closer to the doorway to the hall. "Where were you?" he said quietly to Marie France.

In spite of himself, Alan felt a moment of pleasure in Jeremy's pinched voice. David. She'd chosen David. Then he was ashamed of this quick pull of his blood. He looked at Claudia, but she was talking to Steve.

Marie France didn't look at Jeremy. "Don't worry," she said, shaking her coat. "We'll do more than our share. We'll do the dishes, yes, David?"

Alan couldn't see David, who had crossed out of sight to the coat closet, but his voice was light, tense with an unfamiliar joy when he answered. "Whatever Andrea says. She's the absolute boss."

"At *least* the dishes," Andrea said, standing in the doorway. "Stephanie and me had to do the whole table, *plus* the salad. It's not fair."

Stephanie came and stood next to her. Her hands rose to her hips in imitation of Andrea's posture. "Yeah," she said. "We had to do *everything*."

Alan looked sharply at her, but there seemed to be no contempt, no distance in her echo, and when she and Andrea went back into the dining room, he heard their voices rise and fall animatedly, their mixed laughter.

Alan and Claudia drank a bottle of wine at dinner, and when Alan began to put on his parka afterward for the snowball fight with Andrea, Claudia came out to the coat closet and said she'd join them, something Jody would never have done. Stephanie and Carol, then Steve, decided it would be fun too; and suddenly the front hall was full of their children, talking loudly to each other, threatening each other cheerfully as they pulled on boots and their puffy nylon coats. Alan, sitting on the stairs to tighten his laces, shut his eyes and listened to them. The whole house seemed to ring with their energy, their good will, their togetherness. When he opened his eyes, Claudia stood before him, smiling down at him with deep pleasure, and his heart lifted in gratitude to her.

They poured out of the house onto the front lawn, and began to heave gobs of the wet snow at each other in the glowing light from the downstairs windows. Their footprints crisscrossed the yard as they ran after each other and ducked behind trees and the two parked cars. David and Marie France came outside when they were finished with the dishes, and finally Jeremy came too. The dark yard echoed with their cries until the falling snow had turned to sleet, then rain, and their mittens and hats were soaked through.

SOMETIME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT ALAN WOKE abruptly. He heard a noise outside, then a whisper, a cry from downstairs. Claudia muttered in her sleep. She'd been a little drunk when they made love; they'd all had eggnog after the snowball fight, and when they came up to bed, they'd left the four older children and Marie France still awake, wrapping presents and talking in the living room by the subdued, fragmented light of the Christmas tree.

Alan got up and put on his robe. He shut the bedroom door carefully behind him and walked to the top of the stairs. Just as he started down, he heard a moan in the hall below him. Then Marie France's voice said, "Oh, stop. Oh, please. Stop."

He hesitated a moment and then continued down. The hall light was off, but he could see Marie France standing at the front door, by herself. The heavy wooden door was swung in, and she was looking out through the glass storm door. Alan came up behind her. She started and turned to him. Tears stood in her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Griffith, oh, please," she said, and gestured to the door. "They are drunk. We are drunk," she said.

Alan stepped up to the glass. Outside, the night had cleared, and a cold moon rode high above the sloping yard. The snow was silvered with a layer of ice. Sliding across its glistening surface were David and Jeremy in shirt sleeves, each holding the other up, each swinging wildly at the other.

"Oh, please," Marie France whispered. Her breath smelled rich and sweet, rummy.

But Alan stood frozen, watching the strange, silent drama.

David had dropped to one knee now. He held Jeremy around the waist. Jeremy awkwardly hit him several times on the head, while they moved together a few feet down the yard's gentle incline.

David struggled up into Jeremy's embrace. His hands rose to Jeremy's head, held it almost lovingly. Alan watched, unable to move. Not until David's fist landed on the side of Jeremy's face did he yank the door open.

They turned to him, startled, drunk, holding each other as though they'd been dancing. Alan stepped outside in his bare feet, and the cold slate burned at his soles.

"Get in here," he cried out. "Get in here, you boys."

Then Jeremy let go and slid away from David. Awkwardly he turned to the house and began to shuffle toward it, as though he were skating. When he opened the storm door behind his stepfather, Alan could hear Marie France inside, weeping softly.

David was slower, limping. As he passed his father, Alan saw a narrow line of dark blood running from one nostril. He reached out to touch his son, to do something; but David shrugged away from him, as though he were proud of his injury, his pain. "It's fine, Dad," he said. "Don't worry." His voice had the same strange quality of life and tension Alan had heard in it earlier. "It's nothing," he said, and he moved beyond Alan into the dark hall. □

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FIRST ENCOUNTERS

YVETTE GUILBERT AND HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

FOR A DECADE LAUTREC DREW the dancing girls of Montmartre with their long, graceful legs—so unlike his own. But by 1894, the year he turned thirty, the freshness was off the Moulin Rouge, and fashionable night life had moved back into the heart of Paris. A tall redhead with a ski-jump nose and thin arms encased in long black gloves half sang, half-recited her bawdy songs in *cafés concerts*. Yvette Guilbert, the daughter of a seamstress, was an immense success, and the scion of counts of Toulouse and viscounts of Lautrec went often to see her.

Perhaps he fell in love. Yvette was not beautiful—she had, he said, the "profile of a guttersnipe swan"—but singularity attracted him. He designed a poster for her and sent her the sketch—a perfect (and therefore unflattering) likeness that her friends insisted she turn down. "Another time," she wrote consolingly. "But don't make me so appallingly ugly! Just a little less!"

Encouraged, Lautrec proposed an album of lithographs devoted entirely to her. That spring, accompanied by the dramatist Maurice Donnay, he came to lunch in the Avenue de Villiers to discuss it. Yvette was prepared for his stuntedness but not, she wrote later, for the "huge dark head . . . the nose broad enough for two faces, and a mouth that gashed the face from cheek to cheek." But the eyes behind the spectacles were "astonishingly, luminously bright." She worried about how he would get onto his chair, which had no rungs. At lunch his chin was only eight inches above the tablecloth, and food seemed simply to vanish in his cavernous mouth, but he was such good company that she succumbed to his charm.

Still, he had his acerbic side. In the course of their friendship Lautrec mocked her romantic inclinations; Yvette, in turn, castigated him for drinking to excess and living, by preference, in a brothel. The lithographs were widely praised, but it miffed her that he exaggerated the grotesque. "Really," she said, unthinking, "you have a genius for depicting deformity!" "But, of course," he replied.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

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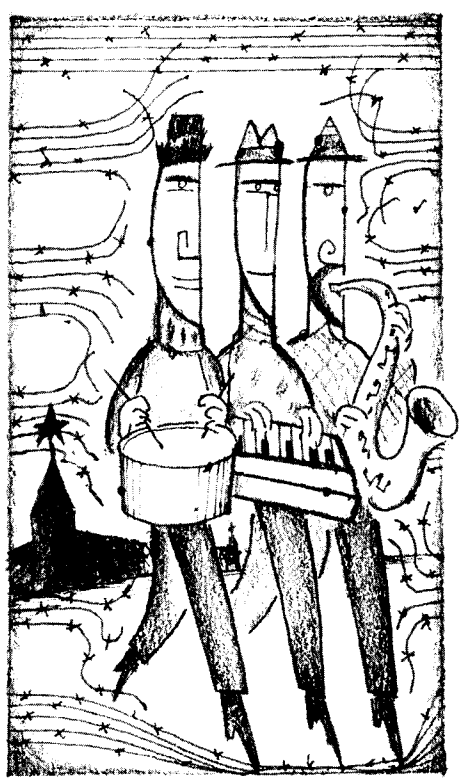
MUSIC

AVANT-GARDE COMRADES

BY FRANCIS DAVIS

"THERE WAS ALWAYS something a little off, like a Russian playing jazz," muses Fielding Pierce, the narrator of Scott Spencer's latest novel, *Waking the Dead*. Although the character is describing a quixotic show of solicitude toward a disenchanted lover, the author is appealing to a territorial prejudice harbored by most Americans, including millions who know nothing about jazz save that it is indigenous to the United States. In fact Russians were playing ragtime by 1910, if not before. Moreover, they have persisted in playing every jazz offshoot, from Dixieland to free-form, despite periodic opposition from the Kremlin, which has yet to decide whether to endorse jazz as an oppressed race's cry for freedom or to condemn it as a decadent Western consumer good (Marxist ideologues have rarely known what to make of popular culture). For decades it was assumed in the West, with no generally available recordings to the contrary, that Russian jazz was crude and inferior—a little off, in other words—because Russian musicians had had no exposure to the black progenitors of jazz. But S. Frederick Starr, in his *Red and Hot: The Fate of Jazz in the Soviet Union, 1917–1980*, published in 1983 by Oxford University Press, turned up compelling new information subsequently corroborated on Harlequin Records' *Jazz and Hot Dance in Russia 1910–1963*. Jazz scholars should now concede that by the late 1930s there were at least three Soviet swing musicians equal to any elsewhere in Europe (except Django Reinhardt), if still far behind those in the United States: the bandleader Leonid Utjesov, the pianist Alexander N. "Bob" Tsfasman, and the German-born trumpeter Eddie Rosner. Even before the publication of *Red and Hot* it was common knowledge that certain Soviets were proficient in bebop: the trumpeter Valery Ponomarev, for example, who joined Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers after emigrating in the mid-1970s (Wynton Marsalis later replaced him in the group). Despite impressing American musicians and critics with their craftsmanship, these Soviet boppers scored no points for originality, although, to be fair about it, for some time now bebop has not been a genre from which one expects much originality. Fortunately, there is more to contemporary jazz than bebop, and because in the aftermath of Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor the jazz avant-garde has borrowed so heavily from alien sources, it is reasonable to suppose that the Soviets might finally have something of their own to contribute to what is rapidly becoming a global art. Still, it took many in jazz by surprise when the Soviets, as part of the cultural accords struck by Reagan and Gorbachev at Geneva last year, agreed to export an avant-garde jazz group along with such familiar commodities as the Leningrad Symphony and the Bolshoi and Kirov ballets.

The Ganelin Trio, from Lithuania, last summer became the first Soviet jazz group to tour America. Their three-week tour started in New York on June 21 and took them to fourteen other cities, including Vancouver and Toronto. This was hardly the first visit to the West for the group, which is made up of the pianist and composer Vyacheslav Ganelin, the saxophonist Vladimir Chekasin, and the percussionist Vladimir Tarasov. They had toured Great Britain in 1984, performed at jazz festivals in West Germany and Holland, and been sent to help solidify Soviet relationships with Communist parties in France, Italy, Austria, and Portugal. Until last summer, however, only a handful of American jazz devotees knew the Ganelin Trio's work, and only through records. Two albums that the group had made for Melodiya, the state-owned label and the only label in the USSR for which Soviet musicians are officially permitted to record, had reached the West through leasing arrangements with jazz specialty labels. But the albums that had aroused the most curiosity about the Ganelin Trio were nine released without Soviet consent by Leo Records, a British shoestring label operated by Leo Feigin, a Soviet émigré. Feigin says that he is not at liberty to disclose how he came into possession of the Ganelin Trio's concert tapes, and absolves the musicians themselves of complicity.



I HEARD THE Ganelin Trio in Philadelphia and San Francisco, and in both cities they turned in spectacular performances, which confirmed the impression the Leo albums had given of them as one of the world's premier avant-garde jazz ensembles. Although I (and everybody else) have long heard that Soviet artists are basically no different from their Western counterparts, I was still struck by how much, in conversation as well as in performance, Ganelin, Chekasin, and Tarasov, all of whom are around forty, resembled their contemporaries in the United States and Western Europe. Before the concert in San Francisco, for example, I asked Tarasov—the trio's only English-speaking member—to name his favorite contemporary classical composers. "Other classical composers?" he asked, pointing to Ganelin before listing Cage, Berio, Stockhausen, Penderecki, and Alfred Schnittke. Substitute the names Glass and Reich for Schnittke, a Soviet composer of little influence in the West, and Tarasov's answer is one you might expect from a sideman with, for example, Anthony Davis or Anthony Braxton, to cite just two U.S. musicians categorized as jazz composers although they hold dual citi-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MACIEK ALBRECHT

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zenship in jazz and classical music. Significantly, Ganelin is the musical director for the Russian Dramatic Theater in Vilnius, Lithuania; Chekasin teaches music at the Vilnius Conservatory; and Tarasov, though self-taught, works full time with the Lithuanian State Symphony Orchestra. These are jobs of the sort that vanguard musicians in the West either have or covet.

Ganelin has described the music he outlines for the trio as "polystylistic," a way of saying that he juxtaposes not only jazz from various eras but classical and world folk music as well, in harmony with the recent eclectic tendencies of Western avant-garde composers. Ganelin, Chekasin, and Tarasov are said to have declined an invitation to jam with American musicians at a reception at Gracie Mansion during their tour, apparently fearful of being misjudged for their lack of intimacy with bebop and the blues. I know many younger American musicians who might also have declined the invitation, for the same reason.

Although the Ganelin Trio's music has a boisterous, at times even bellicose tone, in all of the sets I heard them play the emphasis was on disciplined motivic exposition rather than spontaneous expression. Each set consisted of one Ganelin opus that blurred the distinction between composition and improvisation, much as do the works that Cecil Taylor and his disciples play. As a pianist, Ganelin resembled Taylor in stamina, speed, and intensity, though his lyrical passages were unabashedly rhapsodic, more akin to the musings of Keith Jarrett or the Romantic flourishes of Ganelin's countrymen Sergei Rachmaninoff and Vladimir Horowitz. Ganelin's percussive density freed Tarasov to concentrate on tintinnabulation rather than propulsion, and the drummer tapped out bewitching rhythms on every object he laid his hands on—bells, shakers, chimes, even a tin water cup, in addition to his traps. From time to time Ganelin and Chekasin also picked up small percussion instruments and a variety of pots and pans, in a manner reminiscent of the Art Ensemble of Chicago and the other black groups affiliated with the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, albeit without the African signification.

Like most of these Chicagoans, Ganelin and Chekasin are multi-instrumentalists. In fact, they often play two or more instruments simultaneously, Ganelin producing chimerical bass lines and atmospheric special effects from a variety of small electronic keyboards that he keeps stacked atop the piano, à la Sun Ra, and Chekasin creating skewered overtones by blowing through two saxophones at once, à la Rahsaan Roland Kirk. (Chekasin plays with a crazed vehemence suggestive of the late Albert Ayler and the German avant-gardist Peter Brötzmann.)

There is an air of post-Beckett theatricality to the Ganelin Trio's multi-instrumentalism, a suggestion of mime in Chekasin's arm-waving and arrhythmic foot-stomping, and a touch of buffoonery in their send-up of "Mack the Knife," the tune that they offered as an encore both times I heard them. In this last respect, as in many others, they bear greater similarity to European outfits like the Willem Breuker Kollektief and the Misha Mengelberg–Han Bennink Duo than to musically comparable black American groups, many of whom still associate broad humor with Uncle Tom.

Despite these many points of comparison to Western counterparts, there was nothing back-numbered or secondhand about the Ganelin Trio's brand of jazz. The source of the trio's inventiveness is hard to place. In the absence of recognizable Soviet folk interpolations or statements of purpose from the musicians themselves, one has to accept on faith the contention of Leo Feigin and the Ganelin Trio's other champions that their music owes its special fervor to its courageous, if tacit, rejection of Soviet social realism in favor of the suppressed Slavic penchant for abstraction.

THE GANELIN TRIO'S North American tour received more publicity than any other event in jazz this summer, with the possible exception of Benny Goodman's death. There was even attention from *The Today Show* and *Entertainment Tonight*, two television programs not usually hospitable to the jazz avant-garde. As a result of this coverage and the natural curiosity surrounding any Soviet export, the Ganelin Trio's concerts drew many ticket buyers previously unexposed to avant-garde jazz, which probably explains why—in Philadelphia in particular, but even in San Francisco, where the Rova Saxophone Quartet, an avant-garde group with its own local following, was also on the bill—there were audible sighs of relief followed by loud bursts of applause whenever the musicians happened into a steady four beats per measure.

Some American jazz critics suggested in their reviews of the concerts that the Ganelin Trio might pique interest in homegrown avant-gardists. This is an outcome much to be desired but one that strikes me as improbable, for reasons summed up in the reaction of a friend of mine, who thinks of herself as liking jazz though she rarely buys records or visits clubs. "I'm glad I heard them, but I wouldn't want to hear them again, and I do wish they had played a little more American jazz," she told me—and I would guess that her response to Cecil Taylor, Anthony Braxton, or the Art Ensemble of Chicago might have been much the same. Inasmuch as novice listeners often mistake passion for anger in free-form jazz, many of those in the predominantly white crowds who showed up to hear the Ganelin Trio probably felt less threatened in the presence of comrades (perceived target: Soviet bureaucracy) than they would have in the presence of brothers (perceived target: whitey).

Less than a week after the Ganelin Trio returned to the USSR, an episode of the BBC series *Comrades*, shown here on PBS last summer, was devoted to the tribulations of Sergei Kuryokhin, a self-absorbed Leningrad-based avant-garde jazz musician who has begun to toy with rock-and-roll. Much was made of the fact that Kuryokhin was "unofficial"—that is, not a sanctioned member of the Composers' Union (unlike Ganelin), and therefore not permitted to record for Melodiya or to advertise his concerts, except by word of mouth.

What was not mentioned but perhaps should have been, if only in the panel discussion that followed, was that jazz visionaries are also unofficial in the United States, at least in the sense that they are caught between popular culture and the fine arts, unequipped to compete for the consumer dollar yet allocated a fraction of the institutional funding lavished on avant-gardists in other disciplines. Kuryokhin probably has a better chance of eventually recording for Melodiya than the typical American avant-garde jazz musician has of recording for CBS or any of the other corporate labels. If anything, the Ganelin Trio's example proves that the Soviet jazz avant-garde has been more successful in locating a mass following. It is impossible to imagine an album by David Murray or the World Saxophone Quartet

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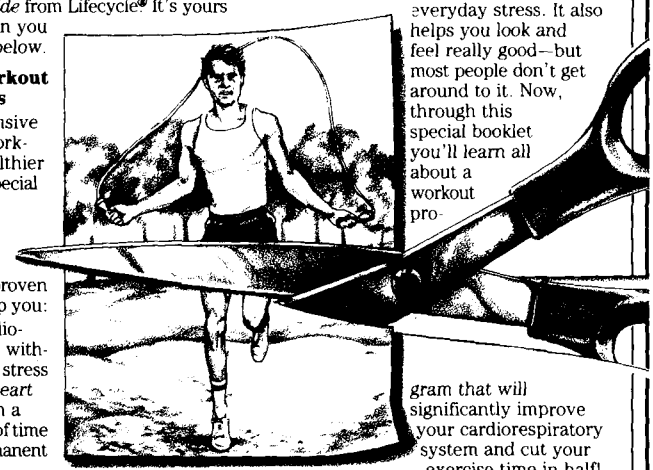

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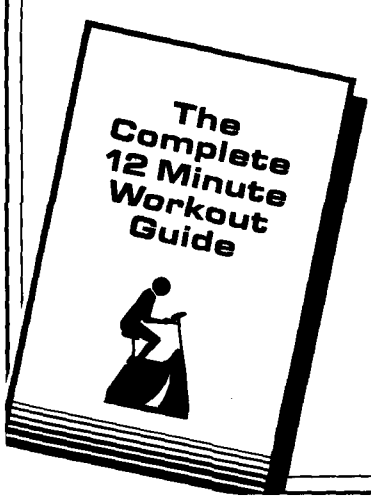

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selling 65,000 copies, as each of the Ganelin Trio's Melodiya albums has done in the USSR. It is also impossible to imagine the U.S. State Department sending an avant-garde ensemble on a tour of the USSR: judging by past history, the State Department's taste in jazz seems to be limited to big bands and safely assimilated veterans. (The Rova Saxophone Quartet did tour the USSR in 1983, but at their own expense, without State Department sponsorship.)

It is of course better not to push the comparison between the musician's life in Leningrad and the musician's life on New York's Lower East Side further than it should go. Kuryokhin's starving-artist equivalents in the United States can afford the luxury of *la vie bohème* if they are resourceful enough. In San Francisco the Bay Area Council for Soviet Jews distributed leaflets outside the Ganelin Trio's concert, without attempting to dissuade patrons from entering. John Ballard, a Wyoming concert promoter who brought the Ganelin Trio to the United States and Canada, introduced himself to the protesters and bought one of their T-shirts demanding the release of imprisoned Soviet Jews. But he understandably declined their offer of free shirts for the musicians. It is much safer to protest discrimination against Soviet Jews in San Francisco than it would be in the Soviet Union, especially for Vyacheslav Ganelin, who is himself Jewish. Even though the Ganelin Trio was traveling without a KGB chaperon, the members shied away from questions with political implications, including one I tried to sneak past Tarasov about whether he thought the Ganelin Trio's clandestine Leo releases accurately represented their music.

In the United States musicians are free to inveigh against racism, the oligarchic record business, or anything else they perceive as oppressive. But who listens to them? More to the point, who listens to their music? The avant-garde may have it worst of all, but sometimes it seems that all jazz musicians, past and present, are persona non grata in mainstream American culture. By coincidence, a week after the Ganelin Trio performed in Philadelphia, a local repertory cinema screened *Jazzman*, a 1984 Soviet film set in the 1920s, about a Russian conservatory dropout so enraptured with the music of Duke Ellington and Scott Joplin that he decides to form his own band. Gjon Mili's famous 1944

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short *Jammin' the Blues*, with its opening overhead shot of Lester Young's trademark porkpie hat, preceded the main feature. As Young's face came into view, followed by other black faces, a man sitting in front of me turned to his companion and said, "I thought you said these guys were supposed to be Russian." For all most of us know about them, and about their present-day descendants, they might as well have been.

Harlequin Records' *Jazz and Hot Dance in Russia 1910–1963* (HQ-2012) can be ordered from Daybreak Express Records, P.O. Box 250, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, New York 11215. Of the nine Leo releases by the Ganelin Trio, *Vide* (LR-117) and *New Wine* (LR-112), both uninterrupted album-length suites, the latter a series of witty variations on the American show tune "Too Close for Comfort," are the most impressive. *Strictly for Our Friends* (LR-120), however, might serve as a better introduction, because of its greater variety and shorter performances.

The Leo catalogue also includes intriguing albums by Kuryokhin (LR-107), Chekasin (LR-115 and LR-119), the saxophonist Anatoly Vapirov (LR-110 and LR-121), the pianist Harry Tavitian (LR-124), the singer Valentina Ponomareva (LR-136), and the groups Arkhangelsk (LR-135) and Homo Liber (LR-114 and LR-129), among other Eastern European contraband items. Leo albums can be ordered from New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, New York, New York 10012 and NorthCountry Distributors, Cadence Building, Redwood, New York 13679.

These companies are also good sources for the Ganelin Trio's *Non Troppo* (hat ART 2027), a two-record set including one of the trio's "official" Melodiya sessions. In 1985 East Wind Records (3325 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20010) released *Poi Segué* (MC-20647), the other Ganelin Trio Melodiya album to find its way to the West, along with four other Melodiya albums by derivative Soviet bebop and fusion bands, of interest only as arcana. In 1987 East Wind plans to release a double compact disc from the trio's 1986 U.S. tour. The best fund of background information on the current Soviet jazz ferment is *Russian Jazz New Identity*, a collection of interviews and panegyrics (many of them impenetrably post-structuralist) edited by Leo Feigin and published by Quartet Books earlier this year. □

Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 139.

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The Case Against Competition

Why we lose in our race to win

Alfie Kohn

Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 139.

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POP CULTURE

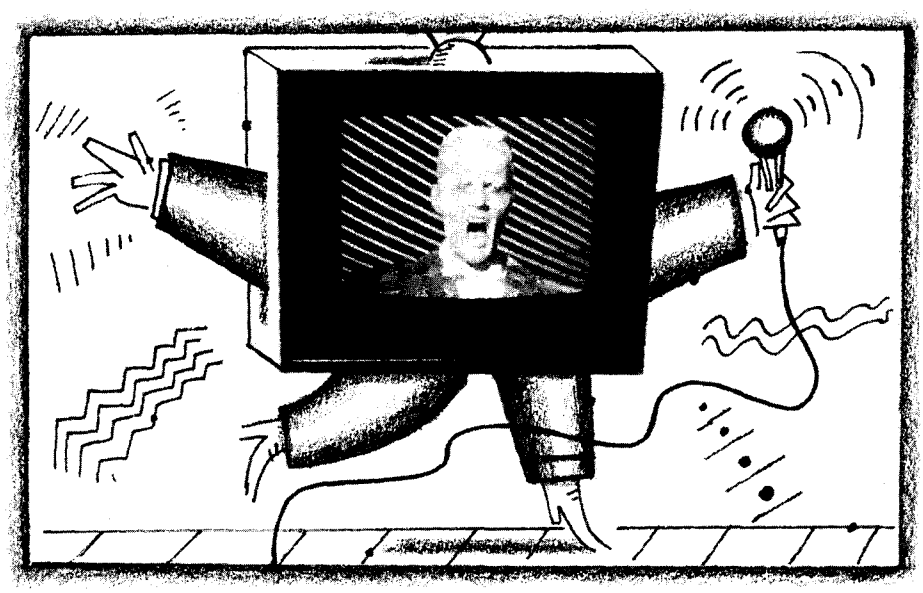
A STAR IS GENERATED

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

TELEVISION MAKES celebrities of the strangest people, and creates them by processes that seem as unaccountable, and as vaguely sinister, as alchemy. It's such a peculiar medium that its most fantastic, most truly mysterious creatures aren't the coiffed and Nautilused stars of its cop shows, sitcoms, and soaps but the people who look straight out from the screen and talk to us, the ones who want to be our *friends*: game-show moderators, news anchors, magazine-show reporters, video jockeys, weathermen, and talk-show hosts. Series stars draw life from the fictions they're in, are given histories by the roles they play week after week; their shows provide contexts for them, worlds that, with repetition, become familiar and make their inhabitants seem like just the sort of people you could talk to, have a beer with, raise a family with, get arrested by, or sleep with. But people who appear as themselves on television are somehow too immediate to excite the imagination; in their high-tech newsroom sets, behind their talk-show desks, or standing next to a carny-colored wheel o' greed, they look deracinated and sort of . . . functional. They seem to exist only in a weird TV-space that looks like nowhere anyone has ever been, and they are suspiciously confortable there. We might ask ourselves, Where do these people come from? and then discover that we're unable to visualize them outside their stylized settings. "I'm always interested in talk show hosts," Andy Warhol once wrote—and Andy Warhol is a man who is stirred only by what is deeply, irredeemably inauthentic.

The most radical, and the funniest, exemplar of the host species is Max Headroom, who presides over a bizarre British music-video-and-talk show running on the pay-cable channel Cinemax through the middle of next month. Max, blond and square-jawed as an Olympic diver, is a Warholian dream of a television personality: a two-dimensional man, whose existence really ends at the edges of the screen. He's purely and unabashedly a product, a video-age Frankenstein monster, billed as "the world's first computer-generated talk-show host." Actually, Max is played by an actor named Matt Frewer, transformed by heavy makeup and even heavier audio and video trickery. He is no more synthetic than Boris Karloff was: Max's creators have simply extended the conceit of the science-fiction film *Max Headroom: 20 Minutes Into the Future*, which introduced the character and provided him with a kind of instant history. In the hour-long film—shown first on Britain's Channel 4 and later on Cinemax, and recently made available on video cassette—Max is an electronic simulation of the head, shoulders, voice, and mind of one Edison Carter, a TV investigative reporter for Network 23, a global media conglomerate in a post-apocalyptic world. Carter, it seems, has stumbled onto evidence that the network's newest form of advertising—commercials called "blipverts," which compress thirty seconds' worth of imagery and information into three seconds—has had the unfortunate effect of overstimulating the nervous systems of "some particularly slothful perpetual viewers" and making them explode in front of their sets. The network, naturally, isn't eager for this problem to become public—nor does it want to discontinue the lethal but lucrative ads. (As one of the executives points out, only invalids, old-age pensioners, and the unemployed are really at risk, after all.) So when Carter gets too close to the truth, the network's computer mastermind, a snotty sixteen-year-old named Bryce, sets a couple of thugs on the reporter's trail, and at the end of a chase through the corridors and parking garage of the Network 23 complex Carter has a motorcycle crack-up and is left for dead. The last thing he sees before the accident is a barrier warning: MAX HEADROOM 2.3 m.

Bryce thinks that he can conceal the apparent fact of Carter's demise by scanning his synapses, feeding the data into the computer, and creating a video replica that will continue to file Carter's reports "live" on the air: he has already computer-simulated a parrot, and feels that applying the process to a network reporter won't be much different. Unfortunately for Bryce and the sweaty executives—who find the whole ugly business nearly as nerve-wracking as a two-point drop in ratings—the real Carter is still alive, and the Carter simulation falls into the hands of a pirate station called Big-Time Television, which, unable to afford any other programming, fills its air time with decades-old music videos. The false Carter, now calling himself Max Headroom, fits right into the synthetic, flashy atmosphere of music-video programming, and his rapid-fire jokes and asides, delivered in a classically deep, mid-Atlantic-accented announcer's voice, make him a star: all over the post-apocalyptic world derelicts stare fascinated at his image on the discarded but still functioning TV sets piled up, unkillable, in bombed-out lots.



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THE DYSTOPIAN SATIRE of *20 Minutes Into the Future* aims at most of the familiar targets of the genre—corporate venality, the arrogance of technology, the mass media's narcotic effect on the audience—but the film's sensibility is bracingly original, and every bullet seems to ricochet a couple of times before it hits its mark. For one thing, the technological speculations that (as always in science fiction) set the plot in motion are very specific and knowing extrapolations from current media fashions. The advertising industry has, in fact, been steadily whittling down the length of commercials—from the classic sixty-second spot to the now standard thirty seconds to the increasingly frequent fifteen seconds—and at the same time, more and more television ads now "communicate" by purely visual means, creating a mood or an image of the product rather than relying on a verbal message. They haven't quite achieved the insane, hallucinatory effect of the stroboscopic blipverts yet, but they're getting there, and Network 23's justification for its deadly commercials is just an extension of the conventional wisdom of today's ad agencies: now that viewers are equipped with remote control, and a fast-forward button on the VCR, you've got to get in and out of their consciousness fast, before they can turn you off. The process by which the nightmare whiz-kid Bryce creates Max is a speculative marriage of two current areas of computer research: artificial intelligence, which uses the computer's power to perform complex logical operations; and the more pragmatic field of computer graphics, recently popular among commercial and music-video producers searching for a new "look" to jazz up such visual banalities as, say, the movements of the human body. (One client of a computer-graphics company spent more than a quarter of a million dollars on a digital simulation of Mick Jagger for a music video: an impressive technical feat, but the computer-generated Mick moved like John Wayne after a mighty hard day in the saddle.)

What makes the satiric inventions of *20 Minutes Into the Future* so funny is the speed at which everything goes past and the variety of visual styles that the directors, Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel, keep throwing at us. The overall tone of the cinematography (by Phil Meheux, who also shot the splendid British gangster film *The Long Good Friday*) is grungy, in the *Blade Runner* mold, with browns

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and grays predominant and a slight blurring of the edges of things, as if the dust had not quite settled from whatever catastrophe produced this blasted future. But there's hardly a scene in the film that isn't interrupted at some point by the introduction of a totally different graphic style: jittery, grainy hand-held shots from Edison Carter's portable video unit; the bleak, ominously still gaze of security cameras mounted in corners; elegant, rotating computer-screen representations of the geography of the Network 23 building; board-meeting-style graphics that show the executives either a graph of the current ratings or a brutally stark little high-tech cartoon of people blowing up from blipverts (after the explosion there's just an empty chair, a TV set, and, between them, a tiny pair of computer-generated slippers); and, of course, the video-sculpted image of Max himself, with brightly colored parallel lines randomizing jauntily in the background. It's all deliberately too much, and Morton and Jankel, with cheeky virtuosity, cut from one visual texture to another very, very fast. The lunatic profusion of graphics at this giddy pace is comically disorienting: the directors' joy in technique induces in the viewer an almost childlike euphoria at the varieties of media magic, the urge to giggle in a roomful of toys.

That effect—the viewer's suspension of judgment in the midst of sensory overload—is exactly what commercial and music-video producers are shooting for. The splintery, overbearing styles of today's ads and music clips mimic, and mean to replace, the heady feeling of high-speed remote-control channel-changing, the TV watcher's orgy, the sense of freedom in a blur of abrupt transitions. Morton and Jankel, themselves veterans of British advertising and rock video, use these rather suspect techniques playfully and self-consciously, with insiders' wit that casually both mocks and flaunts their own facility. This is the perfect tone for the story of this media celebrity's creation. Max Headroom is the latest in a long line of literary and cinematic automata, from Mary Shelley's monster and the heartbreaking doll created by the demonic alchemist Coppelius in E.T.A. Hoffmann's "The Sandman" to the anguished "replicants" of *Blade Runner* and *The Terminator*'s killing machine, but he is the first of this traditionally alarming breed whose existence is trivial. Max himself is an insider of sorts (he was, after all, already a TV personality in his human incarnation), with nothing on his simulated mind but the video universe he is trapped in. His glib, media-wise patter is so inane, so unselfconscious, that it's endearing: like Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster, that idiotic virtuoso of upper-class slang, Max charms us with his total, cheerful immersion in a world that is profoundly inconsequential. Morton and Jankel, manipulating Max's video world with the technological glee of a Strangelove, finally teach us how to stop worrying and love the boob.

In the music-video series that followed *20 Minutes Into the Future* on Channel 4 and Cinemax, Max's science-fiction history was never alluded to. The genial, absurdly confident host simply introduced—and, frequently, interrupted—a few rock videos each week, occasionally interviewing, from his natty monitor, some of his fellow instant video celebrities (Boy George, Sting, a couple of members of Duran Duran). His behavior with his guests was a demented mixture of rudeness (yawning during Sting's more ponderous remarks) and obsequiousness (offering little gifts, usually of golf shoes). Max was, if such a thing is possible, innocently smarmy, a motor-mouth enthusiast who looked steamed every time a video cut into his patter. The videos themselves were mostly from the extreme, psychosis-inducing end of the scale, but they were like the sort of stuff that might have been dumped on Blank Reg, the elderly punk programmer of ɒ ;-Time Television. In fact, there was nothing in the spartan style of Morton and Jankel's series of Max Headroom video shows to indicate that this *wasn't* still Big-Time Television, that we weren't watching relics of a bygone video culture with the bums in the vacant lot. These shows extended *20 Minutes Into the Future*'s central joke about pop culture—that you don't have to be real to be famous—and included the audience, too. They marooned us in the same unidentifiable video space as Max, insiders all. We know, more or less, where Max comes from, but when we're watching him, accepting him as easily as we do Carson or Donahue or Mike Wallace, we might wonder for a moment where *we* are.

It would be nice to think that the evolution of Max Headroom since the end of that first series was part of the joke too, but it doesn't look that way. In the past year—not coincidentally, since Morton and Jankel left the show—Max's producer, Peter Wagg, has moved the character further from his satiric, science-fiction origins, past the delicate comic balance between "real" stardom and parody of stardom in last year's video shows, and into the shadowy world of 1986-style big-time television, where nothing seems like anything but today. Max is just about indistinguishable from any other TV personality now: he does commercials as Coca-Cola's official spokescreature, he is interviewed on talk shows (where he plugs his own series), and the new *Max Headroom Show* has, of all things, a live studio audience, laughing dutifully at the jokes coming from the multiple images of Max on the studio monitors. Aggressive marketing—of books, T-shirts, and the sort of "ancillary merchandise" that turns media events like *E.T.* and the *Star Wars* movies into full-time megabucks industries—made Max a star in England, and it's now in progress here.

And Max, sadly and perhaps inevitably, isn't nearly as funny as he once was. Out of his original context, transported from the video no-man's-land of *20 Minutes* and the first series into the all-too-recognizable contemporary setting of a studio with an audience, he's only a comedian—more stylized than most, but hardly different in kind. His one-liners, which were never especially hilarious in themselves, fall a little flat without Morton and Jankel's hairbreadth timing to put them across. Max actually looks less like a computer-generated image than he used to, and more like what he really is—an actor whose features are exaggerated with makeup and video technique. The original image of Max was a heightened, pop-poetic distortion of Edison Carter, and had an effect similar to that of Warhol's silkscreen portraits of Elizabeth Taylor, Marilyn Monroe, and other cultural icons; the current Max looks more like a snapshot that's a little out of focus. Or maybe that's an illusion: maybe it's just the lack of context, the loss of that elaborately fabricated history, that makes the 1986 version of Max seem not so much unreal as merely indistinct. The ultimate joke is that Max's current keepers have thrust their character as a product into the TV marketplace without making him synthetic enough. Just like a real TV star, he's doing his shtick without the armor of irony or fiction, appearing as "himself," and nothing's playing—he's *dying* out there. □

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FROM BEYOND THE BARS OF TIME

BY LLOYD ROSE

THE ENCHANTER
by Vladimir Nabokov.
Putnam, $16.95.

IN HIS 1959 STORY "The Vane Sisters," Vladimir Nabokov inserted into the last paragraph a cryptogram bearing a message from a dead woman to her former professor, the tale's narrator, who, in innocent ignorance, writes down the coded message without ever becoming aware of it. Now, with a symmetry that would have delighted his pattern-seeking mind, Nabokov himself has sent us a communication from beyond the grave: a 1939 novella entitled *The Enchanter*, encoded in a translation by his son, Dmitri Nabokov.

The Enchanter isn't exactly a "lost" Nabokov story. Scholars have been aware of it for years, under the title "The Magician"; Andrew Field even translated a couple of passages in *Nabokov: His Life in Art*. It is known as the prototype of *Lolita* which Nabokov discusses in the afterword to that book: a nameless protagonist (Nabokov calls him "Arthur" in the *Lolita* afterword, though he is nowhere named in the story), entranced by a twelve-year-old girl, marries her ill, widowed mother in order to have a chance to seduce the child. The mother conveniently dies and he takes his chance; the result is not at all what he had hoped. At the time he was writing the afterword—in 1956—Nabokov believed that "The Magician" had been destroyed. He discovered it again in 1959, while going through papers he intended to donate to the Library of Congress, and wrote to Walter Minton, at Putnam, about the possibility of publishing it, calling it "a beautiful piece of Russian prose, precise and lucid" and adding that "with a little care it could be done into English by the Nabokovs." For unknown reasons this didn't work out, and in 1970, in *The Annotated Lolita*, Alfred Appel, Jr., stated, "Nabokov informs me that he will never publish this reclaimed story." He never did publish it, but his son has.

As the germ of *Lolita*, *The Enchanter* offers some of the pleasures of a puzzle—one of which is speculating how this status, unthought of during its composition but inevitably imposed on it by the later book, would have pleased the puzzle-maker of genius who created it. Throughout *The Enchanter*, glints of *Lolita* flash at us like reflections from a fragmented mirror.

Here is the nymphet sitting on a bed clasping her drawn-up knees, but with no pretentious American mother to tell her in execrable French not to expose herself. Here is the potential seducer, moving through the house with a tune on his lips, foreshadowing Humbert the Hummer. Here is the scene in which he sees the girl again after a separation and for a moment feels no sexual desire for her, only compassion. The maid she will never see again waves good-bye; a cornucopia of gifts is promised (though not delivered till *Lolita*); a traffic accident resolves a plot problem. In the most beautiful image, the girl first appears on skates—a harbinger, to roll on into the full-grown book—"Once a perfect little beauty in a tartan frock, with a clatter put her heavily armed foot near me upon the bench to dip her slim bare arms into me and tighten the strap of her roller skate. . . ." This is all that is left in *Lolita* of the nameless little girl in *The Enchanter*, who is more akin to the gentle Annabel who was Humbert Humbert's childhood love than to the vulgar bobby-soxer Lolita.

In his afterword to *Lolita*, Nabokov explained that "the initial shiver of inspiration" that produced *The Enchanter* "was somehow prompted by a newspaper story about an ape in the Jardin des Plantes who, after months of coaxing by a scientist, produced the first drawing ever charcoaled by an animal: this sketch showed the bars of the poor creature's cage." This is certainly a description of *Lolita*, with its ape-artist hero Humbert delineating in voluptuous, hellish detail the tale of his love and obsession. *The Enchanter* is told in the third person, in the ironic tone that came so easily to Nabokov and that can be one of the less attractive qualities of his writing. *The Enchanter* has some of the nastiness of *Laughter in the Dark*—essentially, it's an ugly joke on its protagonist, who, after going to the trouble of marrying the widow in order to be near to her daughter, not only fails to seduce the child but ends up throwing himself under a truck. Nabokov rather despises the poor sap, while for Humbert he has a certain pity and empathy that cut the sourness of his contempt. In *The Enchanter* the thwarted child-molester muses on lust and love:

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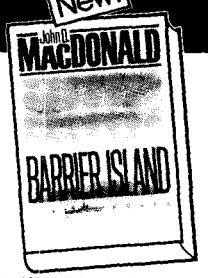

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Often I have tried to catch myself in the transition from one kind of tenderness to the other, from the simple to the special, and would very much like to know whether they are mutually exclusive, whether they must, after all, be assigned to different genera, or whether one is a rare flowering of the other on the Walpurgis Night of my murky soul. . . .

He never finds the answer to this question, but years later Humbert does. Standing on a mountain slope listening to the cries of children at play in a mining town below, he realizes that "the hopelessly poignant thing was not Lolita's absence from my side, but the absence of her voice from that concord." At this moment Humbert turns the joke of his relationship to his stepdaughter, and the reader's cynicism, inside out: he becomes Lolita's father. He will go on to kill the man who has stolen her, the libertine playwright Clare Quilty (author of *The Enchanted Hunters*), his monster-self—a liberation denied the suicidal Arthur. *The Enchanter* is exquisitely written. What it lacks is *Lolita*'s moral beauty.

THE DISTANCING, SUPERIOR attitude of the author of *The Enchanter* toward his creation is familiar to anyone who has read Nabokov's interviews, with their mandarin pronouncements on art. He despised Dostoyevskian emotionalism and literature that "means something." No modern author has tried harder to disclaim the sentimental attractions of his work and to celebrate style as substance, and no other modern author has had the dazzling skill almost to bring it off. Even after acknowledging that Nabokov's greatest English-language novels—*Lolita*, *Pnin*, *Pale Fire*—are his most heartbreaking (his greatest Russian novel, *The Gift*, is, at least in translation, buoyantly vital, lightheartedly, *smart*; a young man's book, though he was thirty-eight when it was published), one is still left with that extraordinary style, jeweled and gleaming. Texture is his text; the brilliant play and reflection of words contain as much "meaning" as the ostensible story. In Nabokov's hands words become not just bearers of meaning but things in themselves, objects. He was, after all, a skilled lepidopterist, and as a writer he is the poet as scientist. He pins the English language to a board, dissects it, studies its structure, and reassembles it in a fabulous way—his sentences are unicorns and griffins in the bestiary of English prose, as muscular and supple as the humbler beasts of burden he parodies in his *Lolita* afterword: "'He acts crazy. We all act crazy, I guess. I guess God acts crazy.'"

Even now, when he is generally spoken of as one of the greatest English-language writers of this century, there are readers and critics (admirers, presumably, of the spare style mocked above) who are uneasy with him. His prose isn't clean-lined and democratic, his irony is detached rather than "savage," and he doesn't work up a sweat; his verbal acrobatics are as graceful and effortless, and as *dry*, as a Fred Astaire solo. Such a highly self-conscious style is always in danger of falling into artificiality, and it has served Nabokov best when used in the first person, reflecting the rococo imaginations of his various odd protagonists, few of whom are native English-speakers. Nabokov and his admirers have made much of his having learned English in his nursery. Still, he learned it in a nursery in Russia, not England or America, and it shows signs of having been acquired in a vacuum. The word order and phrasing run merrily free of the boundaries of common English rhythm. This is partly why Nabokov can be so *surprising*, and why he has the stamina and control to go on adding phrase after phrase to a sentence without ceasing to astonish and please us:

> My very photogenic mother died in a freak accident (picnic, lightning) when I was three, and, save for a pocket of warmth in the darkest past, nothing of her subsists within the hollows and dells of memory, over which, if you can still stand my style (I am writing under observation), the sun of my infancy had set: surely, you all know those redolent remnants of day suspended, with the midges, about some hedge in bloom or suddenly entered and traversed by the rambler, at the bottom of a hill, in the summer dusk; a furry warmth, golden midges.

This description of Humbert's memory of his mother, from *Lolita*, is Nabokov in the fullness of his mature style, writing, in the early fifties, his third novel in English. *The Enchanter* is a product of the late thirties, the period during which he wrote his first English novel, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* (1941). We cannot have it as he would have presented it to us, alchemically transformed

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from his first language to his second: what we have is his son's translation, in which, in his own words, "I have tried hard to stick to the Nabokov rules: precision, artistic fidelity, no padding, no ascribing." From Nabokov's comments on his *Eugene Onegin* translation we know that he considered a literal translation the only true one. This is what Dmitri Nabokov has given us, "making minor adjustments" only where the precise translation would have been "meaningless in English." The prose of *The Enchanter* is Nabokov's, then, yet still not quite finished. Missing is the gloss he would have given the literal translation, the wit and shimmer of the work that he did in English and in the translations (by Dmitri Nabokov and others) that he oversaw.

But there are many felicities and beauties. For lovers of Nabokov's work, the following passage, written sixteen years before *Lolita* was published and reaching us only now, nine years after Nabokov's death, has an impact and poignance it would not have had—could not have had—in 1939. Watching his child-love skate, the intellectual pederast wonders,

> Was it concupiscence, this torment he experienced as he consumed her with his eyes, marvelling at her flushed face, at the compactness and perfection of her every movement (particularly when, having barely frozen motionless, she dashed off again, pumping swiftly with her prominent knees)? Or else was it the anguish that always accompanied his hopeless yearning to extract something from beauty, to hold it still for an instant, to do something with it—no matter what, provided there were some kind of contact, that somehow, no matter how, could quench that yearning?

This is not merely Nabokov the conjurer transforming the erotic into the abstract, fusing the physical with the metaphysical; it's a description of the longing that impels his art. It is he who has drawn, with all the skills of a great painter, the bars of his own cage, the cage of the world, what he refers to in *Speak, Memory* as "the prison of time." In *Lolita*, Humbert determines "to fix once for all the perilous magic of nymphets." His creator worked all his life to fix the perilous magic of existence, spread its wings, pin it down, preserve it forever in an image of flight, and free the shadow of art, more real than what cast it, to fly on in a reflected sky. □

READING, WRITING, AND RELIGION

BY KATIE LEISHMAN

GOD'S CHOICE: The Total World of a Fundamentalist Christian School
by Alan Peshkin.
The University of Chicago Press, $24.95.

IN 1979 ALAN PESHKIN, a Jewish professor of education at the University of Illinois, began to study a school for born-again Christians. He spent eighteen months at Bethany Baptist Academy, a fundamentalist school for grades K through 12, created nine years earlier by the Bethany Baptist Church congregation of Hartney, Illinois, population 50,000 (the names of the school and the town, like all the other names in the book, have been changed). His aim was to examine the relationship between religious doctrine and educational practice. In winning the trust of parents, teachers, and the 125 junior and senior high school students, as well as their "shepherd," Pastor William Muller, he elicited an uninhibited expression of their beliefs, which he has set down in *God's Choice*. The book provides an invaluable record of contemporary fundamentalist culture at a time when most reporting on the subject is animated by hostility.

Near the beginning of his account Peshkin passes along an insight that he gained several weeks after his arrival at Bethany: "For almost everyone at Bethany, with the exception of me and my two research assistants, no events were as significant as Jesus' death and Resurrection, and no relationship with a living person as significant as their relationship with him." Like most schools, Bethany prepares students for the future, but here the future embraces not only the prospect of family and a livelihood but, children are taught to hope, the rosier possibility of a Second Coming that may precede graduation.

Bethany Baptist Academy defines itself by several objectives, including to bring children to salvation, to keep them separate ("in [the world] but not of it"), and to lead them to a life of full-time Christian service or, failing this, to have them become full-time Chris-

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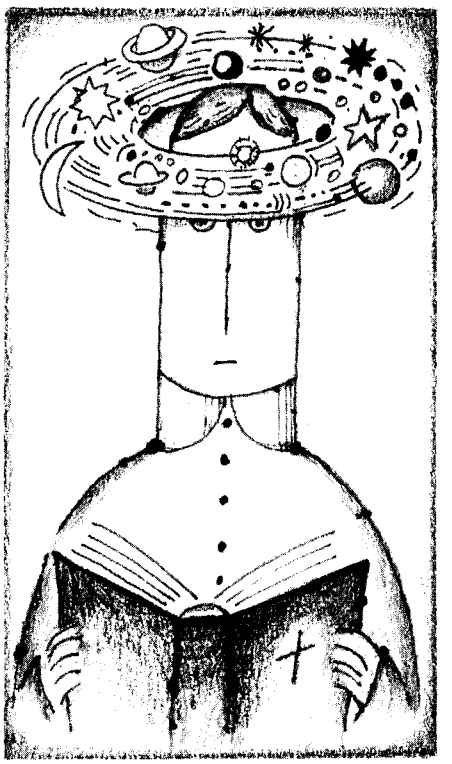
tians. Full-time Christian service means a career as a preacher, a missionary, or an employee of a Christian organization. Peshkin writes, "Teachers do not denigrate other work; they pay it no attention."

Most students would like to feel the call but do not. They worry about dates, joke about teachers, and complain about Bethany's demands on their after-school time, which include several church services a week and "soul-winning" missions in which they must proselytize townspeople. Occasionally someone gets caught smoking at McDonald's or cheating on a test. Toilet paper is stuffed down the toilets and a Bible disappears from the library. The students sound and act like normal, fun-loving teenagers—until God's name is mentioned.

The youngsters associate almost exclusively with other church members, but, as Peshkin points out, Bethanyites are not the Amish: they live in the world they reject, surrounded by temptations, so that the children respond to doctrine "with the variability of people on a weight-reducing . . . program." One boy is struggling to overcome his hope that the Last Day won't come before he gets his driver's license. Another girl can't wait. "I'm excited to see Jesus," she says. "It's so weird to get to see somebody that made you and you've talked to them all your life, but you've never got to see them. . . . It's like *Charlie's Angels*."

The children are unaffected in their enthusiasm for spiritual experiences, and embarrassed around youngsters who do not share it. There is a peculiar charm in these adolescents who have no questions about why they are here, what they should be doing, or where consolation always lies. Their fervor may vary, but any of them would echo one junior girl's affirmation: "I have a Lord who makes me happy."

THAT MIGHT BE the motto of the Christian day-school movement, which took off after the 1962 and 1963 Supreme Court decisions prohibiting mandatory school prayer and Bible reading in public schools. A few hundred Christian day schools existed in the early sixties. Today more than 10,000 of them, most created in the mid-seventies, enroll over a million children nationwide. (These numbers are surely conservative, because most Christian schools keep their enrollment and operational statistics to themselves.) A reader of *God's Choice* might not appreciate that the schools are diverse, ranging from a multi-acre college preparatory academy to a converted warehouse to, more commonly, the cellar of a minister's house where forty children, grades K through 12, study in one room. What binds Christian education everywhere is a "Christ-centered" approach, in which learning is not an end in itself but one more means to leading a full Christian life. School is viewed as merely the adjunct to "the curriculum of the home," in which parents' example is the most important teacher of all—although a child, as he grows older, is expected to measure even his mother's and father's conduct against biblical ideals.



When listing their objections to public education, Christian parents usually begin with secular humanism, which they characterize as the "religion" taught at public schools, wherein man rather than God is treated as the center of all life, and right and wrong are relative. They claim that its curricular manifestation is "situational ethics." (What if the woman who stole the bread was homeless and had three hungry children?) These families believe that they are reacting against a state-preferred religious system as surely as were Catholic parents who recoiled at the Protestant character of the common schools a century ago.

Mothers and fathers help run the schools, often assist in teaching, and review the course work. Three curricular approaches are popular. Most of the smaller schools rely, usually for financial reasons, on auto-instructional booklets produced by Accelerated Christian Education, Inc., of Lewisville, Texas. Students work alone at their desks, at their own pace; a monitor checks their drills and their answers to multiple-choice exercises. A second approach, the A Beka curriculum, is designed for traditional classrooms. It includes notes showing teachers how to "integrate"—that is, incorporate scriptural allusions in their lesson plans. Even educators who criticize many facets of Christian education acknowledge the high quality of the ACE and the A Beka curricula. Both use biblical examples and images whenever possible: children parse sentences from Proverbs; the globe pictured in the science book is cupped by an enormous hand. Finally, certain schools use secular textbooks, on the theory that children should learn to formulate the proper Christian responses to the subtleties of opposing philosophical views.

Teachers at Bethany alternate between secular and religious texts. Subjects are valued in direct correspondence to their "capacity to affect the heart and thereby change lives." Math, social studies, and science matter less than Bible, chapel, English, speech, drama, and music. Peshkin says that music, like athletics in public schools, is regarded as the healthful foundation of all learning. Music prepares the heart, according to one teacher, for "overall spiritual impact." This includes readying the heart for the all-important reception of God's messages. Fundamentalists are perpetual sign-seekers, interpreting all phenomena theologically. A teacher who had decided to buy a house asked God to help him get to sleep if he should back out of the deal. "I was asleep in like one minute," he says. (He didn't buy the house.) The Lord can speak through radio announcements, test results, a change in the weather.

This ongoing spiritual exercise has often been satirized but is crucial to acknowledge if one is to understand the obsession with obedience which characterizes not just Christian education but the entire born-again way of life. Fundamentalist Christians believe that obedience engenders the state, utter passivity, ideal for resisting all distractions and freely receiving the Word. Their descriptions of this receptivity are reminiscent of Luther's insistence that "the ear is the only organ of the Christian." They

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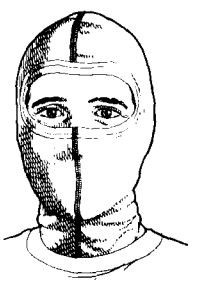

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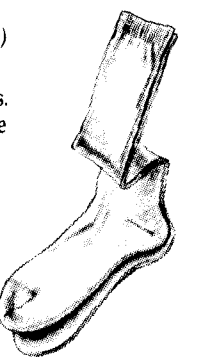

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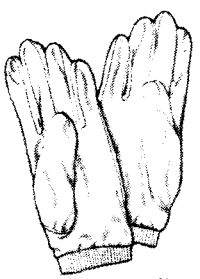

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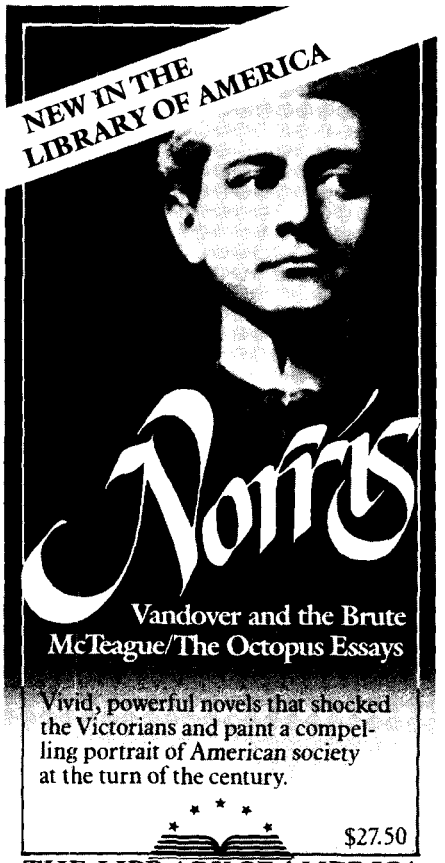

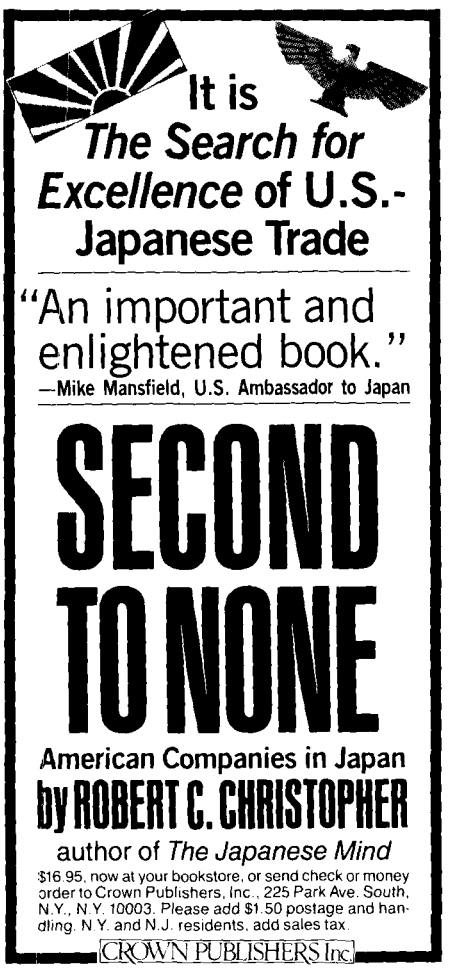

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accept literally the scriptural wisdom, cited by Peshkin, that understanding must not precede obedience but, rather, if one obeys, understanding will follow. So teachers unabashedly admit that classroom lectures are more important than discussion, and 75 percent of the students report that they do not feel that it is important to learn to question authority.

It is in response to this aspect of the Christian-school experience that many liberal educators throw up their hands. Yet the great irony of Christian education is that it incorporates all the elements consistently associated with superior education: institutional unity of purpose, an intensely dedicated faculty, concerned parents, strong discipline, and rigorous homework requirements. Whatever the state of these children's skills at discussion or criticism, they tend to perform better on standardized tests than do their public-school counterparts—a fact of little importance to someone like Pastor Muller, to whom the inadequacy of Bethany's library is a reason for pride. Traditional academic achievement has never been the point of the great majority of these schools.

In a number of court cases Christian schools have contended that their religious freedom is violated by the enforcement of state regulations concerning teacher certification and curriculum content. As often as not, the courts have upheld the schools' positions over states' arguments that the statutes protect every child's right to an adequate education. Certainly the children's performance on tests has not hurt Christian educators' case that the imposition of state "minimum standards" not only insults their religious prerogatives but also means little educationally.

As a result of their days in court and in anticipation of more of them, many Christian schools early became centers of fundamentalist activism. For instance, many parents and teachers follow which candidates support tuition tax credits and which do not. (Jimmy Carter didn't. Ronald Reagan did.) In the 1980 presidential campaign, which coincided with Peshkin's term at the school, most Bethany parents and teachers supported Reagan, but with the fatalism of Pastor Muller. "[He] is the best choice for president, but no way are things going to be much better under any administration. . . . I guess the bright side is the coming again of Jesus Christ."

In the community's comments one can make out two dominant strains of Reform Protestantism: Calvin's notion that religious forces can indirectly penetrate the civil state ("leaven in the loaf") and Martin Luther's division between the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of the World (he warned followers to avoid the latter). Although *Roe* v. *Wade*, by legalizing abortion, mobilized millions of fundamentalists, millions more still regard mainstream politics as one more diversion in Satan's playground. In the words of one Bethany junior, Christians should "stay separate because the world is a crook now."

It is almost irresistible to seize on such a comment—or on the discomfiture of a teacher who has, just once, watched *Dallas*, or the librarian's zeal in drawing bathing suits on illustrations of nudes—and deplore the intellectual and social deprivation of life at Bethany. Peshkin avoids this temptation until the concluding pages of *God's Choice*. There, unable to contain himself any longer, he writes,

> The artistic, literary, social, and religious riches of our society are a product of minds able to operate under relatively open conditions. As long as Bethany's students remain in thrall to fundamentalist doctrine, I believe they will neither contribute to nor appreciate these riches.

This criticism seems irrelevant when directed at a community of aspirant mystics. The school's headmaster, Tom McGraw, reflects, "Bethany is a closed system within the biblical framework. We would say that that opens it to everything. The world, of course, would disagree." Peshkin's sudden editorializing is accompanied by a confession of the fears that he, as a Jew, has of Christian politics and proselytizing. He quotes anti-Semitic writings of Martin Luther's, although he has not identified any anti-Semitism at Bethany stronger than the sort of scattered racial and ethnic slurs one hears at any public or parochial school.

Peshkin concedes that Bethany, like most Christian schools, is too new for him to characterize the long-term impact of its pedagogical approach on students. His grim forecast is speculative and out of place in this painstaking ethnographic study. It is interesting nonetheless, revealing as it does the reflexive misgivings of a traditional educator confronting a school that would take a heart over a mind any day. □

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BRIEF REVIEWS

HERE LIES *by Eric Ambler. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $16.95.* The autobiographer who starts with that title cannot be reproached for anything but failure to meet its amusingly ironic promise. Mr. Ambler cannot be reproached. Whether he is describing his discreetly discontented school days, his early and unexpected success as a novelist, his collision with the military mind in the Second World War, or the torments inflicted on touring authors, he is urbanely entertaining and frankly selective. Readers looking for confession or self-analysis will be disappointed in his memoir, while those who appreciate intelligence and elegant writing will enjoy every word of it.

THE GRANDMOTHERS' CLUB *by Alan Cheuse. Gibbs M. Smith, $18.95.* Mrs. Bloch, a loving but increasingly decrepit grandmother, tells of her rebellious youth in Eastern Europe, of her son's rise to prosperity in New York, and of the family's eventual collapse into dissension and disaster. She has several different listeners, a distinctive narrative style, and what appears to be total recall. She should be a garrulous old bore, but thanks to Mr. Cheuse's literary skill she is always interesting and her account of the tensions between traditional Jewish morality and the alluring opportunities of the New World arouses both sympathy and pity. This is a very good novel.

PECKHAM'S MARBLES *by Peter de Vries. Putnam, $17.95.* Peckham, author of an experimental novel that has been bought by three people, whom he is determined to find, is one of those academic types whose erudition runs off at his mouth, making ordinary social intercourse, particularly that of an amorous nature, extremely difficult but not, it turns out, impossible. The woman who succumbs to Peckham's chatterbox charm is an unlikely victim, and the result of their affair is a comic reversal of roles. Mr. de Vries's mischievous over-

Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 139.

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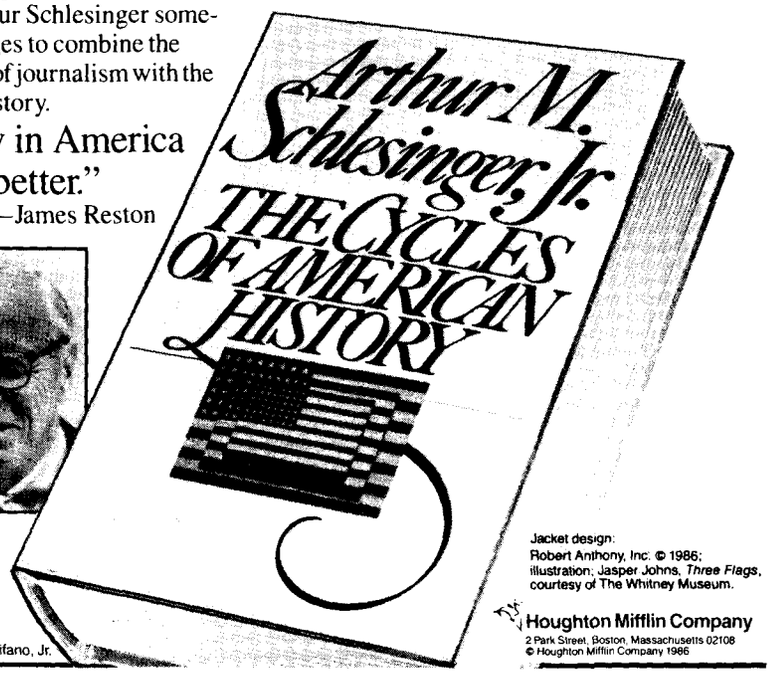

*Joseph A. Califano, Jr.

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Answers to the October Puzzles

"AS ROMANS DO"

The modified clue answers were rendered in pig latin in the diagram.

Across. 1. P-LOVE-R 6. O-S-SA 10. LIAR (rev.) 11. A(BY)-SS 13. TE-TE (rev.) 14. TENT-H 15. LAR(BOAR)D 16. ADE-PTS 18. E-LUDER (*e* + anag.) 21. SA(LA)D 25. ARIA-N 29. (b)-ELATED 30. ASSIS(t)-I 32. CO(MP)ILER 33. TRU(c)E 34. BLEW (homophone) 35. (c)LAD 36. R(I)N 37. THE-Y 38. WON-DER (rev.) *Down.* 1. L-OUT 2. T-RON 3. P(IV)OTS (*stop* rev.) 4. L-A-MAS(s) 5. AR(M)RESTS 6. BEAU (homophone) 7. S'Y(NO)DAL (rev.) 8. T-RASH 9. SE(A D)OG (*goes* rev.) 12. S-TEED 17. PLAIT (homophone) 19. ULNAS (anag. minus *um*) 20. MAN-DOLIN(g) 22. I-C(EB)OAT (*be* rev.) 23. PRATTLE (anag.) 24. AXSEED (homophone) 25. ALOUD (homophone) 26. ASPIRE (anag.) 27. PILL-OW 28. W-EAR (*w* + anag.) 30. AM-END (pun) 31. WRECKS (homophone)

O	V	E	R	P	L	A	Y	O	S	S	A
U	S	N	L	I	A	R	A	B	Y	S	S
T	E	T	E	V	M	M	T	E	N	T	H
L	A	R	B	O	A	R	D	Y	O	E	T
A	D	E	P	T	S	E	L	U	D	E	R
Y	O	E	L	S	M	S	A	L	A	D	A
I	G	P	A	Y	A	T	I	N	L	A	Y
C	A	R	I	A	N	S	A	A	P	X	A
E	L	A	T	E	D	A	S	S	I	S	I
B	O	T	X	C	O	M	P	I	L	E	R
O	U	T	R	E	L	E	I	B	L	E	W
A	D	L	A	I	I	N	R	E	O	D	A
T	H	E	Y	U	N	D	E	R	W	A	Y

ACROSTIC NO. 15

"An overweight Giovanni became stuck in the trap door on his way to the nether regions in the banquet scene. Though he squirmed and ooched and puffed . . . he could not squeeze through. . . . 'Hurrah, boys!' cried a voice from the gallery. 'Hell's full!' "

—Ethan Mordden, *Opera Anecdotes*

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haul of the book trade, literary agents, and the difference between acquired learning and inherent ability is as amusing as one expects his work to be.

THE MAGIC FEATHER *by William Granger and Lori Granger. Dutton, $16.95.* The Grangers are not the first observers to perceive that funds for "special education" are doled out to school districts on the basis of the number of "learning disabled" children alleged to be in need of assistance, and that large numbers of such children are therefore a financial advantage to the district, but they are exceptionally lucid and passionate in describing the operation of the system and in advising parents on how to combat it.

THE PIANOPLAYERS *by Anthony Burgess. Arbor House, $16.95.* Mr. Burgess's first-person narrator is an elderly and somewhat cantankerous Englishwoman living comfortably in the south of France, where she tells her life story to a young man who has turned up with a typewriter, a tape recorder, and a bad case of writer's block. The speaking voice that Mr. Burgess has created for Ellen Henshaw is marvelously convincing. Her tale begins with her origins as the daughter of a feckless musician, and as long as it sticks to cheap lodging houses, makeshift finances, and piano-playing for silent movies, it is funny, savage, and compelling. When the novel shifts to Ellen's later career as a courtesan, the sparkle fades and so does belief. One begins to suspect that Mr. Burgess, who without question knows his music, has had to fall back on folklore in regard to bordellos.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY *by Karleen Koen. Random House, $19.95.* This enormous, this gigantic, this monstrous historical novel starts with a promising inversion of a standard oppressed-damsel pattern. The fifteen-year-old heroine is married off, for family advantage, to a diplomat and financier old enough to be her father. The bridegroom is after her real estate. The bride has a violent juvenile crush on the aging opportunist. How soon does she come to her senses? Alas, never. She suffers and suffers and suffers while innumerable soap-opera types minuet about in fancy dress. The period is early eighteenth century, and the research underlying the gallimaufry is thorough beyond the call of duty.

—*Phoebe-Lou Adams*

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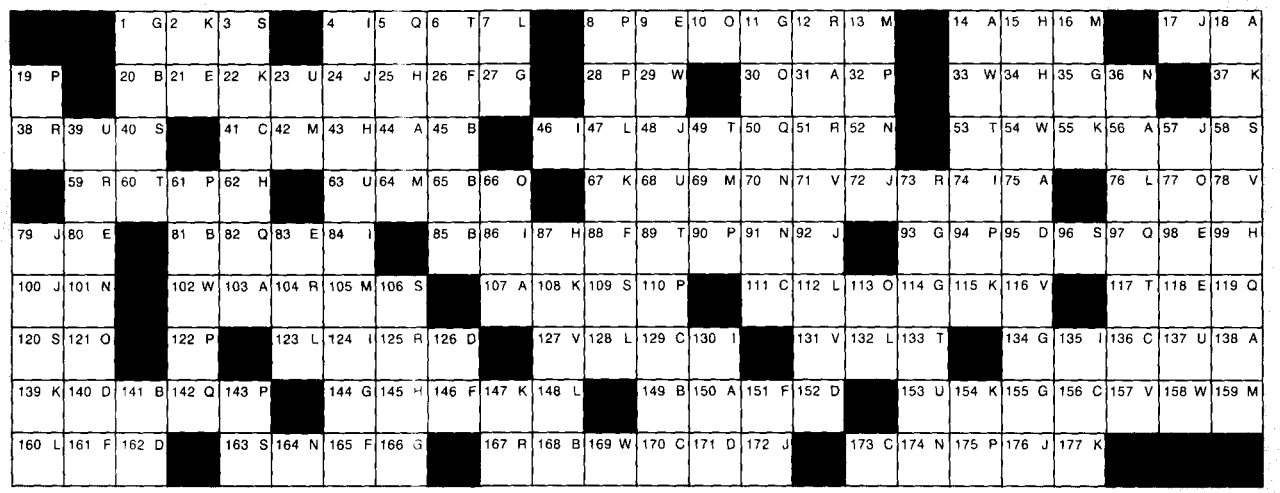
ACROSTIC NO. 16

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 15 appears on page 140.

A. Composer of *Bachianas Brasileiras* (hyph.) — 56 44 103 31 14 107 18 138 150 75

B. Geometridae moth larva — 141 85 149 20 81 108 45 65

C. Citrus native to China — 173 136 111 156 170 124 41

D. Antidote; nostrum — 140 95 171 152 162 12

E. Eclipse Award–winning filly of 1984 — 98 118 83 80 21 9

F. Not given to rodomontade — 151 146 88 161 26 165

G. Popular cookout fare (2 wds.) — 35 1 11 27 166 93 155 144 114 134

H. Author of *And So It Goes* — 43 34 145 87 15 99 25 62

I. Church vessel for burning incense — 130 84 4 74 124 46 135 86

J. "Suffering catfish!" (2 wds.) — 17 57 100 24 92 176 172 48 72 79

K. Common athlete's ailment (2 wds.) — 37 22 115 154 108 177 139 55 147 2 67

L. Deep-fried corn-meal cake (2 wds.) — 128 47 148 132 76 112 160 123 7

M. Site of the famed Temple of Artemis — 69 159 42 16 105 64 13

N. Phil Collins's former band — 52 101 174 36 70 164 91

O. Soviet province — 66 10 77 30 121 113

P. Garrison Keillor's town (2 wds.) — 32 122 61 110 19 175 8 90 143 28 94

Q. Field of expertise for Cousteau — 97 50 119 82 142 5

R. Interval from C to F — 104 59 73 167 12 51 125 38

S. Reporter — 40 120 163 58 106 96 3 109

T. Role for Margot Fonteyn — 49 60 53 133 89 6 117

U. Camus's word for the human condition — 39 137 63 153 68 23

V. Sound of disapprobation (hyph.) — 131 78 116 71 157 127

W. Renowned bridge engineer — 33 158 102 29 54 169

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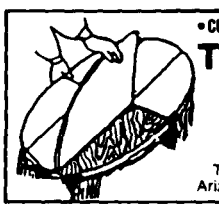

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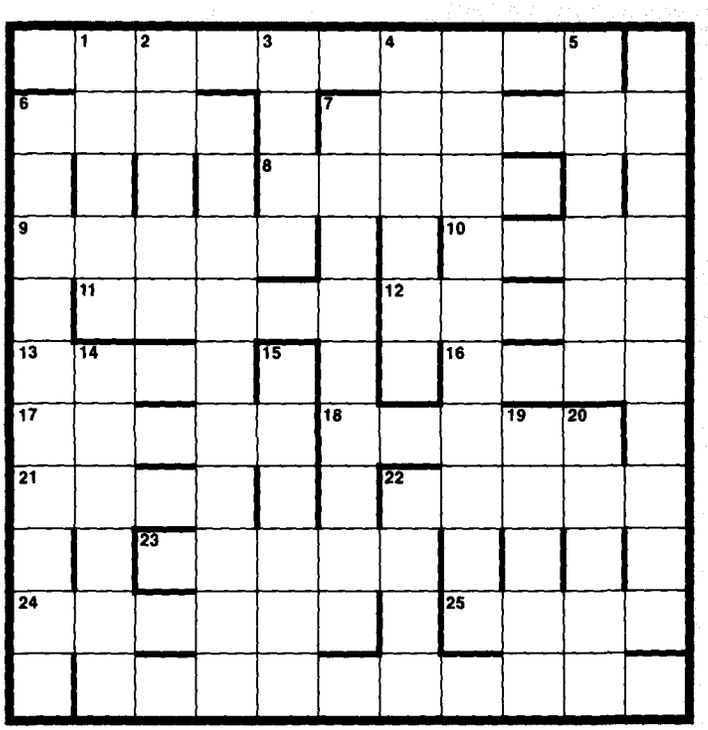
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

PAIRS

Answers to the fourteen clues under the heading "Pairs," once a single letter in each has been changed, may be matched up to form seven words or phrases to be entered someplace in the diagram. In each matched-up pair a letter shared by the two clue answers is changed to a common new letter. (For example, the clue answers CRASS and WARD, with their *A*s changed to *O*s, might combine to form CROSSWORD.) Six of the paired entries are related in a way suggested by the seventh. Words forming pairs are clued in no special order. Other clue answers, which are entered normally, include five proper nouns; 8 Across, 11 Across, and 14 Down are not common.

The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 140.



PAIRS

- **a.** Call for some paper (4)
- **b.** Group C entering TV studio (4)
- **c.** Catches space critter between poles (4)
- **d.** Rent to hospital worker (4)
- **e.** The first person's booby trap (4)
- **f.** Attend school's first defeats (5)
- **g.** Done with a doughy dish (5)
- **h.** Large, headless specimen (5)
- **i.** Wave at flying egret (5)
- **j.** Charles gains nothing from anarchy (5)
- **k.** In part of the Zodiac, incipient star comes to light (6)
- **l.** Davis' movie rating: superior (6)
- **m.** Great place to put in wire service article (6)
- **n.** Porter gets low mark in summary (6)

ACROSS

- **6.** Eminent physicist gives oral drill (4)
- **7.** Charge, capturing northern ruler (6)
- **8.** Polish noble I placed in history (5)
- **9.** Cares for shoes larger than 9-C? (5)
- **10.** Tease foremost of the brains (4)
- **11.** Close off part of a column (5)
- **12.** Little bug in a camper in Los Angeles (5)
- **13.** Kitty returned to European peak (4)
- **16.** Audio portion dear to the French (4)
- **17.** Someone in a hurry cut short teacher (5)
- **18.** Quietly wash out shucks (5)
- **21.** Stunned at mid-penumbra (4)
- **22.** Fellow, about 49, in Italian town (5)
- **23.** Sailor in Arafat's organization has Spanish name (5)
- **24.** Get log reprinted and switch type (6)
- **25.** Get nothing out of footwear for women (4)

DOWN

- **1.** Mucks up southeastern animals' home (5)
- **2.** One wearing horn that's wild! (5)
- **3.** Arbiters voiced indecision, by the way (4)
- **4.** Fortune-teller shocked Carole (6)
- **5.** Lively Broadway show coming up fetches $100 (6)
- **14.** Fish through most autographs (6)
- **15.** Sign of fish shot in African river (6)
- **19.** "Eureka" describes album in letter from abroad (5)
- **20.** Come to an understanding after work (5)
- **22.** Flightless bird born in biblical kingdom (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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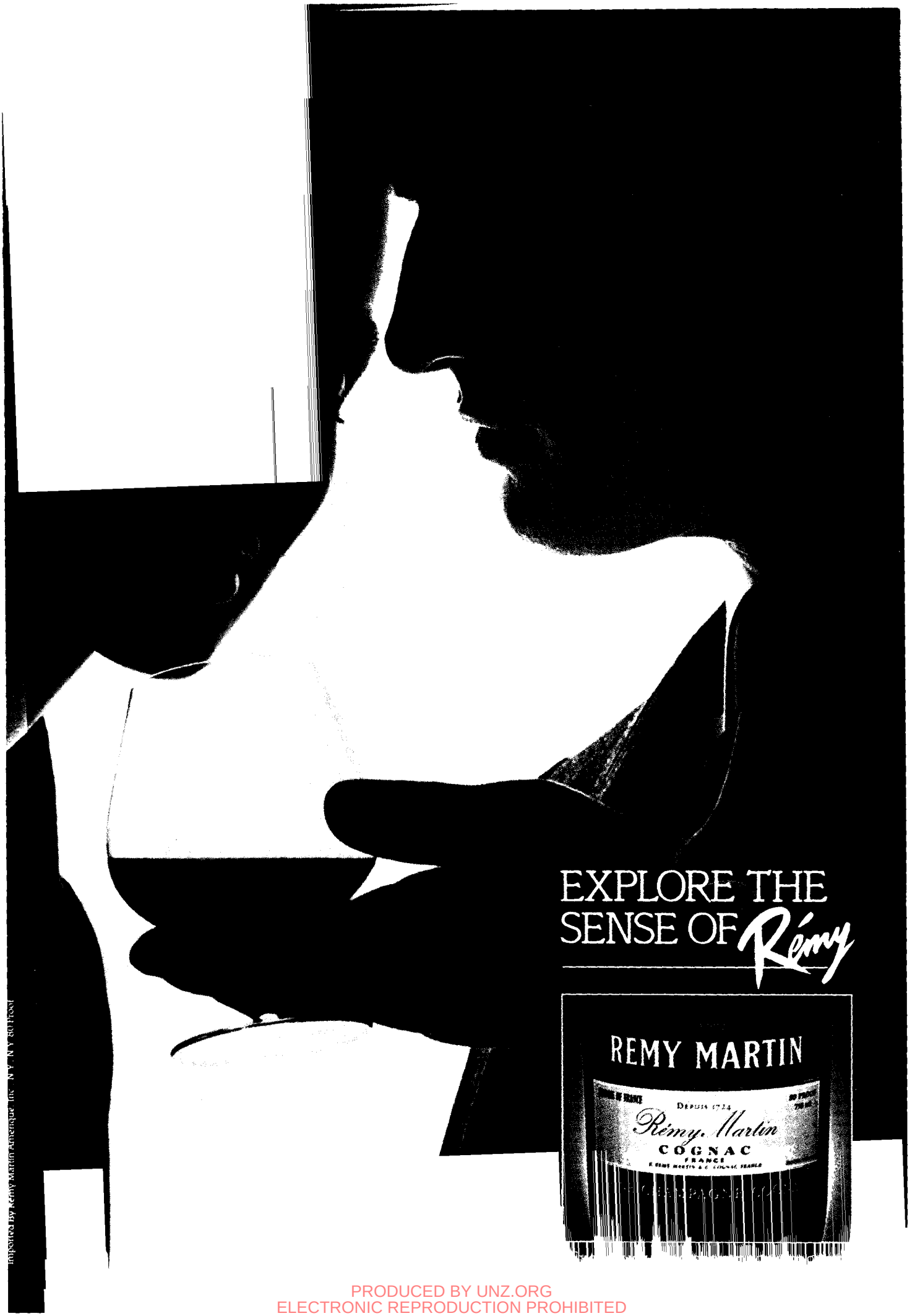

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